THE LIFE OF BISHOP HEDLEY

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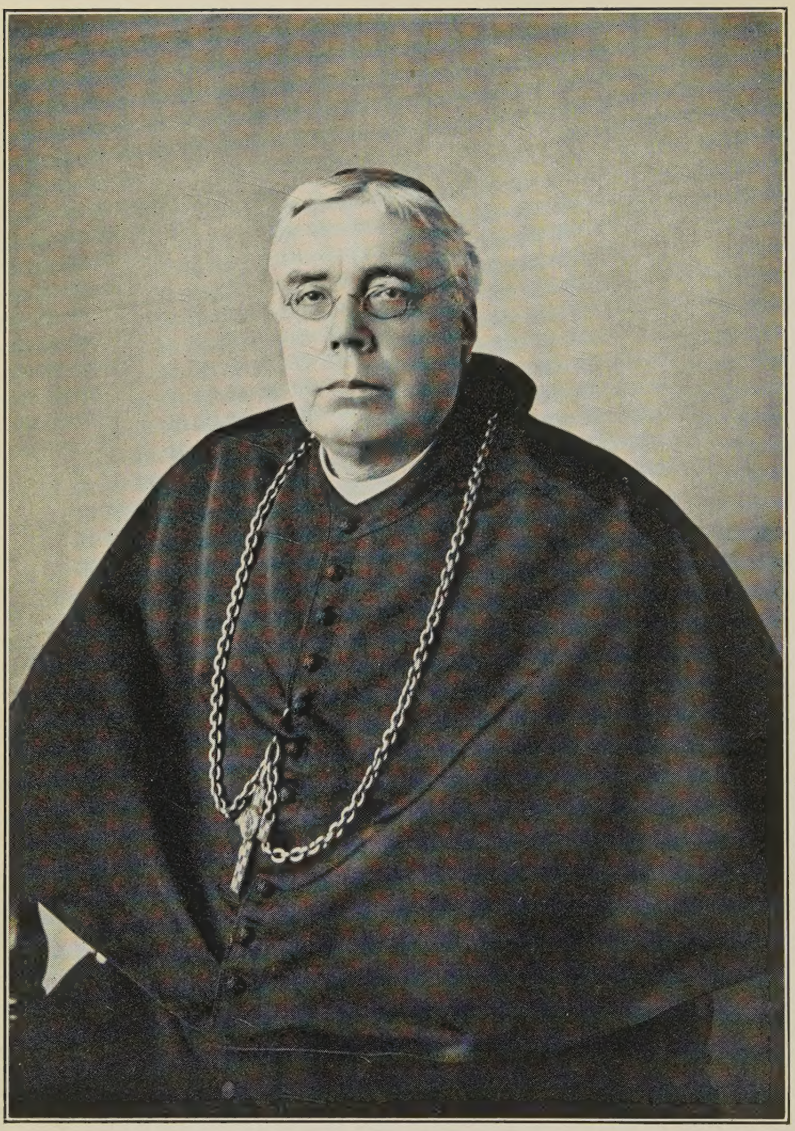

THE RIGHT REV. J. C. HEDLEY, D.D., O.S.B.
BISHOP OF NEWPORT

THE LIFE OF BISHOP HEDLEY

BY

J. ANSELM WILSON, D.D.

Monk of Ampleforth Abbey

LONDON

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FOREWORD

IT is fourteen years since Bishop Hedley died and some explanation of the delay in publishing his life is called for. The first writer to undertake the task was Father Cuthbert Almond, whose qualifications for the work were recognized by all who knew his literary powers. He found some difficulty in gathering the materials, but he persevered and finally he wrote a number of chapters. Unfortunately the work was interrupted by a long illness which ended in his death. Much of the detail and many of his MSS. were lost and a great deal of the work had to be tackled afresh. Father Anselm Wilson, in spite of other calls on his time, came to the rescue and compiled a rough draft of the complete life. His health, in turn, broke down and he was unable to give the final revision to his labours. Several members of the Ampleforth community lent their aid and the Life is now presented to the public.

From this account it will be seen that, in case they feel so inclined, the " Higher Critics " will have a great opportunity for the exercise of their calling, and in this case at least, they will have the satisfaction of possessing a solid basis for their speculations. At the same time there is a unity of treatment in the work, arising from the fact that all who have taken part in it, from their personal knowledge of the Bishop and a close acquaintance with his writings, felt an unstinted admiration for the subject of the biography.

In no sense is the life a history of the times. The circumstances of his career kept the Bishop apart from the chief centres of Catholic activity,

so that he was not called upon to guide or direct the wider movements of thought and action around him. Even his letters which would have dealt with these movements, such as those to Cardinal Mercier, the family of von Hügel and the Wards, are not, for various reasons, available. The consequence is that the Life takes on a strictly biographical character. It deals primarily with the personality of the Bishop in the various phases of his career and endeavours to show the conception that he formed of the vocation to which God called him and the response that he made to that call. This vocation may be summed up as the Benedictine Apostolate in its widest sense, claustral, educational, literary, pastoral—*vitam contemplativam in actuali agens*, as an anonymous monk of Lindisfarne writes of St Cuthbert (quoted from Mabillon in Migne, *Vita Sti Cuthberti*, c. xvi). In past ages England's Catholic life was moulded by this Apostolate, and it seems to have been the Bishop's endeavour to walk in the footsteps of his patron, St Cuthbert, and interpret in his own life this Benedictine influence on the modern world. How far he succeeded, readers may judge from the following pages, but it does not appear to be an exaggeration to say that his death has left a gap in our Catholic life that has, as yet, not been adequately filled.

J. EDMUND MATTHEWS, O.S.B.,
Abbot of Ampleforth.

December 31, 1929.

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ERRATUM

The mention of St. David's Church, Cardiff, in the List of Illustrations should be omitted.

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Chapter I

EARLY YEARS

HEDLEY is a well-known name in Northumberland. It is quite probable that in remote times the Hedleys were a border clan, and that Bishop Hedley's ancestors took part in the old border raids. What blood runs in the veins of Northumbrians it is not easy to say, but largely the blood of the Borderer, of the Gael, and perhaps of the Dane—in any case the Bishop was an out-and-out Northumbrian. He loved, even to the end, to speak of the place of his birth and his native hills. He used to visit them when he could, and however unconscious a child is of its earliest impressions, however vague the remembrances in later years of childhood's days, something is absorbed from its surroundings that is never lost in the fuller development of life. Fixing our attention more directly on his family, we find a very handsome type of the Northumbrian in his grandfather, whose portrait—a beautiful miniature—hangs on the walls of the drawing-room of Peth Foot House, where the Bishop's father was born. The grandfather was a man well-known throughout north Northumberland, for his extensive medical practice, his talent, and his polished manner. So deeply did this last quality impress his acquaintances, that he was spoken of as the " model," because other doctors were said to imitate him. In this old house Hedley had succeeded Hedley in their profession for a hundred and fifty years. Not only was the Bishop's father a practitioner of great repute,

but his brother, still alive (1929), likewise a practitioner, is the author of several treatises on therapeutics, and the house and practice, though no longer under the name of Hedley, still remain with his family. The Bishop, when wearied with work and anxiety, not infrequently visited this spot, to be soothed by the respect and affection of his relatives, and refreshed by the quiet wooded scenery of the Riddell Estate which lies round about on every side—dreaming its ancient dreams in restful silence.

It was through the kindness and pleasant hospitality of Doctor and Mrs. Welsh, the latter a second cousin of the Bishop, that the writer became acquainted with this charming spot and its reminiscences. Peth Foot House is prettily situated in a dip in Felton Village, the river Coquet running along the garden-side. There are good salmon in its waters, but, if we trace its windings upwards towards its source, we shall find objects of higher interest than the salmon. The memories of three ruined monasteries haunt its banks, and are carried far upon its rapid waters, and twenty miles above the house there is the well where St. Paulinus baptized his early Northumbrian converts. Thus close about the Bishop's ancestral home we find memories of saints and their monasteries, memories of which he was always deeply enamoured. The house itself is not without interest. It is a Jacobean building, erected in 1617, with massive walls, some seven or even nine feet thick. Over the entrance there

is carved from the Book of Proverbs the script :

> Through wisdom is a house builded ;
> And with understanding is it established.

The first Hedley more directly connected with the Bishop came to live there in the year 1788. In the old coaching days Felton was a village of importance, for it lies on the high road to Edinburgh. Gretna Green is not far away, and faint rumour tells of some past Hedley who bore his willing bride across the border. Let us believe that although on the father's side the family was not always Catholic, it was not the traditional blacksmith but the priest who met and wedded the romantic couple.

Another story of this high road has an interest, as in it we meet with the name of Sir Walter Scott, and it has a connection with the Hedley family inasmuch as a certain manuscript fell into the hands of the doctor then at Peth Foot, and is still preserved in the house. The story goes that there was a man of wealth who lived in lordly fashion near this northern road, and had made a large fortune by profiteering in the days of Nelson. Moreover, he was enabled to help Nelson personally by his wealth. Whether or no the government was more watchful then than now, at any rate this rich man fell into trouble, and it was only through the influence of Nelson that he got out of it—hence his boast of a personal friendship with the admiral. His park, it is said, was planted with clumps of trees indicating the order of the ships in the battle of Trafalgar,

and by the roadside he set up a monument commemorating, not Nelson's victory, but his personal friendship. One day in the year 1820, when the stage coach was passing either towards the north or south, a passenger evidently of some note, and one well acquainted with the local traditions, begged to be allowed to alight and examine the stone. As the coach halted for a few moments the man read the inscription, then in his note-book wrote the following lines and fixed them to the stone :

> Can honour grace a mean and sordid mind,
> Tho' slightly veiled in courtly ostentation ?
> Can patriot worth a kindred spirit find
> In the vile swindler of a free-born nation ?
> Shall Nelson's name thy character defend,
> Departed merit's base calumniator ?
> The libel's gross, to call the Hero *friend*
> Of a convicted public peculator.

It has been suggested that the passenger who alighted and so easily ran off these lines while the coach stopped was Sir Walter Scott, but it is only fair to say that they are considered by some to be a libel on the man they pillory. However, at this date the story, if it is a libel, will not carry any sting.

To come to the subject of our memoir. His father, Edward Astley Hedley, married Mary Ann Davison, youngest daughter of John and Anne Davison of Morpeth. Mrs. Davison was of the Catholic family of Snowdens, of Fawdon. There were four children of the marriage, Arthur Astley, who died in infancy, John Edward, the Bishop, Anna Maria, who married Mr.

Humble of Birtley, and William Snowden, the youngest, who followed the profession of his father.

The Bishop was born at Morpeth, a small town between Newcastle and Felton, on April 15, 1837, in a house known as Carlisle House, a town house of the Earl of Carlisle. There is a tradition that Vanbrugh, the famous architect of the Earl's seat at Castle Howard, built the Town Hall of Morpeth, no doubt at the Earl's request. The Bishop's father was one of the last tenants of the Earl's house before it was demolished to provide a site for the handsome church which now stands on the spot. It was called the Puseyite Church, and was regarded with misgiving by the sound Protestants of Morpeth. Religious feeling, or rather ill-feeling, ran high in those days, and the Bishop in his boyhood would have heard the story of the old Benedictine priest, Father Lowe, who, rather than pay the Church Rate, suffered his coat (not a very good one) to be put up to auction. Bidding was not brisk, and a parishioner bought it in. The occasion gave Father Lowe an opportunity of addressing the crowd, and telling some of them what he thought of their Church Rate and their " Robber " Church. It was Father Lowe who first brought the Hedley family into touch with Ampleforth. John Hedley, however, first of all went to a private grammar school in Morpeth, kept by a Mr. W. Gibson. The master was very proud of his pupil, who was always first in every subject. A little reminiscence of

these days is recorded. John made fast friends with another boy of his own age, but after a time a coolness was noticed between them, which hardened to an acute difference, and could be adjusted only after the manner of boys. Thus it came about that with set lips and in glum silence they betook themselves to a lonely lane from which they presently emerged, rather battered, but again fast friends. The Bishop used to relate the incident as one of his earliest memories, and he pointed out the place in later days. We are not told what the secret cause of quarrel was, but probably it was some anti-Catholic utterance which John Hedley could not let pass. When the time came for him to leave his private school and go to college, master and pupils and parents gave him a grand "send-off." The school was decorated and a sumptuous meal was provided. The master proposed the health of the departing guest, and the departing guest (aged eleven years) replied in a fluent speech which astonished the company. Next morning he was packed off in the Newcastle coach, en route for the College of St. Lawrence, Ampleforth.

Ampleforth, the lineal descendant house of Westminster Abbey, did not then bear the honourable title of Abbey that it now enjoys, nor were its possessions so varied and widespread. It was one of those two English Benedictine communities* which returned to England from their enforced exile towards the end of the eighteenth century. Driven in 1793 from Dieulouard in the

* The other was St. Gregory's of Douai who made their home at Downside.

AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, 1812

Province of Lorraine, St. Lawrence's familia, after many wanderings, settled finally at Ampleforth, in the year 1802. Here* the community foregathered under a Superior, who bore the title of Prior. Through the initial stages of its new planting it struggled successfully, gradually gaining strength and vigour. Alongside its monastic life there grew its collegiate life, and before thirty years had elapsed it had become a well-known Catholic college, with a very good connection and an excellent reputation. By that time it counted eighty students, a large number for those early days, and there was every promise of a prosperous future. But in 1830 a catastrophe befell, which in the monastery records is spoken of as the " break up " of Ampleforth, when under Bishop Baines the migration of most of the Superiors and many of the boys to Prior Park, near Bath, took place. This event was a great check to its progress, but gradually the innate life and the sterling spirit of the community reasserted itself ; recovery was on foot and the house was firmly re-established by 1850. The intelligent energy of Prior Cockshutt had brought to his aid in council able advisers like Fathers Alban Molyneux, Anselm Brewer, and Athanasius Allanson, and the financial position of the house was restored and strengthened. With wise foresight the Prior sent two of his monks, Austin Bury and Lawrence Shepherd, to the University of Parma, in Italy, to study Philosophy and Theology,

* In a house built by the Hon. Anne Fairfax of Gilling Castle for her chaplain, Fr. Anselm Bolton, a monk of St. Lawrence's. In December 1929, Gilling Castle came into the possession of the Ampleforth monks.

and in many other ways he instilled a hopeful spirit into the community. Under his successor, Prior Wilfrid Cooper, a young man of thirty-one years, ideas further developed, and drew rapidly towards maturity. A new church and a new college were not merely vaguely mooted, but were speedily to be realized. It was at this juncture, in the year 1848, that John Hedley arrived at Ampleforth. A small boy of eleven years of age, with a suggestion of a Northumbrian burr in his speech, he must have found that he needed all his courage to adapt himself to the somewhat Spartan régime of college life of those days.

There is not much to record of this period of his career, but we are told that in his second year of school life he produced a play which was acted at home in the attic. It was called *Dr. Merley, the last of the Borderers and Lord of Morpeth Castle.*

"It took days to hammer my part into me," writes his brother, W. S. Hedley, M.D., "although it consisted of a single sentence: 'Like an ungrateful cur he bit the charitable hand that fed him.' It was hammered in so effectively that I have never forgotten it."

This brother William followed John to college. As a younger fledgeling he expected a helping hand in boyhood's difficulties, but when he asked his elder brother to help him in his Latin exercises, it was explained to him that it would not be fair because the exercise was competitive. The "new" boy had not quite grasped the higher standard of rectitude.

It may be of interest to a later generation to see the actual course of studies that a boy in a Catholic school in the middle of last century passed through. Every year at the Exhibition a syllabus was published, and the boys were expected to undergo an examination by the visitors in their class work. Records exist, going back to the earliest days of the college, of a similar course presented each year. This was evidently the traditional form of studies pursued in the English schools on the Continent and, no doubt, in general outline, it went back to mediæval days. "Classical learning," in the words of one of the Prospectuses, continued "to form the main object of the studies of each class," but the other recognized branches of education were by no means neglected. We have a programme of the year 1853, when John Hedley was in the rhetoric class. In that Exhibition, he delivered the Spanish speech, won "The First Premium," "awarded for special Literary Attainments combined with good conduct," and an "Extra Premium" for Mathematics. He played the part of the first grave-digger in *Hamlet*, and of Mr. Clutterbuck, alias J. Ironbrace Junr., in the farce entitled *Used Up*. His musical abilities were displayed in the programme which included seven items from Haydn, two from Mozart, and one from Bishop.

The course of studies for the year 1853 is given at the end of this chapter. Anyone interested in the details of a school horarium who reads it through carefully, will find that it is a well-

balanced scheme of work, which, in a remarkable way, anticipates the " modern " educational demands, and we have no hesitation in saying that it will stand comparison with the Higher Certificate Syllabus of the Joint Board of the present day. If John Hedley, as seems likely, passed during his schooldays through all the sections of this course, we can well understand where he acquired the groundwork of sound intellectual culture that is manifest in his writings and speeches of later years.

We have few remains of his schoolboy literary efforts. In his fourteenth year he wrote an original prologue and recited it on the Exhibition day ; a short essay on a text from Virgil is extant, good enough but hardly indicating any precocity of genius. A faded manuscript of later date—for the handwriting has passed beyond the schoolboy stiffness—has a richness of detail in describing the dawn, the flowers, the dew, which foreshadows his later power of description and tells of his intimate observation. One fact stands out clearly, that during his boyhood's days there was implanted in him that love for his school which made every nook and corner, every hill and valley, every aspect with its shifting lights of the morning and evening, very dear to him. The wider and more superficial, the deeper and more serious impressions were stamped upon the plastic wax of youth, and never faded. In many a short and homely address in later life he emphasized the affectionate loyalty towards his Alma Mater which he found had grown into

his soul. But it was not at once that the Hambleton range stood rival to the Cheviots. On his first journey from Pilmoor to Ampleforth he did not learn to appreciate the beauty of Mowbray vale. There was no railway in those days from the main line, and the ups and downs of the road had to be taken in the village cart. When after this experience he was asked what he thought of the country, "the fair vale" he afterwards called it, he answered with characteristic directness that it seemed to him "all hills and holes."

In an Address delivered on the 25th anniversary of the opening of the New College, November, 1886 at Ampleforth, we have an interesting reminiscence :—

". . . In 1852—and the date recalls many a name that we hear no longer, except each on its own day of the year before the morning *De Profundis* in the church—three of us (we were students in Rhetoric or Poetry) were appointed to treat respectively in the past, the present, and the future, of Alma Mater. The gentlemen who had to discuss the past and the future were allowed to employ prose; I believe their orations are still extant in a back number of the 'Student.' For some inscrutable reason, the fates—which, in a College, is equivalent to saying, the Masters—arranged that the 'present' was to be honoured in what we fondly, in those early days, called 'poetry.' I am not sure that I could not see here present, if I presumed to look at him, the revered and now venerable master who 'coached' me through that poetry. I have sometimes wondered since why the 'present' was supposed to be a fitting theme for verse, whilst the 'past' and the 'future' were left to the more humble glories of a

prose speech. To look at the matter on its merits, one would think that you might possibly write some fair poetry on the 'past.' The 'past' of a House which has lasted over fifty years in one spot—it has now lasted eighty-four—is sure to be full of memories and inspiration. In fifty years, much more in eighty-four, a place begins to possess an heroic age—to boast of heroic traditions. When so many years have passed away, small details have been obliterated and bigger events have begun to stand out, as York Minster stands out when we have left the city's streets behind us, and travelled twenty miles away over the plain of York. After fifty years we have begun to believe—all but the cynics and the philosophers—in a time when men were bigger and sinews stouter, when achievements were grander, privations greater, distances wider, seasons more correct to the almanac, days far brighter, and life altogether more full of living. There is certainly the raw material of poetry in the 'brave days of old.' And even those who would pass by the schoolboy themes of traditional prowess and mythical wonder, might surely find themselves inspired by the memory of the joys and sorrows, the friendships and the partings, in their own brief career. It needs not fifty years, and hardly twenty-five, to fill a page of a man's memory with names and dates which are sweeter to him than the present is or the future can ever be. Where is the Prior* who sat in that chair in 1861, when the Ode we have heard was sung for the first time? There were five honoured Bishops† here on that day. Where are four out of that five? Where is the venerable Prelate ‡ who stood in this very room and delivered a Jubilee Address, as it is my turn to do to-day? How many of the community—I could name

* Father Wilfrid Cooper, O.S.B., Prior of Ampleforth, 1850–1863.

† Bishop Morris, O.S.B., Titular Bishop of Troy, Bishop Cornthwaite, then Bishop of Beverley, Bishop Roskell of Nottingham, Bishop Goss of Liverpool, and Bishop Amherst of Northampton.

‡ Bishop Morris.

names dear to myself—how many of the students, how many of the guests who gathered then, now rest, let us hope, with God? And I recall, what affection will never allow me to forget, that at least two of the little choristers who, on that day, sang that 'Alma Mater never dies,' have died themselves in their vows and their early priesthood. It is not that these memories are wholly sad. They are pathetic and touching; but they are sweet, because they bring back to us our bygone years, our early hopes, the lessons we have learned, the kindnesses which have made our hearts grow, the sorrows which have softened us, and the whole of that varied experience, which, like the pressure of a gentle, guiding hand, has brought us—may we not say it?—nearer to God . . ."

No doubt the youth's imagination, as year by year he passed to and fro along the northern line from Newcastle to Pilmoor, was affected by the sight of that vast and noble pile of Durham's hill, the great abbey and its surrounding buildings, where St. Cuthbert's body was, according to tradition, laid to rest. Was it familiarity with this great vision that made him choose the name of Cuthbert in religion?

At length the time came for John Hedley to enter the novitiate, and a friend has said that he took to the monastic life as a duck to the water. His younger brother remembers that when he was leaving school the Prefect, Father Aidan Hickey, spoke in the most laudatory terms of the newly clothed monk and confidently prophesied that his monastic life would be marked by great holiness. The pages of this biography will bear witness to the fulfilment of that prophecy.

In those days the novitiate was a good deal more austere than at present, and the spirit of St. Lawrence's leaned rather to the stern than to the smoother ways. There is reference to that time in a letter of the Bishop's to Dame Assumpta of East Bergholt, just beginning her novitiate, dated November 3, 1900 : " I suppose you have some external or manual work to do ; perhaps you have to light fires, which I remember was my particular trial as a novice. The fire (or rather, it was a stove) would never light." Doubtless he passed through his novitiate as many another, sometimes depressed, sometimes bubbling over with good spirits, but always steadfast and serious—the goal was clear before him.

Then the day came when, with well-pondered resolution, he took the irrevocable step of his profession. He had accepted the novitiate, and he was not one who, once having put his hand to the plough, would turn back. It was the tenth of November, the eve of St. Martin's feast—a great day for him, a great day for any monk. We may feel sure that the scene in the monastic chapel on that morning was never forgotten by him. He stood before the altar of God, on either side of him a senior, his sponsors in this great undertaking. He read his vows aloud before God and before his brethren and, with the cantors, chanted the verse of the Psalm : *Suscipe me Domine secundum eloquium tuum et vivam ; et non confundas me ab expectatione mea.* Then his vows were witnessed and laid upon the altar, a record before heaven to be stored in the monas-

tery archives, where now they rest. He now of permanent right wore the Benedictine habit. For sixty years in all the phases of his life it sheltered the promise, the ideal, the aspirations of that day, November 10, 1855. St. Martin, the great bishop of Tours, was at hand to see him take upon himself the burden of a dedicated life, as he was at hand when he laid it aside at God's call, November 11, 1915.

His life as a fully fledged monk in the Community now began. The earliest record of his personal appearance handed down is the pert remark of a small boy, on seeing him for the first time when he was a young monk. "What an ugly man!" he exclaimed. Perhaps older people may have made some similar remark in later life, and the Bishop seems to have recognized their judgement. Once when at some gathering where he and Cardinal Logue were to be present, he remarked: "They call me ugly, but wait till they see Logue!" Yet no one had any right to call Bishop Hedley ugly. Sometimes when he was ill, sallow of complexion, with his face drawn with suffering, depressed, limping heavily, you might be tempted to think him ungainly, perhaps even ugly, but it would not be true. With that fine forehead, those fine eyes, that fine-textured hair, silvered with years and thought, those fine hands fashioned with rare delicacy, no man could be called ugly. There are various photographs of him, and many among them present to us a noble and by no means unpleasing portrait. There is one in the cloister at Ampleforth, of which a line

drawing appears in *The Ampleforth Journal*, 1912. But neither boys nor fellow-religious troubled about his outward appearance, once they knew the man. Call him rugged or ungainly, the outward form covered a mind gifted with rare talent and a heart of golden charity.

There were men over and around Brother Cuthbert, of very considerable ability, and at least one (Father Jerome Watmough), of exceptional power, quick and brilliant, whose life did not develop, for he died young. Another was Father Aidan Hickey, who afterwards became the Benedictine Provincial of the Northern Province, as it was called in those days. He was considered an excellent teacher, and to him the promising student was indebted for help and encouragement, especially in his early taste for literature. Father Oswald Tyndall, a man of talent, perhaps of greater promise than any, did not live to see the ripening fruit of his fellow novice's later years. But by far the most notable of Brother Cuthbert's teachers was Father Austin Bury, afterwards Abbot Bury, and the Provincial of the North. He was a remarkable classical scholar, and was endowed with a prodigious memory—he could readily repeat by heart from Homer or Virgil any passage you might choose to name. He had been sent to the University of Parma, where he gained a comprehensive knowledge of St. Thomas. On his return to Ampleforth, he became a Professor of Philosophy and Theology. It was his great ambition, in which he was disappointed, to found a worthy school of

ecclesiastical studies at his Alma Mater. Father Bury is quoted as saying of his pupil, Brother Cuthbert, that he never had a difficulty but saw at once all that was to be seen. Of his old Professor the Bishop wrote in a letter, dated January, 1904:

"I have been somewhat affected by the death of Abbot Bury. He belonged to Ampleforth and died on Sunday last in his 75th year. He was my tutor in Philosophy and Theology—one to whom I owe a great deal. When a young religious he was sent to Italy (1845) with Father Lawrence, to study Philosophy, and the result was greatly to the advantage of Ampleforth, and of myself in particular. I consider him to have been a man of exceptional genius, but he never took up writing. Pray for him."

In another place he writes:

"Had Abbot Bury kept up systematic study and a wider reading, I do not know what eminent service he could not have performed for the Church and for the science of Divinity. . . . He knew St. Thomas perfectly."

Under these excellent teachers the young monk passed through his course of studies *summa cum laude*. Meanwhile, he had many duties to perform, for he became sub-prefect of discipline, and one who was under him writes that he could put on a very stern look, but that there his severity ended. He was most considerate in his dealings with the boys, rarely imposed penances, and had an indulgent eye for small breaches of discipline. His study would be throw open to a chosen few,

and his pupils were at liberty to occupy it in their spare time, and to have the run of his library.

In his teaching in the school, the same pupil—speaking now with the experience of many years upon him—tells us that Father Cuthbert was eminently successful. He was engaged chiefly with the Greek and Latin classics of the higher forms, and his teaching was marked by clearness of exposition, wealth of illustration, and fitting idiom in translation. When he left, there was no one who could adequately fill his post, and the standard of classical attainment suffered considerably. He had charge also of the choir and the music, which was in an indifferent state when he took it over. Apart from the church services, there was little music at Ampleforth in 1860. There was a lack of pianos in the establishment, and the enthusiasts had to content themselves with forming a brass band. Father Cuthbert, therefore, was self-taught, and it is remarkable how proficient he became, especially as an organist. To bring the choir creditably through the masses of Mozart and Haydn, the music then in vogue, says much for an untrained amateur. It was, moreover, a full rendering of the music, for the choirmaster did not believe in "cuts." After he became bishop he still loved to play the organ at Compline and Benediction in his own Pro-Cathedral, when he had an opportunity. He worked at Ampleforth single-handed, and little of his work survived his departure. Not only did he teach music, but he studied it, and showed a marked gift for composition. His

technique could hardly be termed scholarly, but the melody was always sweet and original. Critics, well able to judge, had a high appreciation of his work. Some pieces have been handed down, and year by year they were sung by the choir—the *Cantantibus Organis*, to which the school always looked forward with pleasure on St. Cecilia's feast, the *Ode to Alma Mater*, sung on each Exhibition day, the *Victimae Paschali laudes* at Easter-time. He had also no mean share of poetical gifts. There is a simple sweetness and warmth in his verses. In fact, all his work in music or in verse is clothed with the beauty and culture of that natural temperament, which lived in his Northumbrian blood, and was nurtured in the homes of his youth. We give here the main part of the words of the Ode,* composed and set to music by the Bishop in 1861 for the opening of the "New" College.

ODE TO ALMA MATER

I

It looks upon a vale, a vale
And green fields lie, spread out below;
High hills defend it from the gale,
When Northern storms do use to blow;
O'er yon green hill the sun's first beams
Come up to wake it from its rest,
At eve its rays in sweetness stream
O'er purple moors from yonder West.
And fields and hill and moor we hail!
For they belong to our sweet vale.

* Of this Ode a writer in *The Tablet* (February 26, 1916) says: "It has singular sweetness and simplicity; and without the use of a single literary or religious shibboleth, it carries with it a religious emotion not unreminiscent of the Christmas verse of Crashaw. Admiration of it is not likely to remain the monopoly of the Yorkshire College."

II

Adown our vale a gentle brook
Winds on its way, past lea and grove;
'Tis wee and humble, yet we look
Upon that gentle stream with love.
Beyond, a dark hill pine-clad stays
Our eyes as they do southward roam;
It shuts the world out from our gaze,
And makes us turn again to home;
And stream and wood, and hill, all hail!
For ye belong to our sweet vale.

III

I saw the silent winter lay
Upon our vale, his robes of white;
I saw it on an April day,
Carol singing with delight.
I saw the summer's garland thrown
O'er all its fields and flowery land,
And then the leaves and flowers went down
One by one, 'neath Autumn's hand.
And seasons everyone, all hail!
For fair in all is our sweet vale.

FINALE

Hail the home of early years,
So full of joys, so full of fears,
We celebrate thy cherished fame
With deep heart-music to thy name.
Of all the scenes in mem'ry's track,
Of all the thoughts that aye come back,
There is no scene so bright and clear,
There is no thought so loved and dear
As boyhood's thoughts and boyhood's scenes,
The heart's unfading evergreens.
We sing to mem'ry's power that gives
A joy to man that ever lives;
For young grow old, and old grow wise,
But Alma Mater never dies.

Besides his own studies, his teaching, his Prefecture, his choir, the young monk's life was busy in other ways. Was an operetta, a play,

wanted ? it was to him that people looked. He has been characterized by one who knew him at the time as the " factotum " of the Community, and this was more fully realized when he was no longer at their beck and call.

We have just sketched the superficial lines of Bishop Hedley's young life at Ampleforth, but we have little to guide us in tracing that inner growth of his spirit, of the life hid with Christ in God. The light thrown upon this springs from our knowledge of him in later years. The characteristics that we then discover will, in measure, be the same characteristics as those of his youth.

There is an interior life and an exterior life in every man. Some from childhood have that self-consciousness which makes them fix their minds on this interior life ; they note each little event, each feeling and impression, they begin early to record them, and sometimes, as in the life of Mother Raphael Drane, such memories are interesting and beautiful. Others, if not by temperament, yet by circumstances, are led to dwell upon this inward life, as Cardinals Manning and Newman have done. They had not the clear light of Faith, there was a restlessness of spirit, a searching, and a progress. Such souls are urged to recall their early impressions, and this is certainly a help to the biographer. But there are others whose interior life is as individual and characteristic, and yet of it they make no record, for they live unconscious of it, and have no inclination to write it down. Only in later life

does it become manifest even to themselves, and only half so then. Neither by temperament nor circumstance was Bishop Hedley ever led to make such record of himself. He was not self-conscious ; he was reserved, not only in his dealings with others, but even in regard to himself. Moreover, he had the clear, unchanging light of Faith. In spiritual matters he took things for granted. In all the stimulating impressions of nature and its play upon the responsive sensitiveness of his soul, it was the same. In boyhood, in opening manhood, what was there uncommon for him to store in memory or record ? Only in maturity, the spirit which his inner life absorbed was formulated and set forth in those various works of his, not for his own realization or pleasure, but to help others. Therefore, it is difficult to trace in detail or to picture the awakening and growth of his inner life in these early days.

That he was exceedingly sensitive to all manner of impressions, to beauty of nature and of grace, no one who has followed his life and achievements can for a moment doubt. Many a time, standing in the playing-fields at Ampleforth, some autumn evening-time, even as a boy, he will have turned his eyes away from the game of football to gaze over the west. " A boy's thoughts are long long thoughts," the poet says. The setting sun has fallen on his soul, the rustle of the fallen leaves is in his ears, around him are the rising mists. Others have experienced these emotions, but he saw with a farther vision and felt with a deeper sense. The truth of this is borne out by a little

story of later years. When he was returning from the laying of the foundation-stone of the preparatory school to the monastery, some hundred yards away, the blustering day had cleared and the sun was shining over the valley. An old man, he stood gazing over it, and said : " I have been in many places, but I know of no view which gives me such pleasure as this ; I think when I lived here I did not take in how beautiful it is." One to whom he spoke, said : " I think you must have done so, my lord, when you wrote the ode to Alma Mater." " Yes," he replied, " I suppose I did. I thought it out for that." More than he was aware of, his inner life had caught the impress of his monastic home with all the details of its surrounding charms— " hill and wood and vale ! "—like the tendrils of the vine, his affections had twined themselves round the scene, nor were they ever loosened by distance and all the busy years of his long life.

Take an extract from his address delivered at the Centenary Celebration, 1903 :

" . . . When we meditate on this range of buildings, the material embodiment of the annals of Ampleforth, standing along the hill, with the crest of the hill above, and the wide valley beneath, we must remember, first of all, that for a hundred years it has been the home of a Brotherhood ; the home of that illustrious and unique type of human Brotherhood which rests upon the vows of the cenobitical state. Here is the home of men who have not only put up strong spiritual barriers of renunciation between themselves and the dangers of this life, but who have joined hands in order to

reinforce the spiritual by the physical and the social; in order to find obedience, personal help, common prayer, and that play of mutual give and take which not only holds men up, but disciplines the spirit like no other thing. Here men have dwelt together in order and unity. Here has been the choir, the cloister, the calefactory, the refectory, the dormitory. All these years they have prayed together, read together, worked together, sat round the same board, slept under the same holy invocations, and taken their recreation by the same fireside and in the same walks and labours. In all the world there is nothing more delightful to the purified sense than the religious Brotherhood. That is the reason why the ancient Hebrew psalmist describes it by that favourite Oriental image of what is pleasant and good, the lavish outpouring of precious balsam. This House has been to this Brotherhood a true and real home. Not a man who has worn the holy habit here but has felt that it was his own house, that he could freely occupy and use it in all things reasonable; that there was no other place in the world where he could do the same; that within those precincts he was at ease, free to live in his state, not answerable to any man for his observance, not indebted to any man's courtesy for his frugal living. From this house no one had the right to turn him out, and he could safely spend himself in cherishing it, adding to it, adorning it and helping it on. And when he went out—it might be for long spaces—to labour for souls, it always remained his own house, and he could come back to it, use it, rest in it, and, if God willed, die under its roof, and be laid in the cemetery within its enclosure."

The time of his ordination drew near. At his profession he gave something to God, nay, he gave all, but on this day of ordination a golden crown was set upon his own head; Christ gave

him His gifts, a most sacred consecration, His own priesthood.

Bishop Cornthwaite, of Leeds, was the officiating prelate and the ceremony was performed in the monastic church on October 19, 1862.

Those days of his early religious life left a deep impression on his whole being. The choir and the sanctuary, the daily chant of the Divine Office which he so well understood, the liturgy which he so dearly loved, fell upon his spirit like the dew from the still night skies, fertilizing it with a heavenly fruitfulness. His daily meditation, too, was not quite like another's, for there was in him a distinction of thought and a power of concentration not common to all. By its means there grew up a familiarity with our Saviour that ripened throughout his life, and with meditation there went forth the warm desires of his will. It was the progress of his inner life, the preparation for the priesthood and for his future. He has written much of the Priest and the Sacrament of Holy Orders, of its wonder and sacredness, of life dedicated to that holy office. These thoughts set down in after years were surely present at the time of his ordination. The study of St. Thomas was fresh in his mind and the saying of the saint* echoed in the young monk's heart: "The priesthood requires greater interior holiness than does the religious state." He knew those words from the Church's liturgy: "Let the priest be clothed in holiness." In his book, *Lex Levitarum*, he has written a chapter on St.

* Summa S.S.q. CLXXXIV, a. viii.

Gregory's *Regula Pastoralis*, showing how holiness is the first requisite for a priest's vocation. He recognized and appreciated and gratefully accepted the greatness of the gift. Into his inner life had come all the rich abundance of the daily Mass. Each day for him had now a charm and deep satisfaction that he had not known before, but he little thought, on that great day, that he would live to keep its Golden Jubilee, nor that to his priesthood would be added the fulness of the episcopate.

His ordination day was almost the close of his life at Ampleforth, but before passing to another chapter we must speak of his grateful affection for the monastery of his profession. How many times in one form or another has the Bishop given expression to the sentiment that every alumnus owes his Alma Mater a debt of gratitude for the guardianship of his youth and the inspiration of his maturity ! It is noteworthy, as someone has written, that in almost every appreciation and every sermon published at his death, reference was made to his devotion to his monastery, for he was the last man to parade such feelings. He had a singularly wide outlook and broad sympathies, and in his lectures or addresses at Downside, or Douai, at Ushaw, Stonyhurst, or Oscott, there is not the remotest reference to his own Alma Mater. So deep was his interest in, so warm his appreciation of, genuine effort, wherever found, that his words gave the impression that he made his own the sympathies of the audience to whom he was speaking. He was

reticent on this theme, even with the sons of his own "familia." No one would hear him declare his love for Ampleforth, or make a partial boast, or utter indiscriminate praise. But he was always interested in all that concerned his Alma Mater, eager to hear about her, always at her service.

In his address at the Centenary Celebration, 1903, he says:

". . . We find ourselves to-day, then, gathered together to honour this House as if we stood round a shrine, or on earth made sacred by antiquity, heroism, and prodigy.

Is this empty sentiment? Or is it useful, praiseworthy, or even inevitable?

It is certain that this feeling of interest, joy, and reverence is very natural. Few men can visit Iona or Marathon without being moved. And the wisest part of mankind will always think that a man who is not moved under such circumstances is not to be envied or admired. For the admiration of what is great or beautiful, and at the same time hallowed by age, and consecrated by human sympathy—this is no mere flutter of the æsthetic sense; it touches emotions which, if not the highest and the deepest in our spiritual nature, are those without whose concurrence even intelligence and intellectual will are not easily set in motion.

For example, as it seems to me, when we honour or interest ourselves in a good old House that has the honours of a hundred years, we recognize the enormous advantage which all good progress gains from the existence of strong centres of physical and moral stability like the English Catholic Colleges and Monasteries. Everyone knows that much that is good, and noble, and useful to the world in the action and lives of men, perishes because so many men have no following, no backing, no successors. The flower

blooms; but when the seed is ripe, there is no kindly earth to receive it, to hold it, and to make it possible for it to wait for the rains and the sunshine. It is not fancy, but sobriety, to look upon St. Lawrence's at Ampleforth, and other houses like her, as a castle, a post, an entrenchment, with banners ever flying, in the interests of most of the things that we value in this world—faith, conduct, letters. She came into being to maintain them. She has struggled, more or less, all along, against the influences that aimed at destroying them. She kept up her Brotherhood and strengthened her material walls, for their sake. When a good cause was in jeopardy, she threw her influence into the fight. As a home, and a community, with a responsible roof-tree and a respectable foothold, she gave her countenance to what was right and good, and frowned upon what was bad and wrong. She was not obliged to be for a cause, or against a cause, or else to perish; caution and mature reflection found a home within her gates, merely because she was solid, actual, and rooted in the ground, and because she could not alter or disappear without a certain lapse of time. In each generation a great deal of what was sound and profitable found its way within her courts, and was absorbed by her and became part of her substance, not again to be easily got out of her. Let it not seem highflown and unreal thus to set up Ampleforth as a power in the world. It is not intended to make any special claim for her in this behalf. What she is, many other houses and communities are—and they may, or may not, be her superiors. But in honouring her, her sons recognize in her that she stands, and that she has stood, and they honour her for that. Many of them would go further, and would rejoice, not merely in this essential and substantial stability, but in every tradition and custom that has clustered round her observance. There is much that is picturesque and sentimental in old customs; but there is nearly always something that is

valuable as well. St. Anselm used to say that even if the customs of a monastery seemed useless, provided they are not contrary to God's law, a man should 'refuse to pass judgment on them.' Thus, a little enthusiastically, a little blindly, a little obstinately, but still with sound reasons to give to any man, we honour the old House for standing so long. . . ."

(Centenary Address, 1903.)

His connection with Ampleforth embraced a period of nigh seventy years. His first public utterance was when, as a boy, he recited his own poem at the Jubilee of 1852; his last, in 1914. Between 1861, the date of the opening of the "New" College, and 1913, he failed to be present at the annual Exhibition only two or three times. Moreover, on each occasion for the last forty years he was called upon to speak at these gatherings, and it may safely be said that never once did he allow himself to waste speech in vapid commonplace—there was always some crisp criticism, some thoughtful advice, some just sentiment freshly expressed, some sparkle of humour, some appropriate and telling reminiscence. On particular occasions he read addresses of great merit, full of wisdom and feeling, expressed in words and phrases of unrivalled excellence. He thus concludes his address at the Centenary Celebrations, July 23, 1903:

"Thus memory formulates experience and, what has been, forms a lesson for what is and is to come. The past comes back—now clearly, now faintly, like the trembling vibrations of the lyre that the wind sweeps over. Those assembled here to-day have each their

own recollections, emotions, associations, on an anniversary which thus recalls the varied past, with its lights and shadows, its sorrows and its joys. There are some of us who can go back beyond the Jubilee of 1852—and we remember how we looked forward to another fifty years, not realizing that God would grant us to see them. There are some who have worked for Ampleforth during the last generation, and who are vigorous still and strong. There are younger men who live perhaps too strenuously in the present to understand adequately how softening and sanctifying are the memories of the past. There are friends here who come from other almae matres, and who will deeply sympathize with all our filial demonstrations. It is good to have come together—and to thank God for all His goodness, and His grace, whilst we humbly pray that in the dark and hidden future He still may watch over St. Lawrence's."

In 1886, a time of stress for Ampleforth, when counsels were divided and prospects not bright, the Bishop stood up chivalrously by her side and proclaimed his confidence in her. He read an address on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the " New " College, celebrated that year, which was published in *Merrie England*, 1887. In it he says : " I honestly confess that unless I had some satisfaction in the thought of the position in which my monastery at this moment stands, I should not have been here to-day."

No one who was a frequent visitor at the Ampleforth Exhibition and heard the Bishop's annual speech on the occasion could help being struck by his ungrudging appreciation of the efforts, the changes and the progress to which he referred. There was no sign of jealousy for the

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bygone times; he was most careful in his courtesy to abstain from comparisons which might be odious, or from criticisms that might give offence. His note was always congratulation and encouragement, yet never foolish. He kept in mind that epigrammatic sentence of his: "To praise is useless, to flatter is disagreeable." At the same time, in these addresses we find expressed a mental picture fresh and vivid, of affectionate memories of the past. "We are," he says in his address, November 17, 1886, "what the past made us. As you wander through this house, and round these terraces and woods, you can trace the works of our fathers, the stones they have laid, the roofs they have reared, the paths their hands have shaped; in the cemetery on the hill many have left their mortal remains." Another characteristic of his is a great reverence for those who have gone before and the generous recognition of the help they have given. He was no blind *laudator temporis acti*, and no one was more alive to the needs of altered conditions, or had less patience with "methods that are antiquated and ways that are easy," but he knew that the present had been built up from the past with much labour and many sacrifices and hardships. "There are some," he says, "who have shortened their lives to serve this house and family, whose holiness and sacrifice are the very foundations of your success, and the pillars of your divine protection." Again with affectionate regard he says: "The good Priors of the olden time were figures that I like to think about." These were to him the "soften-

ing and sanctifying memories of the past." Throughout his long life the Bishop never forgot what his Alma Mater had done for him in his early years. He repaid it by an unswerving loyalty and an unbroken friendship.

There is a little incident with which we may close this chapter, of interest in itself, at least to Amplefordians, and it holds up to the light an admirable trait of his character, namely, his generosity and sincerity whenever he could be of service. It exemplifies his readiness to spare neither time nor pains, even in matters of less importance, and though the later years of his life had come upon him. It concerns the Bishop's relation to *The Ampleforth Journal*. There is an account of it briefly given in the magazine itself, by one who was long the editor.

Some time in the early months of 1895, Bishop Hedley sent word to Prior Burge that he proposed coming up to Ampleforth to discuss whether it was not now time to " break out "—a favourite phrase of his—and start a new venture, the publishing of a front rank Ampleforth magazine. A college " Diary " had been coming out for many years. It had grown and progressed, and no doubt those concerned with it had a sentimental affection for it, but the Bishop wished a magazine to be issued which would appeal to a wider public, would be worth reading and preserving because of its literary and artistic merits, and have an interest apart from the " Diary." The latter should certainly be preserved, but as an adjunct, not as the substantial

part of the publication. He came with a very clear conception of what he wanted. "We," writes the editor, "who sat in council with him, with no definite scheme, were very properly disposed to listen to his Lordship's proposals, accept them and carry them out." The magazine, he proposed, should be called *The Ampleforth Journal*. The name was fitting, since it was a development of the "Diary," and would still contain a section corresponding to it. Such a name, moreover, rightly included the idea of essays, literary, critical, historical; it did not exclude poetry. At this meeting the Bishop, in his usual prompt and business-like way, discussed subjects and contributions, and named a financial manager and editor. Three numbers were to appear each year, and the date of the first issue was decided upon. Father Cuthbert Almond was appointed editor, and for many years he discharged his task most faithfully and efficiently, and became a frequent and valued contributor. He tells us how, as soon as he was named editor, after the close of the meeting, the Bishop gave him some personal advice. Speaking of the form *The Journal* was to take, he said: "I leave that entirely to you, do as you think best; choose good paper, good type and a fair-sized page; but (here he was emphatic), don't copy anything; an imitation makes a present of half its merit to the original copied." He continued, "Don't let *The Journal* be parochial; to be parochial means to be little and insignificant, even if it brings you a cheap popularity. Lastly,"

he said, " above all, avoid self-laudation as far as possible ; a little of it is unavoidable. As a rule, self-praise is the commonest and ugliest fault of a college magazine ; any excess of it is never less than bad taste. It is my opinion that *The Journal* will help the college better by its high standing and value, than by making it a show window for your goods."

When *The Ampleforth Journal* first greeted its public after this inauguration, and for the twenty years he knew it, the Bishop was ever readier with help and encouragement than with criticism. On occasion he suggested that there might be more literary papers and a wider range of subjects. If he criticized, he was patient and gentle in his criticism. He sometimes volunteered advice, showing how such and such an article might be amended. Once indeed, the editor tells us, a storm of utter condemnation and abuse fell upon his responsible head for a certain article, but then the manner of the criticism was such as to give more amusement than pain. For twenty years his interest never flagged. He watched over it as a child of his own. No doubt it failed to reach his ideal, but with all its imperfections he had a parent's fondness for it. A few of its numbers he marked " excellent," many he marked " good," the rest " fair " or " moderate." He never tired of it ; from first to last, for better and for worse, he was its staunch friend. He promised the editor that he would write an article for *The Journal* whenever he was asked—a promise that he faithfully kept. At first, this meant

an article for nearly every number. Occasionally the editor received a grumbling answer to his request for "copy," dictated no doubt by an attack of gout. A few days later he would receive a note, "Will send you an article (about ten pages); how long can you give me? Best wishes, J.C.H." Most often he would not wait to be asked, but rejoiced the wearied editorial heart by asking news of the next number, and adding: "I have an article nearly ready for you."

How much in earnest the Bishop was, and how ungrudgingly he worked for *The Journal*, is shown by a letter of Monsignor, now Cardinal, Merry del Val. The Bishop had sent a copy to the Holy Father and asked his blessing on the venture, making use of the Monsignor for this purpose, who apologizes for delay in answering the Bishop's letter: "It is not through any want of interest in the matter which your Lordship thought well to entrust to my care. The volume of *The Ampleforth Journal* only came three days ago, and yesterday evening I was able to present it to the Holy Father* and lay your Lordship's request before him. His Holiness accepted this token of your Lordship's attachment to the Holy See and to his person with the greatest pleasure, and very willingly sends his blessing to *The Journal* and its contributors. The Holy Father was much interested in all I could tell him of your Lordship's article on St. Anselm's on the Aventine, and expressed his regret that he was unable to read it himself."

* Pope Leo XIII, who founded the international Benedictine College of St. Anselm.

SAINT LAWRENCE'S COLLEGE, AMPLEFORTH, YORK.

COURSE OF YEAR'S STUDIES, TERMINATING JULY, 1853.

Philosophy

Aristotle's, adapted to the present age (ex MS. P. Sodri, S.J.).

Logic, Ethics, and Ontology.

Rhetoric

Latin.—Ciceronis De Oratore, Lib. I, II. Orat. pro Lege Manilia. In Catilinam I—a written Rhetorical Analysis of each Oration. Life of Author. Geographical and Critical Notices illustrative of the Author.

Greek.—Longinus de Sublimitate (Dalzel). S. Joannis Chryst. de Sacerdotio, Lib. II, III, IV, V, VI. Grammar (Burnouf).

French.—Fénelon, Dialogues sur l'Eloquence. Bossuet, Oraison Funèbre de Louis, Prince de Condé. Massillon, Sermon sur le petit nombre des Elus. Timon, Vol. I, Part I, 6 Chapters. Portrait de Mirabeau.

English.—Donovan's Compendium of Rhetoric (MS.). Blair's Lectures, No. 1 to 34 inclusively, with a written Analysis of each. Aristotle's Rhetoric (translated by Gillies). Readings from the most celebrated English Writers and a critical examination of their style. Rhetorical Compositions. Elocution.

Poetry

Latin.—Horatii Carminum, Lib. I, II. Carmen Saeculare. Sermonum, Lib. I. Virgilii Aeneidos, Lib. VII, XI. Georgicon, Lib. IV. Exercises

from Crombie's Gymnasium (Abridgement of), from page 47 to page 140. Latin Prosody. Lives of Authors. Geographical and Critical Notices illustrative of the Authors.

GREEK.—Homeri Iliados, Lib. II, III, IV. Demosthenis Orat. de Corona. Philipp : I, II, III. Exercises from Neilson. Translations. Grammar (Burnouf). Particular Syntax.

FRENCH.—Boileau, Satires I, II, III. L'Art Poétique. La Fontaine, Liv. VII, VIII. English rendered into French at sight, from Sequel to Trésor, from No. 60 to 115. Exercises from Book of Versions. French Composition. Grammar (Noel & Chapsal).

ENGLISH.—Blair's Lectures. Taste, Language, and Poetry. Readings and Illustrations from Standard Authors. Metrical and Prose Compositions. Debates. Elocution.

SYNTAX (3rd Year)

LATIN.—Taciti de Moribus Germanorum. De Vita Agricolae. Sallustii, Bellum Catilinarium. Bellum Jugurthinum. Exercises from Valpy's Elegantiae Latinae. Lives of Authors. Ancient Geography, Asia Minor, Hispania Antiqua and Germania Antiqua (Butler). Critical Notes illustrative of the Authors.

GREEK.—Xenophontis Anab., Lib. I, Cap. 7. Greek Roots by heart, 500. Exercises from Hungerford. Grammar (Burnouf).

FRENCH.—Chateaubriand, Les Martyrs, Livre 9. Massillon, Sermon pour la fête de la Purification. Petit Carême, Oraison I. English rendered into French at sight from Trésor, from No. 70 to 82. Exercises from Hamel, Part 4. French Letter writing. Translations. Grammar (Hamel).

ENGLISH.—Crombie Etymology. Compositions in imitation of the most eminent Prose Writers. Reading and Elocution.

Syntax (2nd Year)

Latin.—Ciceronis de Senectute. Caesaris de Bello Gallico, Lib. III. Exercises from Arnold's Latin Prose Composition. Translations, Syntax (Ruddiman), 2nd Reading. Ancient Geography, Italia Antiqua (Butler). Critical Notices illustrative of the Authors.

Greek.—Luciani ex Dialogis (Dalzel). Xenophontis, De Cyri Institutione. Aesopi Fabulae 25. Greek Roots by heart, 360. Translations. Grammar (Burnouf).

French.—Bossuet, Oraisons de la Reine d'Angleterre et de Louis de Bourbon. Sermon pour la profession de Madame de la Vallière. Parisian Phraseology (Porquet), 25 Sections. Exercises from Hamel, Part 3. Dictates. Grammar (Hamel).

English.—Chambers' English Grammar, Part 2. Compositions and Imitations. Reading and Elocution.

Syntax (1st Year)

Latin.—Caesaris de Bello Gallico, Lib. I, II. Cornelii Nepotis, Vitae 10. Exercises from Ellis, Part 2. Syntax (Ruddiman), 1st Reading. Lives of Authors. Ancient Geography, Gallia Antiqua. Critical Notes, illustrative of the Authors.

French.—Fénélon, Télémaque, Liv. I, II, III, IV. Parisian Phraseology (Porquet), from Section 1 to Section 30. Exercises from Hamel, Part 2. Dictates. Translations. Grammar (Hamel).

English.—Chambers' English Grammar, Part 1. Compositions and Imitations. Reading and Elocution.

Modern Languages

German.—Ermeler's Lesebuch, 70 pages. Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans. Exercises from Tiark. Grammar.

ITALIAN.—*1st Class:* Dante, L'Inferno, Canto 13, with Notes from Andino, Velutello, Venturi. *2nd Class:* Tasso, La Gerusalemme, Cantos I, II, III. Segneri, Prose Scelte, English rendered into Italian at sight from Tesoretto. Exercises, Portions of Telemachus translated into Italian. Grammar.

SPANISH.—Tomas de Yriarte, Fabulas Literarias. Modelos de literatura Castellana. Readings from Granada. Grammar.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

First Class: Catechismus Concilii Tridentini, pars 3 & 4. Bossuet, Expositions of Catholic Doctrines.

Second Class: Catechism of the diocese of Paris, Part 3. Keenan's Controversial Catechism, Part 1.

Third Class: Catechism of the Diocese of Paris, Part 1 and half of Part 2.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

First Class: PHYSICS. Particular Course. Physical Forces in General. Motion. Properties and Laws of Solid Bodies. Non-Elastic Fluids and Elastic Fluids or Gases. Acoustics. Optics. Electricity and Magnetism (Peschel).

Second Class: ELEMENTARY COURSE. Properties of bodies. Mechanics. Hydrostatics. Hydraulics. Pneumatics. Acoustics. Optics. Electricity and Magnetism (Comstock).

MATHEMATICS

First Class: Differential Calculus Rudiments of. Conic Sections. Spherical Trigonometry and Geometry. Solid Geometry. Mensuration of Solids. Plane Trigonometry with its application to Heights and Distances. Logarithms.

Second Class: Plane Geometry. Euclid, 6 Books.

Third Class: Plane Geometry. Euclid, Book I. Algebra, the Four Fundamental Rules and Simple Equations. Practical Mensuration.

Fourth Class: Mensuration (introductory course). Arithmetic (Thomson), Involution. Evolution and the other higher Rules of Arithmetic.

Fifth Class: Arithmetic (Thomson), Discount, Commission, etc. Interest, Tare and Tret. Decimals, Fractions.

Sixth Class: Arithmetic (Thomson). Interest. Practice. Fractions. Proportions. Simple and Compound.

History

First Class: History of the Christian Church from its Establishment to the present century (Reeve). General Chronology.

Second Class: History of England in detail from the earliest period to the present century. (Sadler's compendium of Lingard. General Chronology.)

Third Class: Outlines of the History of France, Germany, Spain and Portugal, Russia, Prussia, and Poland. General Chronology.

Geography

First Class: Astronomy, Elements of, Solar System, Figure of the Earth, Eclipses, Seasons, Fixed Stars, and Comets. Use of the Globes, Terrestrial and Celestial (Comstock, etc.).

Second Class: Physical Geography, Elements of. Particular Geography of the Countries of Europe (Stewart, etc.).

Music

Brass Band.—Select pieces from the Operas "La Figlia de Regimento," "Maritana," and "Masaniello." Marches, Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, etc.

STRING BAND.—Haydn's Symphonies (Grand), Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9. Symphony 18, Op. 53. Mozart's Overture, La Clemenza di Tito. Quadrilles and Waltzes by Musard and Strauss.

VOCAL.—Masses. Haydn's No. 1, Kyrie and Credo. No. 2, Credo. Mozart No. 1, Sanctus. No. 2, Credo and Sanctus. No. 3, Agnus Dei. No. 12, Gloria. Selections from Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Messiah," Richardson's Ode to the Passions, Glees, Motets, Solos, etc.

Chapter II

BELMONT

FATHER CUTHBERT HEDLEY'S career at Ampleforth was brief. Scarcely had he been ordained priest when his Superiors removed him to Belmont, the English Benedictine house of studies, near Hereford. In Catholic days nine of the English Sees had monks for their canons, and monastic churches for their Cathedrals, and on the restoration of the Hierarchy in this country (1850), there was presented the opportunity of reviving in one instance an ancient and honourable custom in the establishment of a monastic diocesan chapter. Newport was fixed upon as the most suitable place for the foundation, and the title of the See was to be that of Newport and Menevia. Circumstances having made it immediately practical to begin at Belmont, the noble church of St. Michael and All Angels arose through the munificence of Mr. R. F. Wegg-Prosser, of Belmont House, and the erection of the monastery quickly followed. Thus there came into being an intimate relation between the English Benedictine Congregation and the newly-restored Hierarchy. For fifty years Belmont was the home of the Benedictine diocesan Chapter, and for fifty years its canons and monks faithfully fulfilled that primary work of a diocesan Chapter, the chanting of the Divine Office. It was the only cathedral in the land during those long years which could make this boast.

This foundation enabled the English Bene-

ST. MICHAEL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL, BELMONT, 1870

dictines at once to carry out work that the Holy See had urged upon them, namely, the institution of a common novitiate and a common house of studies to which their independent houses should send their subjects. The new monastery was dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, though it was generally spoken of as Belmont. It was opened in 1859. In its seclusion the young aspirants to the monastic life were to try their vocation, and enter on their ecclesiastical studies. Clearly it was for the interests of the whole Order that the new foundation should be as efficient as possible. The various monasteries felt that they must not begrudge the sending of any member of their community who should be needed, and superiors directed their attention to find out the best men they could. In this way it came about that the young priest from Ampleforth was appointed to the staff, and began his new life at Belmont in November, 1862. He never returned to live as a member of St. Lawrence's Community. Father Wilfrid Cooper, the Prior of St. Lawrence's at that time, found it hard to part with him, for he had learnt to lean upon this newly ordained priest, young as he was, and Father Cuthbert himself with his sensitive and impressionable nature, without doubt felt keenly leaving the home of his boyhood and early manhood. He felt it the more because of that busy life of his which brought him into touch with so many interests, and, as of old, secretly perhaps he kissed the threshold as he departed. But now, as always, such thoughts would not find

utterance in him nor divert his attention from the work put before him. Eleven years, the ripening years of life, were to be spent in his new home.

Naturally, no detailed record of this period is extant, but the life he led here resembled that which he had led at Ampleforth, though he was now engaged not with boys, but with young men, not with schoolboy classics, but with philosophy, theology, and in general with the more serious and deeper ecclesiastical studies. The choir, the liturgy, the cloister were the same, whilst the distractions of the college were absent, except for the care he took of a few small boys who formed an alumnate to the monastery.

For eleven years he grew in learning, and his character still under those monastic influences and those other influences of natural beauty which always had impressed him was more and more shaped towards its final setting. For if Ampleforth was beautiful with its widespread valley and its moorlands, with Byland and Rievaulx in their ruined fairness, Belmont too was beautiful amid its Herefordshire lanes and orchards and its undulating hills, close to the winding Wye, with the quaint old chapel Kilpeck, Abbey Dore, and Llanthony Priory not far away, and the Black Mountains rising high in the west. This all became as familiar and intimate to him as the surroundings of his earlier days. Roger Bede Vaughan, the second son of Colonel Vaughan of Courtfield, was the Cathedral Prior of Belmont when Father Cuthbert Hedley

entered on his new phase of life. Youthful and enthusiastic himself, he strove to inspire his community with his own spirit and he welcomed the keen mind and the high ideals of the new member of his staff. The fervour of new beginnings was on the place ; the various English monasteries had provided for it a dozen novices and about twenty professed juniors. As Father Anselm Gillett, the Novice-master, was in delicate health and, moreover, was unduly diffident of his powers, the Prior appointed Canon Hedley, as he soon became, to be his helper. Thus very early in his priestly life Father Cuthbert began to give monastic conferences, and his industry at once showed itself in several short treatises on the subjects that he had to teach. For the novices he wrote on the Vows, on Religious Perfection, on Plain Chant. Besides his position as Assistant Novice-master, much work among the young professed monks fell to his share. Canon Raynal, the Junior-master, though he was respected and loved by his subjects, was not eminently fitted to meet all their needs. In his early days of office, his outlook on life and its interests, even on the monastic character and ecclesiastical responsibilities, did not allow him always to enter with sympathy into the aspirations and requirements of young men from our colleges. They could not speak to him familiarly of their everyday difficulties, of their studies, of their secondary aims and more human wants. So it came about that Canon Hedley, while he was their Professor of Philosophy,

became also their general tutor and adviser. This work he took very seriously to heart, not only for the sake of his disciples, but because he found in it the means of development of his own life ; both for them and for himself it was the fostering of the noble character of the monk's and priest's vocation. This does not mean that he advocated any self-conscious planning out of a scheme of life, or of making any forecast for the future. He did not wish the imagination to travel beyond the cloister walls or desire the young monks to build up any dreams for after-years. His sole aim was that he himself and all of them should equip themselves as perfectly as possible to fulfil all that God might call them to do, that the faculties of those under his care should grow, be developed, refined and instructed according to the measure of each one's gifts.

We cannot speak of his share in the training of the inner spiritual life of the house ; but we know that his counsel was genuine and wise and lofty. Survivors still bear witness that his own tone and taste, so deeply touched with the atmosphere of monasticism, were reflected to their great benefit on those around him. He taught them to be interested in antiquity and ecclesiastical history, to love the beauty of the liturgy, to be, as the sacred text says, " rich men in virtue studying beautifulness, living at peace in their houses " (Ecclus. xliv. 6) ; he showed them that art was not a vain thing, whatever form it took, whether of music or painting or architecture ; he opened out to them the value of literature, of

style, of accomplishments which were to be used to increase ecclesiastical efficiency, and not merely as an adornment of life.

How highly he valued and how completely he thought out a scheme of preparation for the monk and priest is made evident in speech and writing all through his life. It took practical form in his work at Belmont, with the fruit of which he nurtured first his own mind, then those of his pupils. Take, for example, his notes drawn up for a course of three years on Sacred Eloquence (1870–1873). It began with the study of Aristotle's Rhetoric, with which he himself had become familiar in his school days. Aristotle was the Master, who has influenced all works on eloquence, sacred and profane, from his own day to our own. But it was recognized that change of thought, of expression, of view and of surroundings, needed a certain modernizing or modifying of Aristotle's instructions. The young professor studied Whateley and Bain and foreign treatises on eloquence, and he had a close familiarity with the speeches and discourses of the masters of oratory. The classics of Greece and Rome he knew, and he made a special study of two of the Fathers, St. John Chrysostom and St. Augustine. He was an admirer of Massillon and Bishop Dupanloup among the French writers. Of the English orators, first in his appreciation, as with most priests, came Cardinal Newman, all of whose writings he read as soon as they were published. Among the unorthodox preachers he was acquainted with the sermons of Liddon, Dean of

St. Paul's, of Spurgeon, and of Ward Beecher. He had an extensive knowledge of our Parliamentary orators, for in those days Parliamentary debate rose to brilliant oratory, and he used to discuss with his students Gladstone's, Bright's, and Disraeli's methods of speech. One remembers his carrying to his room the little volume of Dickens' speeches, when first published, to get what good he could out of them. His ideal secular orator, however, was Edmund Burke. Speaking of him, he warns his hearers that his style belonged to a day that was gone, "a time when men still wore wigs and laced clothes, when bowing was carefully cultivated; when a man handed a lady to her chair 'with an air,' as it was called; and when there was a generally artificial tone as compared with the present day." But he recommended Burke's speeches for special study. In his opinion, "Burke was a great orator and perhaps the most picturesque speaker who ever lived."

This sketch of Canon Hedley at work as tutor in one department, and that of minor importance, shows at once his thoroughness and ability, and the importance he set on a priest's preparation for the great work of preaching. Moreover, it was a preparation for his own life, for that future career of which then he could never dream—for that he should become the most noted Catholic pulpit orator in England for some thirty years did not at that time seem at all likely. He knew that he could hardly claim the natural gifts of voice and form and graciousness of manner, qualities

that go far to bring popularity to an orator. There was a fluency and freedom of tongue which did not come to him easily. The power of the pen seemed more within his reach. On many occasions, when fame had reached him as a preacher, he read his sermons and addresses, and did not attempt to speak them without MSS. No doubt his audience sometimes felt disappointed and regretted the absence of a more ready flow of speech. But the Bishop thought it more fitting on certain occasions to read rather than to speak. One of his Belmont students remembered him reading a passage from Dr. Newman's famous sermon on " Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings." It began, " Oh, what a moment for the poor soul, when it comes to itself, and finds itself suddenly before the judgement seat of Christ ! " The lecturer, he says, broke off short and said : " Dr. Newman never could have declaimed this passage without book ; it can only be read ; it is too studied and mannered to be simply spoken ; as extempore speech it would sound artificial ; it *can* only be read." It is worth while to note this comment, both for its own sake and for the light it throws on the Bishop's own method in delivering his discourses. Yet the Bishop had a facility and readiness to speak extempore which at times surprised people, as that first speech of his when a boy on leaving the Morpeth school surprised his audience. Canon Hurworth, his friend, and for some years his secretary, declared that the sermons in the little chapel of Llanishen, where he preached every

Sunday when he was at home, though always unstudied and unwritten, were to his mind as graceful and finished and at times as brilliant as anything his Lordship had put down on paper. Others of his small audience carried away the same impression.

But Canon Hedley's work at Belmont embraced subjects deeper and wider and more important than sacred eloquence. For a more complete and elaborate plan of ecclesiastical studies such as he required for his students and laboured unceasingly to carry out, we must look into his *Lex Levitarum*, his commentary, as it may be called, on St. Gregory's celebrated work, the *Regula Pastoralis*. It was published by him long after these days of his professorship, but the outline of the treatise, we perhaps might say the substance of it, was found both in theory and practice in his present life. Its spirit and instruction were forming at once his own mind and the minds of his pupils, for he recognized that there is no more thorough way of impressing a truth on one's own mind than that of teaching it to others. Since we are here speaking of the Canon as professor and tutor, we pass over the opening and more spiritual chapters of the book and refer to those which speak of the work which so fully occupied his thoughts.

He desired that the monastic and clerical student first of all should make sure of the elements of ecclesiastical knowledge, namely: (1) of philosophical terms and theory, (2) of dogmatic definition, (3) of ethical principles, (4) of

history. These he must master. They will not make him a philosopher or theologian, but they give him the faculty of becoming such, by future study. Without this grasp of fundamental primary knowledge, he considered that a man could never be a trustworthy teacher of Religion.

He laid stress on industry as a quality of the student. By industry he meant (1) a serious view of one's position and work as a student ; (2) a steady use of the ordinary means of attainment, such as the arrangement of lessons, lectures, and the rest ; (3) a certain determination of will independent of external stimulus ; (4) the avoidance of distraction, *e.g.* by hobbies, of literature, or novels, in so far as these draw the student from more serious work ; (5) the virtue of patience, for, as Aristotle says, " the roots of the arts are bitter."

The substantial ecclesiastical equipment he comprises under the heads : (1) Literature, (2) Philosophy, (3) Learning, (4) the Sacred Scriptures, (5) Science. Of theology he does not speak; it is the essential complement of these, but it belongs to attainment rather than preparation. It did not come into the main scope of his present work.

1. Literature : We have already heard the professor's views of literature as a means of culture and taste, as a help to expression and style, to clarity and order of thought, qualities which greatly increase a priest's power for good in preaching, in discussion, and in instruction.

2. Philosophy is, of course, a subject far more

important than literature. He urges that it is neither useless nor a dry study :

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose."

The Faith needs a true philosophy to meet the false. The setting forth of Revelation in suitable language is the one great work of the Christian teacher, and it is logic, the first step in philosophy, which illuminates our modes of thought, opens for us a new vista, expounds the relation of word and idea, elaborates and defines, and, indeed, shows us a life in language of which we had hardly dreamed. Moreover, the mysteries of Revelation are wrapped up in terms of reason, *e.g.* Life, Personality, Nature (and a dozen such terms might be tabulated). It requires a metaphysical system to unfold them for our use, and curb the vagaries that too easily arise from them. Further still, Catholic philosophy is not only a system or science, not a mere series of hypotheses ; it is the path of truth. The scholastic philosophy, under the guidance of St. Thomas Aquinas, has with it the weight of the most revered authority. It has made scholastic theology the special illumination of Faith, for the enriching of a man's own soul, and a most effective defence to meet the attacks of heretic and infidel. The student, far from considering the years spent on philosophy wasted and uninteresting, should consider them as a most fruitful seed-time in his life.

Without doubt it was the Bishop's careful study of this subject that gave him his almost unrivalled power of setting forth Christian

doctrine in a garb so attractive and simple and complete as to meet the needs of all.

3. Learning: The professor urged on his students that learning belongs to the proper equipment for the priesthood and religious life. It is the rich storehouse of the mind, whence the priest draws "corn and wine and oil, and silver and gold," as St. Gregory puts it, to feed others and to feed himself. For a pastor should know far more than he is called upon to impart. The sources of a priest's learning are the sacred scriptures and the writings of the Fathers. They are warm and alive with glowing piety, and consequently the priest is set on fire with eager desire and with zeal. "It is not knowledge," he writes, "which lies in the intelligence like a lump of ice, at whose contact the spiritual receptivity shrinks, but information which speedily becomes a part of a man's intellectual life, and, when it has to be used for others, it is used as a man uses his own eyes, easily, surely, completely."

4. Sacred Scriptures: He does not dwell upon their devotional aspect, but on their relation to an ecclesiastical course of studies. He points out that the Bible is, and always must be, the text or groundwork of all dogmatic and moral theology. This is shown by the continual appeal made to it, for example, when St. Athanasius writes a treatise on the Incarnation, or St. Augustine on Grace. Our theological text-books, too, are full of passages taken from the sacred scriptures, though in their isolation these quotations are comparatively ineffective. How different, if

read in their context, as the warm, living, breathing utterances of the Spirit of God ! To make a comprehensive study of the Bible is not possible. To attempt the study of the whole Bible is to invite failure. What is to be done ? Take this principle first : It is not sufficient to study about the Bible, but to study the Bible itself. Let the introductory study, therefore, be short and summary ; secondly, it is not to be expected that a student can go through the Bible from cover to cover in three or four years, or whatever time may be allowed before ordination, making a careful study of every verse of the sacred books. This is the task of a lifetime. He then suggests a selection. The New Testament should come first with a short introduction, for the New Testament, in spite of its profound teaching and its greater mysteries, for several reasons is easier than the Old Testament. Of the New Testament, take first the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, for, though the Gospels may at first sight seem easier than the Epistles, they are not so. The Epistles of St. Paul no doubt bristle with difficulties, but these difficulties are slight compared with the questions which arise out of the Gospel narratives, such as the Personality of God, or the Manhood of Christ. Of the Gospels, take St. Matthew, and after that the Psalms, and the Prophecy of Isaias.

5. Science : The last chapter of the book is entitled " Science and the Priestly Office." In the modern world the term science is almost wholly confined to experimental and mathe-

matical science, and from this modern manner of research has arisen what is called the scientific spirit. Now, one excellent quality of this is exactness and accuracy. Accuracy of observation, and exactness of description may easily be wanting in a priest, and this leads to looseness and vagueness of thought and expression which will be a great misfortune. A priest should be exact and accurate in all professional subjects. There are many topics which cross his path with which he should be conversant, *e.g.* hypnotism, spiritualism, soul-projection, etc. He is not expected to know all about such subjects, but to take refuge in crude denial or commonplace abuse loses all respect, and incurs the scientist's reproach that ecclesiasticism is lacking in serious purpose.

Another quality of the scientific spirit is *caution*. Piety is meant to be a little more hard-hearted now than in earlier days. We must not force our pious opinions upon others. Pious credulity is better than sceptical indifference, but to be cautious is not to be less pious. In research and quotation, when engaged in controversy, caution is very important or there will be fatal inaccuracy. The student, however, must take care not to be run away with by the attraction of the scientific spirit. Naturally it leans to materialism, as it is so much concerned with matter and the senses. There is a recognized antagonism between science and religion ; not that this antagonism is real, but many noted names in the camp of science declare it to exist. Therefore, the student must be cautious not to let this spirit absorb his mind

or bias his judgement. Yet by all means let him attain to a considerable and accurate knowledge of the different branches of natural science, so far at least as concerns their general outline. This will give him the power to weigh and criticize the claims of science, and to oppose its extravagant intolerance. Yet the chief and most influential power of the priest, in this matter, is to be able to set forth the laws and the glories of that other kingdom everywhere round about us but invisible, the study of which has the right to be called a science every whit as much as the study of nature.

The author is emphatic on this point. He says that the priest should be prepared to cope with the spirit of the age, without being tainted by it. He was jealous of the Church's honour, and could not bear shallowness or triviality or foolishness in those who should uphold it. That he took care effectively to qualify himself in this matter two articles in *The Dublin Review* bear witness, namely, " Evolution and Faith " and " Physical Science and Faith."

He could give an appreciation of Professor Zahm ; he could advise Baron von Hügel or correct Professor Mivart ; he could offer a criticism of Herbert Spencer ; he could appraise the work of Darwin or Huxley and adjudge its influence on current thought. Indeed, if we carefully note the frequent illustrations in his writings, we shall find in them a very varied knowledge, whether these illustrations be taken from music, or mathematics, or science.

The above analysis of his treatise indicates both the lines on which the Bishop worked as a Professor, and also the growth of his own mind.

We will now resume the picture of his daily life at St. Michael's Monastery. His work was always increasing, and deep and far-reaching were the results of his influence upon maturing youth. Those who lived with him bore grateful testimony in after days to the help they had received from him. There were notable names among his students, *e.g.* Father Benedict Mackey, editor of the great edition of the works of St. Francis of Sales, brought out at Annecy, some of whose translations were published under Bishop Hedley's direction. But the most distinguished name is that of Cardinal Gasquet. At the time of the Bishop's monastic Jubilee, 1904, the Cardinal wrote : " I would not willingly have been absent when any honour is to be shown to Bishop Hedley. I owe to his Lordship more than I can say in the early days of my religious life at Belmont, where by his teaching and his example of work he infused an enthusiasm into the minds of some of us which we can never forget." Another witness, the late Abbot Smith, has recorded that in those days at Belmont there was one unfailing remedy for every difficulty or trouble, and that was—" Go to Father Cuthbert."

The daily routine was hard and simple, beginning at an early hour of the morning and embracing the round of monastic duties customary in a Benedictine house. Thus he lived year by

year, never looking for a softer or more indulgent lot. Nor was his busy life made an excuse for undue relaxation. He was always fond of walking and fresh air, and most days, wet or fine, he trudged steadily along the roads, through the lanes or across the fields, in the neighbourhood of the monastery. Often he was accompanied by a group of novices, or juniors, sometimes by one or more of his older and intimate friends.

Details of the walks and talks taken so long ago are not recorded, but from memories of the Bishop that go far back we can picture them not incorrectly. He could be silent, as he was in years to come ; also he could talk most interestingly and with an epigrammatic brightness quite uncommon. An especial attraction was the way in which he would enter into his young companions' feelings, and the deference he would show to their opinions and ideas, though they were scarcely out of boyhood. All through his life this was a most pleasing trait. He loved to encourage and draw out a young person's thinking powers. He would ask the opinion of a junior on something he had just written, perhaps even on some point of controversy in which he was engaged. This bond of sympathy, however, did not prevent sharpness of retort, or bluntness in correction which made some people frightened of any attempt at intimacy. It may have made novices and juniors at Belmont shy of him, as it sometimes made others in later life, but it was a characteristic which should never have given real offence or lessened respect. The better one knew him,

the less would one take offence at it. Besides, one fact manifested itself continuously, namely, that if he found he had hurt somebody's feelings he at once in a humble, kindly way made the *amende*. It would be hard to find a kinder heart. Moreover, his mind was preoccupied with many and deep cogitations, and he had a temperament which was naturally impatient of slowness or stupidity. He had not that virtue, which St. Paul attributes to the Corinthians, of suffering fools gladly. In later life, ill-health and continuous suffering silently borne certainly accounted for his offending manner. One day a priest was dining with the Bishop and another priest, and was taking his part in the conversation, but the Bishop snapped him up and snubbed him so often that he fell silent and continued his dinner without a word. Soon the Bishop took note of it, and said, "Father, you are very silent." "Yes, my lord," he said, "so would you be if you got a snub for everything you said." "Yes, I know," came the answer, "I am sorry. I am suffering a great deal. I had no business to ask you to dinner to-day." On the other hand Canon Woods, his lifelong friend and frequent companion, said shortly before his death in 1907: "I don't remember having had a snub or a cross word from him all the years that I have known him." This is striking testimony from one who had spent fifty years in familiar intercourse with him.

At Belmont, as at Ampleforth, he found a place for lighter interests. He wrote a Latin play

for the few young seminarists who were being educated there ; he occupied himself with literature and criticism ; he sometimes even indulged in verse, the recreation of his vivid and humorous imagination. He wrote a homely parody on Tennyson—the poet laureate at the time—an excellent piece of familiar badinage. It is the description of a long trudge one winter-time to visit the chaplain* of the convent at Bartestree. Father Cuthbert with his friend, Father Romuald Woods, led the way, accompanied by a group of young men. To read it with full relish the heroes of the poem should be known ; but even without this knowledge it will bear quotation as a sidelight on his busy hours, and a pleasing picture of young religious life :

AN IDYLL OF THE CHRISTMAS VACATION.
THE PILGRIMS OF BARTESTREE.

January 3, 1870.

With husky voice, from wreaths of Christmas green,
The cloister-clock had spoken and said "Ten!"
In bands of three and four, with word and laugh,
They met, and, gravely ling'ring in the Church,
Passed forth into the Acre of the Dead ;
Down by the river, down by miry ways,
In many-fashioned garb they sought the town.
The beaver-hat, portentous, wonderful,
A sign to jeering youth, was nowhere seen ;
But softly helmeted in easy felt,
With long-tailed coat, or cape of Inverness,
Or waterproof, they marched . . .
By twos and threes they crossed the ancient bridge
Of swollen Wye, and threaded Hereford.
Then on by Worcester road, through Tupsley, down
Upon the valley of the silver Lugg,
Through Lugwardine, and clomb the hill to Hagley,
And down again to where the spreading scene
Against the sky, shows, steep-roofed Puginesque,
The clean-washed Gothic fane of Bartestree.

* Father Anselm Cockshutt, O.S.B., Prior of Rochester.

Far from its threshold as a boy might hurl
A globe of snow, hard-squozen, mischievous,
With malice aim'd to reach his teacher's head,
There stands a Hermitage. Within its walls
A hermit lives, an ancient, holy man,
In whom the frosty winter of his head
Kills not the springing greenness of his heart.
Soon as the Knights, Sir Cuthbert in the van,
Stood halted at the outer fence that rings
A bed of flowers, and a beaten walk,—
(Beaten with meditation, noon and eve)
The cell door opened wide, and framed the sage.
Then all, with word of welcome, enter'd in.
What cheer they had, what wisdom, and what lore,
What old-world stories, and what morals new,
'Twere long to tell. And as the Hermit paused,
Sir Romwold, eldest of the Pilgrim Knights,
Took up the word, and lectur'd weightily—
And all the Pilgrims, smitten with the truth,
Cried out that lightness and the lusty laugh
Were vanities beneath their Order's grace.
And as in Autumn sunsets, in the trees,
That crown the steeps above the flooding Wye,
The rooks hold council ere they go to sleep,
Now cawing all at once with various notes,
Now self-denying, holding themselves mute
To hear the croak of some old patriarch . . .
So talked the Pilgrims, and so held their peace.

And as the sun began to touch the woods
O'er Mordiford, Sir Romwold took the scroll
And read, as when a troubadour may read,
A chant of Shakespeare, standing, hoisting up
From throaty shaft the basso of his notes.

. . . . . .

So passed the time till all the host of shades
Stole out from ambush in the dark fir groves,
Came down the hill, and darkened all the panes.
Then up Sir Romwold rose and gave the word;
" 'Tis five o'clock " (it was a quarter past),
And all the Pilgrim Knights embraced the Sage
And turned to face the darkness of the way.

The roads, as doth beseem all Herefordshire roads,
Were deep with mud and mire; and shining greaves
Were splashed high up, and splashed were tails of coats.

Sir Francis shouted as a treacherous rut
Leapt gurgling o'er his patent " Michael " boot.
Sir Stephen and Sir Maur turned swift aside
As heavy farmers all but rode them down.
Sir Hierome was sad, and inly groaned,
And spake his mind to stars, and dark night winds,
And smitten, shrove himself of past excess.
Sir Laurence laughed, not lightly, as they passed
Through Lugwardine, between the cottage lights ;
And once, just where a smithy's glare
Threw a bright bridge across the misty road,
A goblin laugh rang out to answer him,
As though some lost young blacksmith had come up
And been allowed to laugh and disappear.

Then on, where twinkled many starry lamps
In huge half-circles, where the city was ;
Then through the city, by the Minster dim,
Whose wizard vastness lay athwart the night,
Where Thomas slept, and holy Ethelbert ;
And o'er Wye-bridge, and up the river fields.
Then as Sir Romwold laboured in the mud,
Close to the farmstead near the willow garth,
Near an old road that's now a watercourse,
He sighed, they say, and murmured something thus :

I

" Mud, mire and sludge ! short is a winter's day !
The morning start was fair, and I was gay,
But where the fun of this is, who can say ?

II

Mud, mire and sludge, one star is in the sky !
A young man will be wiser bye and bye !
Home is the best on winter's night, say I.

III

Mud, mire and sludge, how vain is all delight
A Janu'ry morning, brothers, may be bright,
But don't o'erlook the January night."

He ceased and found himself and them at home,
And all the cloister echoed with the Knights.
But, lo ! the feast was over in the hall ;
The hour had passed them by, and they were late.

This sketch of Bishop Hedley's life at Ampleforth and Belmont may not be indicative of marked genius, or greatness, but when this manner of life continued year by year, without intermission, ever growing, settling down to more weighty things, persisting in a most efficient industry, breaking out into useful and varied activities, then it does manifest qualities of true greatness. It shows the work of a soul full of deep thought, beautified by a cultured imagination, saturated with a genuine piety, and gifted with a shrewd critical faculty. These qualities were his, without dimness or diminution, right up to the closing days of a very long and fully occupied life.

In our estimate of his life at this period we must bear in mind that he was only twenty-five years of age when he came to Belmont. Within two years, if not less, his position in the monastery was such as has been described. It was a full life for so young a man ; and so it continued, always increasing in capacity and activity till he was consecrated Bishop some ten years later. Moreover, his life was fuller than appears, for besides his relation to the young community, and the labours of his Professorship, his ready pen was busy, not only for his own amusement, or the amusement and instruction of his intimates and disciples, not only for his own experience and interest in fashioning his style and clarifying his thought, but also for the wider scope which was opening to him. He wrote reviews and short articles for magazines and papers. He contributed

to the *British Workman*, edited by Mr. Parsons, to whom he had been introduced, and he promised to write regularly for that journal. He was brought into touch with Healy Thompson, uncle of the poet, Francis Thompson, through an appreciative review of the *Life of M. Olier*. These early fugitive essays have been estimated as very considerable in bulk, and they are at least a testimony to his facility of mind and his power of work. There is no need, and it would perhaps be impossible to trace these writings or balance their merit. He was preparing during these years for more serious and more useful work. It was in the midst of his Belmont labours that he began his long list of *Dublin Review* articles. Not long after he had settled down in the newly founded monastery he planned a series of essays on the Fathers of the Church, suggested, no doubt, by the historical sketches lately published by Dr. Newman. Several of these essays were completed and published in *The Dublin Review* on Clement of Alexandria under the title of *The Christian Schools of Alexandria*, on Origen, St. Cyril, St. Cyprian, the Case of St. Liberius, and St. John Damascene.

The appearance of a new writer in *The Dublin* who not only showed learning, but a style quite uncommon in its picturesqueness, its fulness of detail and its richness of illustration, drew upon him considerable attention. Dr. Ward was editor at the time, and the *Review* was perhaps more noted for its solidity than its brilliancy. People wondered who the writer was. It recalled the

characteristics even of Dr. Newman himself. The notice given to these articles led to Canon Hedley's acquaintance with persons of reputation. Cardinal Manning, always eager to enlist talent in aid of the faith, invited him to stay with him. Dr. Ward asked him to Weston Manor, and this acquaintance afterwards ripened into friendship. He was introduced to Dr. Mivart, whom he described to his Belmont students as a young, very interesting, devout Catholic scientist, who had won a high position among biologists by a book on *The Cat*. Several other well-known Catholics opened their doors to him. It was evident that he had stepped beyond that mark within which he might have been characterized as a clever and cultured man. Though only young, he was proving that he had exceptional ability and that he was quickly shaping to be a power in Catholic life ; that his character, his industry, his learning, and his intellectual grasp were such as later to ensure his place among the Catholic leaders of the age.

Among his admirers was Bishop Brown of Newport, who made him his counsellor in matters theological and spiritual. Thus, it would seem, Providence opened the path which led to his future bishopric.

Chapter III

BISHOP AUXILIARY

THE period of Canon Cuthbert Hedley's professorship, of his study and monastic seclusion, was soon to end. Many changes were about to take place in the Cathedral Priory of Belmont, and with these changes, his residence within its walls came to a close. The Prior, Father Roger Bede Vaughan, was appointed coadjutor to his venerable confrère, Bede Polding, Archbishop of Sydney, whose failing vigour required a younger man's help and support. Both were monks of St. Gregory's, Downside ; they had gone forth from their Alma Mater, one to Australia to work directly for the Universal Church in the Hierarchy, the other to Belmont to work for that house, now become the nursery of the English Benedictine Congregation. The Archbishop, grown old and broken with his Apostolic labours, was glad to carry off the distinguished Cathedral Prior to be his coadjutor and afterwards his successor. With the newly consecrated Prelate went his fidus Achates, Father Anselm Gillett, the novice-master. It was a great loss to Belmont, and the pleasant harmony which had reigned there was disturbed. Under the Priorship of Roger Bede Vaughan, three men had joined the Belmont staff—Father Anselm Gillett, Father Wilfrid Raynal, and Father Cuthbert Hedley—and for more than ten years they had worked together strenuously for its welfare. After the departure of the Prior, there was immediate need for the election of a new Superior.

Of the two who stood out prominently for the position, Canon Raynal and Canon Hedley, the former was chosen, and he proved to be a very worthy successor of Prior Vaughan in the Cathedral Priorship. Canon Hedley still remained on the staff, but not for long. Providence was already shaping the path his feet must tread. The Right Reverend Thomas Brown, who, from ruler of the Welsh Vicariate, had, at the restoration of the Hierarchy, become Bishop of the Diocese of Newport and Menevia, was three score and ten and more. He recognized the ability of the learned Canon, he had noted his courageous attitude on the question of university education for Catholics, he had appointed him Canon Theologian for his diocese, and now, urged no doubt by the high opinion in which he was held by leading members of the Hierarchy, he gladly accepted him as his Auxiliary, and requested the Holy Father to raise him to the episcopate.* The steps of grace were mounting in Cuthbert Hedley's life. There had been his monastic profession, his ordination, and now came the crown of Holy Orders, the plenitude of the priesthood, in his consecration as Bishop (1873).

With the dignity came the burden, "solicitude for all the Churches"; the monk knew all this, he realized the honour of the office, and remembered that phrase of St. Paul, "*bonum opus est*," but he was aware also of the trouble and perturbation; he felt, as St. Gregory had felt, the

* It was said at the time that the choice of Canon Hedley was largely due to the advice of Archbishop Manning—Fr. Norbert Sweeney having been Bishop Brown's first choice.

irrevocable severance from the cloister and the life that he loved. However, it was not for the Bishop-elect to make demur or to manifest his preferences, but to obey the call. Years of discipline had eliminated the wish to choose his line of life.

At the time he was due to give a Retreat to the Ampleforth Community, and he took the opportunity of visiting his family home. One morning during his stay, his friends noticed all his hearty manner gone ; he seemed subdued, almost depressed. To their anxious questioning he replied, "I have just been asked to accept a Bishopric." However unexpected and perturbing the news might be, it did not interfere with his work ; he went to Ampleforth, gave the Retreat to his brethren and then returned to his monastery to prepare himself for the reception of his new dignity.

He was consecrated at Belmont on the feast of St. Michael, the patron of the monastery, September 29, 1873, with the title of Bishop of Cæsaropolis. Archbishop Manning was the consecrating Prelate, assisted by Bishop Brown, Ordinary of the diocese, and Bishop Chadwick of Hexham and Newcastle, the diocese of his birth. There were also present the Benedictine Bishops, Ullathorne of Birmingham and Collier of the Mauritius. A great gathering of the clergy and laity assembled to witness the ceremony. The present writer was then a newly clothed novice, and doubtless he took some novice's part in the sanctuary, but the memory of the

later events of the day is more distinct—the gathering in the Refectory for dinner, when the discipline of silence was relaxed in honour of the occasion. Archbishop Manning made a speech, and one heard a clear and easy flow of language, in balanced sentences, saying just what should be said, neither more nor less. At the close, a picture remains of the tall and frail figure of the Archbishop walking down the Refectory, with his arm resting on the shoulder of the short and sturdy form of his friend, Bishop Ullathorne.

A new phase in the life of the monk had begun —new in its outward circumstance, not in its spirit—a phase which lasted forty years, affected only by the change from the position of Auxiliary Bishop to that of the Ordinary of the Diocese.

The newly consecrated Prelate took up his residence at St. Francis Xavier's, Hereford, in the presbytery of his friend, Canon Dolman. It was a convenient centre and close at hand for consultation with his Ordinary in his *Palace* at Bullingham—in reality a cottage, symbolic of the good old Bishop's persistent attachment to monastic poverty.

For the Canon this meant a great change from his Belmont life, and, in a sense, there opened out before him leisured hours which he could never find in the disciplined life of the monastery, where the exacting horarium of his monastic and professional duties left little leisure. But industry was a mark of his life. He could not be idle, neither could he be content to allow his energies to overflow into by-ways. To express

it paradoxically, he had generously narrowed down his field of work to one object, God's glory and the salvation of souls.

Bishop Brown appointed him Vicar-General, and made him his secretary in all business matters, spiritual and temporal. In this office he always showed himself unselfishly kind, considerate, and uncomplaining. Visitations, Confirmations, Ordinations fell to his lot. Yet it would seem that he was not altogether happy or satisfied, and he would have preferred to supplement more responsibly the declining powers of his Ordinary. Bishop Brown had long ruled alone. His Catholic flock and his priests were not numerous. He felt his own self-sufficiency, and he was slow to recognize that it was not now as in the past time. But he was seventy-five years of age, his powers were fast failing, and there were many tasks in the administration of the diocese which were beyond his enfeebled strength. Bishop Ullathorne had written to Bishop Brown: "A Coadjutor (*sic*) has no defined position, but what you give him . . . he is simply a vicar-general with episcopal power and authority added, that is, with all episcopal prestige." An "episcopal curate" is said to have been a phrase of his. Bishop Brown doubtless had absorbed the same view, and moreover he had no relish for anyone really to participate in the government of the diocese. He had not learned how to divide the watches with his second in command, and he kept his hands on the wheel till he lay on his deathbed. In some ways it may have suggested to

Bishop Hedley a return to the days of the novitiate, not in a religious house, but in the ranks of the Hierarchy. He is reported to have said, when drawing near his own end, and urged to ask for an Auxiliary, that he did not wish to put anyone in a position he himself had once found so trying.

One valued gratification came to him shortly after he was raised to the Hierarchy. He felt that now with propriety he could call to pay his respects to Dr. Newman, whose writings he had for so long admired. There could not be much personal intercourse between the two ecclesiastics, one comparatively a young man, whilst the Cardinal was verging on old age. We have no record of this visit, but some half-dozen friendly notes passed between them. When the clear intimation reached England that Pope Leo XIII intended to honour the great Oratorian by raising him to the dignity of Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Bishop Hedley wrote :

February 24, 1879.

My dear Father Newman,

In common, I believe, with every English-speaking Catholic, I desire to offer you my respectful congratulations, and to say how rejoiced I am that the Holy Father has intimated his wish to make you a Cardinal.

I cannot speak as one of the large number whom you have helped to find the true Church. But I know English Catholic feeling for the last twenty-five years. One of the first things that ever stirred me and lifted me up was your sermon, the " Second Spring," which I read when a boy at school. Since then I can testify, from personal knowledge, that the whole generation

of Catholics with whom I have grown up have, to a very large extent indeed, formed themselves on your writings. We have longed for you to speak, we have devoured what you gave us, and we have all along looked to you with pride and confidence as to a leader and a father.

I pray to God that He may long spare you to labour for His Church and His flock.

With great respect and devotion,
I remain, dear Father Newman,
Your faithful servant in Christ,
J. C. Hedley, O.S.B.

Father Newman* answered :

The Oratory,
March 2, 1879.

My dear Lord,

If I have not answered your very kind letter I must seem to you very ill-bred and ungrateful. But really my head is so confused with the hill of letters which the post has brought me day after day, and which I have got mixed with one another, that I cannot tell which I have answered and which not.

I can assure (you) that your friendly and sympathetic words have remained in my mind ever since they came, and I have not forgotten *them* at least, whatever becomes of the question whether I have had the grace to acknowledge them.

And now I must plead my weariness of head and hand that I do not say more than in this brief way to express to you how very pleasant and welcome your letter was to me.

I am Your faithful servant in Xt.,
John H. Newman.

* Ward's *Life of Newman*, Vol. II, p. 580.

Among the tasks that his Ordinary appointed him to take on himself was the office of Inspection of the diocesan elementary schools. It was not, according to usage, an episcopal work, but the Auxiliary considered it important to secure a high standard in teaching Christian doctrine to Catholic poor children, no less than to the students whose means enabled them to go to higher schools and the universities. Moreover, he was always eager to learn by experience, and he valued this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the working of the missions of the diocese.

He wrote a short treatise on the religious instruction of children. It is in the form of an address given at the opening of an elementary school at Aberkenfig, Glamorganshire, May 6, 1879.

Two points, the Bishop tells us, must be remembered in the matter of religious instruction: (1) Children are capable of having religion themselves, and are bound to exercise it when they have come to the use of reason. (2) This religious instruction must be such as to prepare them for real religion in later life. There are three subjects in which children must be instructed and trained by their teachers, whether these be of the home or school: (1) doctrine, (2) feeling, (3) will. How are we to imbue them with a truly religious spirit?

(1) Doctrine: Some say, "Don't bother the children with doctrine—just let them love our Lord Jesus Christ and be kind to one another and to all men." That, he replies, is a sophism; as

if one should say, "Don't trouble to plant trees, only let us have plenty of wood, and bright leaves and sweet fruit." The venerated figure of Jesus Christ must be put before our little ones—Who He is, whence He came, what He said, how and why He died. The idea must be put before them of immortality, responsibility, sin. They must have impressed on their infant minds the idea of the Almighty ever-present God. As with the grown-up, so with children: worship and love are an act of the reason. It is not the blind act of affection, like the affection or fear of a dog for his master. The child must be taught about the marvellous things out of sight; it must know about the reality of its hopes and fears. Who is Jesus Christ? The Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man. It is true, such a formula cannot be fully understood by a child, nor indeed can the grown-up, or even the learned, fully comprehend it. Yet such formularies convey useful and necessary information. The child learns them and will go on (to the end of his life) seeing more and more in them. They will become an illumination to the whole of life's path and give a meaning to all that happens here below.

(2) Feeling: Feelings are not religion; they may be a sign of it; they may lead to it; they may be an effect of it, but not necessarily so. Religion is above and independent of the feelings. Still, the education of the feelings is most important. They are like the sun and the warm air of a summer's day which bring out the perfumes

of the flowers. First the children's hearts should be raised to God. Those endearing names God has allowed us to use of Him will be explained. How He is Father to us ; how He cares for us and watches over us ; how He has fashioned our hearts so that they find rest only in Him. Step by step the teacher will show them what God is to them. He will show them their own hearts, how sad and desolate, when estranged from God by sin. He will teach by stories, the beautiful stories of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary and beyond. His life has touched our human affection, and all that marvellous network of quivering sensibilities which runs through our mortal frame is affected by its touch and thrills with it for evermore. Thus by ear and by eye and by fancy we fix our children's hearts in earliest life upon their Saviour, so that come what may in after years they may always grow warm at the sound of His Name. For there is a wonderful persistence in early feelings. A man in mature life will often feel the tears come to his eyes at the sound of some childish name, at the sight of some trivial picture of a face or a house once known, even at the scent of some common flower which wakes memories familiar to him once in former days for ever gone. And in matters of religion, too, early feelings last long. They may be buried, but they come back, and the world-hardened heart of the man or woman softens to sorrow, to amendment, to love, at the thought of childhood's teachings, at the memory of Gospel stories, and the revival of a sacred name too long forgotten.

(3) Will : Finally, the child must be taught the value of will. Reason must underlie the teaching. Teach a child its duty, then enforce it. Force without teaching is of no use. It is no use beating a child if you cannot persuade it also. The best teachers indeed can persuade without beating their little pupils. Thus the Bishop speaks very practically, very forcibly and very thoughtfully both to teachers and to the little ones.

It was also the custom of the Bishop Auxiliary to take "supplies" at the week-end. If any priest were sick or required a Sunday off for rest or recreation, he would offer to take his place. It was no luxurious outing, to find his way, often through rain or snow, and in the bitter cold, to some solitary mission in the hills, to a poor desolate abode, a scanty larder, with neither space nor convenience. In these visits he came to know the life of the clergy. He learnt to sympathize with those who had to live in these lonely places without companionship, with little to cheer or assist them or to soften trials which every human nature finds hard to bear. He knew the dangers for the immature ; yet how hard to find the mature and strong ! There became rooted in him tender anxiety, that desire to help anyone who was oppressed or injured by the burden of such difficulties. It characterized him always in his dealings with his priests, throughout his life. His Vicar-General of later days (Mgr. O'Reilly) relates how once, when he had been asked to take as his curate a priest broken by such trials, he had demurred, and the Bishop had exclaimed in

stern and pathetic rebuke: "You will sacrifice yourself night and day for your erring people, but you will not stretch out your hand to help a priest." He also came to know those scattered groups of Catholics, the Bishop's flock, isolated among an unsympathetic if not hostile people, many far down the desolate valleys, and often without church or the Blessed Sacrament.

As Bishop Brown grew older and weaker, more work fell to Bishop Hedley, but he did not find his position as Auxiliary an overwhelming burden. His great capacity for work led him to extend his industry further than the limits of diocesan duties. First of all he devoted his spare time to giving Retreats to communities of monks and nuns, to priests and clerical students. Three volumes have been published: *A Spiritual Retreat for Religious*, *A Spiritual Retreat for Priests*, and the well-known *Bishop Hedley's Retreat*. To give Retreats is a sanctifying labour both to others and to oneself. It is a noble work to stimulate and foster a high perfection in communities of religious men and women, those fountains of prayer and sacrifice whose silent waters irrigate and freshen a world too barren of God's grace. Few English bishops have given so many Retreats as Bishop Hedley. Without doubt the labour enriched his own life, for whilst he gave out from his inmost soul a fertilizing spirituality, he drank in spiritual experience from coming frequently into touch with those on whom God had poured His special gifts. One of his early Retreats was given, while Auxiliary, to the

Benedictine nuns of Oulton Abbey in the year 1876. It was published only in 1918 after his death. The editor, Father Cuthbert Almond, tells us in a preface that it was not written for publication, nor ever revised. He could find no manuscript in the author's handwriting, and the text of the discourses is taken from a shorthand version written by one of the Sisters who heard them. We find a simplicity and straightforwardness, a *naïveté* in them, which has a special interest.

To appreciate the work of Retreat giving, we must bear in mind how a Retreat differs from a Mission. The atmosphere of a Retreat is more reflective and unemotional ; it is deeper, more penetrating, more like the subdued twilight of evening when the world is at rest, than the broad daylight when the world is busy with work and practical usefulness, which characterizes the Mission. To estimate the quality of the Bishop's work in this field, we must wait till we speak of his more general Retreat. Here we may dwell for a moment on this early *Retreat for Religious* to see how a bishop speaks to nuns, not on the deep spiritual truths common to us all, but to the nuns in their distinctive circumstances. Take the chapter headed, " Our Daily Life." In it we get a glimpse of conventual difficulties put in a homely way. Speaking of health and recreation in the community, he tells them to remember that though ill-health or good health does not matter, yet it is their duty to keep in good health if they can. He bids them follow the exercises of

the community as far as they are able ; if ill-health prevent them, they should ask the Superior for a dispensation, and not fret at being unable to do more. God does not care about the regularity of community life half so much as about a perfectly resigned heart. There are three powerful tonics—fresh air, exercise, and recreation—which become duties, too, in a religious community. Without them, the body loses tone, the brain becomes debilitated, melancholy ideas are engendered, indigestion sets in with its train of evils, and then good-bye to health ! Further, women require more talk than men ; their minds are not occupied enough to do without it. What are they to talk about ? Here again religious women are at a disadvantage. They have not sufficient stock to draw upon for conversation. Let them read Church history, liturgical matters, asceticism, a little every day ; such reading brings them into touch with great men and great minds, and takes them out of their own smaller minds. A little opening of the mind is desirable among religious women.

Again, on cheerfulness : he does not like loud and dissolute laughter, in religious women especially ! He warns them of uncharitableness in their conversation. Railleries may be intended and taken in all charity ; still coming from young members of the Community they are unpleasant. People should not be ruffled at any little things that they do not quite like, and go off with them to a Superior. This inclination to tell Superiors everything that does not suit us is a great dis-

turbance of public and private peace. Finally, in speaking about devotions as part of the daily community life, he considers that there are far too many of them. The Benedictine state by no means either supposes or encourages them. A nun can be very clever if she tries to squeeze in a lot of rosaries and confraternity prayers, but these are not wanted. With Divine Office, Mass, Meditation, Spiritual Reading added to Teaching, a Benedictine has a full day ! They should not hamper and worry their spirit, nor have any scruple about leaving devotions that are not strictly binding. He would not allow strangers to write and recommend particular exercises that have taken their fancy, nor should religious persons go wild after such practices. If she has five unoccupied minutes, a nun should sit down to her needle with a free mind, rather than " make the most " of those five minutes, squeezing in little prayers. A roomy day is a perfect day.

Besides Retreat giving, a further expansion of work opened before him, the work of the preacher, and he accepted it. This developed more and more, and perhaps we may count it the most fruitful labour of his life. Over an area far wider than the diocese of Newport and Menevia, and through a period of very many years, he exercised this apostolic office. It bore fruit not only for those who heard him ; but his words, made permanent in print, have spread and still spread the good savour of the Gospel over many lands. " *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum* " (In every land their

voice was heard, and their words to the ends of the earth). He valued the word of God, the spoken word of God—of which there sometimes seems to be, both in priest and people, a lack of due appreciation—and mindful of the commission given to the Apostles he was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Council of Trent (Session 5, Chapter 2, De Reform.). He once put a question to one of his priests, "Do you write your sermons?" "Oh, no," the priest replied, "I find it easier to preach extempore!" "Remember, Father," answered the Bishop, "it is the word of God."

He was a great preacher, but not a great orator, if we may make the distinction. To listen to him was not to listen to a Bourdaloue or a Lacordaire. He had not Newman's artistry in working up an idea to its culminating point; nor were his sermons of such proportion and balance, such grace and distinction of speech as those of the great Oratorian. He could not rival Father Tom Burke, O.P., in his rare gift of carrying away an audience by dramatic action, by warmth of fiery speech, or vivid description. Neither, on the other hand, can we credit him with the even flow of Cardinal Manning's sermons, with their simple pathos, and clear, straightforward statement of doctrine. He appreciated all this side of oratory, wrote much about it, and put it before his students, as we have seen; but he made no pretence of bringing such gifts to the pulpit.

Yet there remains a large reserve of gifts from

which to draw, sufficient and more than sufficient to make him a great preacher. His sermons have an abundance of ideas and descriptive detail, elaborating the argument. They appeal not so much to the imagination as to the reason ; they are the fruits of his philosophy and follow one upon another, unfolding evidences with accumulative force for the truth he is emphasizing. The necessity of his conclusions is made manifest, conclusions often not pointed directly at the individual, but wide and sweeping as the universe. The whole is illuminated with a wealth of illustration leading us along with him—not on the plain high-road, but rather through a way strewn with flowers, or on a path with crags above and deep ravines below, and always the beauty of light filling the atmosphere. The reader or the listener is enlightened, is elevated, is chastened, is touched. There may be said of his writings, what he said in commenting on a certain beauty in the writings of Edmund Burke : " It consists in brightening dry intellect with fancy and suggestiveness of earth and sea and sky, of history and science." Many passages show that he could be eloquent, and eloquent not only in thought but in phrase, in sentence, and in period.

Take this peroration from his sermon on " The Divine Gift of Faith " :

" Thank God for your Faith. Thank Him under the roof of this noble and beautiful Church—at once the result and stimulus of Faith. This temple is to express the Faith, to bring the world a little more in harmony with Faith. May these walls last as long as

Faith lasts! for the day will come when they and the Faith they symbolize will have to perish and depart. On that day, earthly tabernacles will pass away, and Faith, after her pilgrimage and her conflict during the long centuries, will lay her head down on the bosom of the earth which she has sanctified, and as the banners of the Judge begin to flame in the eastern sky, will breathe her last breath—to rise again, transformed into that something immortal and unspeakable, which we call vision of the Face of God" (*The Light of Life*, p. 49).

Or note the glamour he throws around the Divine songbook in a sermon preached on the occasion of the Blessing of the choir of the new abbey church of Downside, September 19, 1905:

". . . And even whilst the sons of S. Benedict, in their new and modern encampments, whether on the ancient and hallowed sites in Italy and France, on Missionary spots of country and of town here in England, or in vast tracks of America which they are the first to occupy—even whilst they wait and pray for means to build their choirs, yet the real and inmost soul of the Monastic Choir must live and work wherever they set up their roof-tree. For they always have the living words their fathers used, and the accents and forms in which, from the very beginning, men have uttered the praises of God. They have, first, those Psalms of David which, since Jesus joined in them with His disciples, have been the burthen of the adoring song of the catacombs and of the desert, of the cloister and of the lonely heart. The Psalms of David—which we are not wrong in holding to be given by the Holy Spirit of God to formulate, to express and to intensify the lifting up of the hearts which He has made. Oh precious words of the Psalms! More

than the words of men; strong, fresh, unusual words, dimly romantic, half understood, drawing on the spirit to visions that are not of the earth. Words that gently stir the memory, or thrill the fancy with their associations. Words with the ripeness, the fragrance of ancient times—times of simplicity, of poetry, when heavenly things were nearer to the earth. Words that narrate or sing of the dealings of the Heavenly Father with His chosen people, His love, His watchfulness, His sternness sometimes, and His mighty triumphs; but which adapt themselves, as they were meant to do, to the fulfilment of all those ancient types in the supreme dispensation of the God-Man—to Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Calvary, to Pentecost, and to the Church, and the new law of grace. Words which are not those of dry and abstract reason, but which take their colour from the living universe—from the earth, the sea, and the firmament, the hills and the rivers, the forest and the desert, the day and the night, the seasons and the storms. Words that search out the depths of the heart of man, that reveal as in a mirror the spaces of his intelligence, and stir up the purest of his affections. Words that have a divine aptitude for summoning up the image of Jesus, and illuminating the whole of the Kingdom of God on earth. Words that generations of Saints have prayed by and wept over—like S. Augustine in the little shelter in the country where he first began to learn what Jesus Christ was to his soul. O my God, he cried, what did my heart say to Thee, as I read the Psalms of David—songs of heavenly faith—sweet accents of Piety. *Quas tibi, Deus meus, voces dedi, cum legerem Psalmos David, cantica fidelia, sonos pietatis.* What did my heart say to Thee in those Psalms and how was I made on fire unto Thee—I read and I burned. *Quas tibi voces dedi in Psalmis illis, et quomodo in te inflammabar ex eis—legebam et ardebam* . . .*"

* Confess. ix. 4.

His sermons may seem often above the heads of his audience, but observe the answer which the Bishop made to a priest who questioned him: "Would not your sermon, my Lord, be above the heads of the congregation?" "I suppose it would, but if we keep to the level of our congregations, we shall leave a great part of Revelation unpreached; give them a chance of at least a glimpse of the deep things of God."

About this time (1875) a course of lectures was delivered by him on "Who is Jesus Christ?" and on the "Spirit of Faith." They have been incorporated in that volume of sermons published under the title *Our Divine Saviour*, a book which has passed through seven editions. He preached other notable sermons also at this period, some at least of which have been published. Besides this work he began the absorbing and arduous labour of editing *The Dublin Review*.

The Auxiliary Bishop was indeed a busy man, very fully occupied, and only because of his extraordinary capacity could he do the work that he took in hand. We have said that he has left us no record of his personal thoughts and reflections, but there is a diary of engagements which bears witness to his activities and industry. It makes no mention of his routine life, nor of his correspondence, though each day brought its budget of letters to be answered. During the first quarter of the year, his stamp account tells of between four and five hundred letters or notes to the priests of the diocese; and his private correspondence, though not so large, must have

been no less burdensome. Let us take an extract from the year 1878 :—

On Sexagesima Sunday, he begins a series of six Sunday evening " Lectures on Holiness " at St. Marie's, Newport. On the same day he finishes and sends to the printers the Lenten Pastoral. Two Sundays later he says Mass at Abertillery, delivers his lecture (the third) at Newport in the evening, and next day examines the schools at Abergavenny. He ordains Brother Austin Watmore deacon at St. Michael's on the Saturday following, and priest on the Sunday morning. The same day he delivers his fourth lecture at Newport. Then, on the Wednesday, he journeys to Liverpool to preach on St. Benedict's day ; hastens, at the news of Canon Price's death, to Belmont, and on to Clytha (about the funeral), leaving for Newport on the same day. The day after (Sunday) he confirms at Caerleon in the morning, preaches his fifth lecture at Newport in the evening, and from there goes on to Abergavenny to pontificate at the funeral of Canon Price. He has a more restful day at Newport for his last (sixth) lecture. During the next week (which was spent at home) he writes an article for *The Dublin Review* on the Douai Diaries. The Sunday finds him making his visitation at Cardiff, preaching in the morning at St. Peter's, confirming there in the afternoon, then preaching at St. David's in the evening, and making a round of the schools next day. On Palm Sunday he pontificates at St. Michael's, and, later in the week, at all the Holy Week services,

preaches the Good Friday's three o'clock discourse, and journeys at the week-end to Abertillery for the Easter Sunday services. On Sunday, May 5, he makes his Visitation at Chepstow, inspects the schools on the following day, and travels to Woburn School in the evening. There he spends a full week, going up to London several times, (1) for the Inspectors' Meeting at Archbishop's House, (2) to hear Mgr. Capel preach, (3) to the Royal Academy, (4) to visit several friends and drink tea with the Cardinal. He goes north to Brindle, near Preston, on the Saturday, May 11, and, after preaching two sermons in the Lancashire church, returns to London on the Monday. From London he takes train to Teignmouth on the Wednesday, to give a Retreat to the nuns at St. Scholastica's Abbey, which lasts till the Wednesday following. After two days at Bournemouth, he is back again at Woburn for the Sunday, spends Monday in London, where he dines with Mr. Cashel Hoey, and arrives at Hereford and St. Michael's for Ascension Day. At home he finds much business awaiting him, many callers, a priests' conference to attend, a Visitation to go through at Brecon, a special sermon to preach at Hereford, a Pastoral to prepare and distribute ; and then, on June 6, he sets out for London on his way to France. He ordains three priests at St. Edmund's, Douai, is in Paris for the National Fête on Sunday, June 30, returns to Douai on Thursday, July 4, dines with the Bishop of Amiens on the Friday, and distributes the prizes at St. Edmund's College

on the Saturday. On Sunday night he crosses the Channel, and on Monday night he travels to Ampleforth, arriving on Tuesday morning, where he finds an evening concert awaiting him. Next day he pontificates in the morning, distributes the prizes and delivers an address to the boys, leaves for York in the afternoon and returns home to Hereford by the night train. His stay at Hereford is a brief three days, and then he begins a seven days' Retreat to the Sisters of the Convent at Greenhill, Swansea, and preaches on the Sunday at St. David's, Swansea.

The record is one mainly of tiring and exacting work. His summer "holiday" included four sermons of special occasion, two Retreats to nuns, entailing forty-three lengthy spiritual discourses, two Prize-day addresses to schoolboys, an Ordination service, and Pontifical ceremonies. It deserves to be called a campaign rather than a holiday.

An interesting sidelight on the Bishop's character is afforded by the friendship that at this period of his life he formed with the members of Colonel Vaughan's family of Courtfield, and continued till his death. Amongst the many activities of these strenuous days, the Bishop found here a haven of rest where he could refresh his spirit and enjoy the peace and happiness of a Catholic household. "The Bishop's room," writes Bishop John Vaughan in *The Ampleforth Journal* (1916), "was always kept ready for him and he did not hesitate to make use of it, for he knew that he was more than welcome. He felt at home and

free to do what he liked, when he liked, without restraint or formality. . . . The truth is he was much more like one of the family than a guest, addressed us all by our Christian names and asked for what he wanted without any apology. He criticized and found fault and meted out his measured praise or blame, with a frankness and a charming tenderness that suggested nothing so forcibly as Blessed Thomas More seated amongst his own family at Chelsea. He was always playful and kind, for however much he might act the Bishop when occasion demanded, he relaxed when he was with us and made himself just as one of us. . . . We all enjoyed his visits and even looked forward to them with sincere pleasure as both interesting and stimulating. By us, at least, he will be long remembered as a most genial and lovable friend and superior."

His correspondence with the family, if it had all been preserved, would have made a good-sized volume of itself—an edifying and charming record, although there would be nothing in it of literary significance, save some occasional sparkling sentence or a chance bit of humorous criticism, and nothing of particular interest save the novel light it sheds upon himself, but edifying, as must be all true stories of unselfish sympathy and innocent affection, and charming, because the writer invariably says the right word, and uses the little phrase with the graceful personal touch, which brings delight and consolation to the recipient. This friendship filled a distinct place in the life of the Bishop ; without it, he

would have been a lonelier and sadder man, and his life would have lost something of its colour and sweetness.

We may be puzzled to know how he found time to write so many letters that appear trivial and alien to his episcopal duties, but we must remember the long years over which the correspondence extended, and that sometimes months intervened between letter and letter. He himself speaks of how he has to squeeze such correspondence into some odd moment of the day.

It is a pleasing trait that the more serious things of life did not so overwhelm him as to prevent him cherishing the adornments of life. In the following letter he gives hints on self-education to one of the daughters of the house.

S. Francis Xavier's,
July, 1880.

. . . I have read the MS. and return it. The English is very good. There are a few cases (marked by me in blue) in which the words are weak or slightly erroneous. But on the whole the words and sentences are well enough.

It does not read complete, however. It is too long for a mere sketch, and much too short for interest.

It also reads like a translation. I don't think you will be repaid by writing things of this kind. There is not sufficient scope in them to practise style; and translation is the last thing which anyone ought to do who is learning English Composition. What I recommend is that you should write an original essay on some subject, for which you will have to read up. Let me mention one or two subjects: "The Catacombs," "The early Persecution in Spain," "The Spanish

Inquisition," " St. Gregory the Great," " Eighteenth Century English Poetry," " The Treatment of Nature in Modern Poetry," " Should a Novel be Religious?," " The Poetry of the Bible," " The Buildings of Old and Modern Paris." It does not make much matter what the subject is, provided you write and read—read and write. Think this over. I have no more time to-day.

To Mrs. Vaughan he writes (1883):

" I never knew until this morning that a stranger had arrived. I call it ' real mean ' not to let me know sooner. It is a slur on my feelings, sympathies, and sensibilities. I pray God to give her happiness and good luck. I will say a Mass of thanksgiving for the Holy Souls some day soon. . . . Cardiff is very dry, morally I mean, physically it is wet enough. . . . We are all worrying about Luther down here, and I have to lecture about him. You don't know what the toils and worries of life are in your gilded saloons and purple and fine linen mansions. But perhaps you have your troubles. I pray God to make them always light to you."

Sometimes the Bishop assumed the rôle of " Special Correspondent," writing a letter, for example, on the opening of the new chapel at Courtfield.

December 27, 1881.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Arrived at Ross station 4.45 p.m. At the same moment there arrived from Gloucester three uncles, H. of Salford one of them, also other priests and guests. Seventeen to dinner. Own Correspondent exchanges regrets with others that you are not present.

Mrs. Vaughan apparently well and in good spirits.

Falls upstairs and hurts her finger about 7.30 p.m.; exhibited, tied up. Uncle Richard tells terrible story of one of *his* fingers apropos. House looking very pretty; Chapel bright and new.

Wednesday, December 28, 1881.

Redemptorist uncle up at unearthly hour and rouses Jesuit uncle. Two altars, everybody trying to say Mass. Monks (from Belmont) arrive about 9.15. . . . H. of Salford preaches, alludes to Bethlehem; compares newly painted chapel to the stable where our Lord was born (to the advantage of the chapel). Sermon short. Organ breaks down and becomes silent after Kyrie, but seems to be mended up again before the Gospel. . . . All the uncles seem uncommonly well. Own Correspondent has not seen the two youngest children yet, but heard the same.

From another letter at a later date to one of the family we have a glimpse of "intima cordis."

1885.

"I have very few pleasures in life (please do not suspect me of beginning to be sentimental), indeed I have given up, I hope, any wish for mere pleasure, but the mental machine requires a change now and then from administrative worries, and I find literature, though I do not care as much for mere literature as I did, my last resource. I read verse a good deal and I write a little!"

He sends some Roman gossip:

1888.

"I was sorry to leave Rome. I always enjoy it so much, but I wish there were no English there. They are most kind, but I go to Rome, not to climb up 150 steps and drink tea with Mrs. ——, but to get as much

as I can out of the things and people of the place. And one is only beginning to get acquainted with people when one has to be off home. I made great acquaintance with Archbishop Ryan and liked him very much. I asked Lord Petre to the dinner he gave to the English Bishops, and Lord Petre was charmed with him. I had a good deal of talk with Cardinal Parocchi (the Cardinal Vicar), who is a man of very strong views and of great eloquence in expressing them. Also Cardinal Pitra was interesting, and I struck up a friendship with the Archbishop of Cyprus, an Oriental pur sang. I was unable to make acquaintance of Mgr. della Volpe, he was never at home and always busy. . . . There were a good many English Benedictines about. I gave a (very modest) dinner to three or four of them in the old 'Falcone.' So much for the moment.

Affect. ✠ J. C. H."

Letters to the same family will recur in other chapters but we must now resume the outward sequence of events in the Bishop's life.

The busy years went on till, on April 12, 1880, Bishop Brown died. His Auxiliary preached the funeral discourse, and it was a warm-hearted appreciative tribute to that "truly righteous, single-minded, fearless and guileless man." He told his audience how much the untiring labours of their Bishop had done for the diocese; he spoke of his learning won by hard study in his early years; how bold he was in controversy and how successful; how by his able industry he brought his knowledge of Canon Law to bear on the affairs of the English Benedictines; how by his persistence he won Cardinal Cappellari

first to listen to him, then to respect him, finally to become his fast friend. It was he who drew from the Cardinal those prophetic words concerning the English Benedictines: "Congregatio vestra nunquam peribit" (your Congregation shall never perish). Notwithstanding some differences, some divergence of character and view, his Auxiliary, in this funeral oration, makes it clear that he had a genuine admiration and affection for the saintly old man who had passed away.

The closing passage is as follows:

"The hour came, and it was God's hour. It was in the spring afternoon, at the stroke of three o'clock; the hour when Jesus bowed His head and died for the souls of men; the hour at which he himself for long years of his life, and up to the very last, had been in the habit of assembling his little household around him day by day to pray for the souls of the dying. And so when death entered that humble palace and stood at that bedside where a white head lay so spent and weary, yet happily so conscious, Death's form was that of a messenger from the King of Glory, and the touch of his hand was a summons to eternal life. That body which is to rise again holy and incorruptible, you have in sight at this moment. Look one last look. His fight is over. His crozier has fallen from his grasp. Never more will that fine and noble form be seen at the altar, in the pulpit, at the throne on days of solemn festival. Silent he lies now, the tongue that uttered such warm persuasion, and preached and prayed so hotly and so strongly, is for ever quiet. The hands that blessed you so often, the hands so often clasped and raised to Heaven, are stiff now over the wooden crucifix. The eyes so often lifted to Him that dwelleth in the Heavens are closed, as he closed them himself when he drew his last sigh, and will only open at the

Resurrection. Peaceful, calm, holy, beautiful he lies, like the twilight sky when day is done, the winds all hushed, the rack of clouds all gone. Is this Death's victory? Nay, it is the victory of the Lord."

So the living Bishop spoke of the dead, not yet knowing that he was to take up the staff just fallen from his hand.

The Diocesan Chapter elected Bishop Hedley Vicar Capitular, and gave into his hand the administration of the Diocese until the Holy See should appoint a successor. An Auxiliary Bishop has no right of succession, and all the formalities of election had to be gone through before a successor could be named. There was exceptional delay, nearly a year. The names in the "Terna" sent to Rome we do not know, nor whether there was opposition to one whose place and fame marked him for the office; perhaps some thought it not fitting to have a lame Bishop, as many years later someone seems to have thought it not fitting to have a lame Cardinal at Westminster. It was only on the 18th of February, 1881, that Pope Leo XIII issued the Brief appointing John Cuthbert Hedley to succeed Bishop Thomas Joseph Brown in the See of Newport and Menevia.

After the Brief had been issued, Bishop Ullathorne wrote:

My Dear Lord,

I congratulate you on your appointment to the See of Newport, and it is the first time I have congratulated a Bishop on his own account, though I have complimented many Sees on receiving their Bishops. But

having already been Coadjutor (*sic*) and Vicar Capitular, it is fitting you should be Bishop, and it is a subject for personal congratulation.

As this may seem mysterious, I may as well say that I have never felt grateful to those who made me a Bishop. I refused three Sees in succession and was, as it were, forced into the fourth, by pressure, and because of the peculiar condition of the Western District. But I have never considered episcopacy a subject for congratulation. But once a Bishop, then when a man is put in the right place, it becomes a just subject for congratulation, and I wish you many years of prosperous government.

I remain, my dear Lord,

Your devoted brother in Christ

W. B. Ullathorne.

The enthronement took place at Belmont, on the 1st of March, St. David's Day, and one of good omen, since St. David is patron of Wales.

After the Pontifical High Mass the Cathedral Prior as Provost spoke a few congratulatory words and the secretary, Canon Woods, read a more formal address, expressing the feelings of the chapter and the clergy of the diocese :

" My Lord, we gather round you to-day to express our heartfelt joy and gratitude on seeing you take possession of the episcopal throne of the Diocese of Newport and Menevia. We have waited and prayed for many long weary months that the Holy See would send a worthy successor to him we had lost. We believe that you come to us, my Lord, as a direct result of those long supplications. We all welcome you with unmixed feelings of joy—chapter and clergy and people. You come amongst us not as a stranger unacquainted with our needs, our difficulties and our

hopes. No! your voice and your presence have been familiar to us for many years past, and especially to this Chapter and the monastery, where you found a happy, studious home for so long, and from whose bosom you went forth to the arduous duties of the Episcopate. You have long lived in our midst, working with unflagging energy in the cloister, and afterwards in the fields of labour, until we have all received abundant evidence, not only of your learning and high intellectual gifts, but also of your active zeal, your love of the poor, your self-denying generosity and large-hearted kindness to all. The clergy of the diocese in particular, learned to value and esteem your good qualities during those years when the duties of Auxiliary Bishop brought you into immediate contact with them. For, as we all remember, when the late lamented Bishop, after many years of truly edifying apostolic labour, felt his form bending under the weight of age, and his eye growing dim, you were chosen by the Apostolic See to stand at his side to support his arm to help him to bear the burden of the Episcopal Office. With what enduring patience and gentle kindness and words of wise counsel you discharged that difficult task is not equally familiar to all, but it is well enough known to endear you in a more than ordinary degree to that clergy and people to whom the memory of their late much-beloved and venerated Prelate will long remain sacred and sweet."

The Bishop's flock had not long to wait before they heard the voice of their Pastor. That same day he issued his first Pastoral letter to be read "in the churches and chapels of his Diocese on the first Sunday in Lent." Of himself, the Bishop says little; he notifies his appointment in a few opening sentences.

"The counsel of Divine Providence, and the will of the Holy Father, have marked out as your Bishop one whose sole merits are, that he has some experience of the burden he has to bear, and that he is ready to devote his life to your service. During the ten or eleven months which have slipped away since we laid to rest under the shadow of St. Michael's, the body of the venerable man whom you all knew—on whose soul may Jesus have mercy!—prayer has gone up weekly and daily for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in a choice of pastor for this Church. This somewhat unusual delay, as we hope, and may well believe, has been allowed in order that the nomination, when it did come, might bring with it more abundant grace and help."

Chapter IV

THE BISHOP OF NEWPORT AND MENEVIA

IT is within the scope of this book to dwell on the history of the Diocese of Newport and Menevia only in so far as it touches the subject of our biography.

Thomas Joseph Brown, an English Benedictine, the Prior of Downside monastery, had been consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of Wales in the year 1840. When the Catholic Hierarchy was re-established by Pope Pius IX in 1850, he was appointed from the titular see of Apollonia to the newly formed diocese of Newport and Menevia. The General Chapter of the English Benedictine Congregation held at Ampleforth in the year 1854, had decided gratefully to accept the offer of a Benedictine diocese, which, at the request of the English Bishops, the Holy Father had made them, and from their members Bishop Brown formed his Chapter. The new diocese included the six southern counties of Wales: Brecon, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, Radnor, and Glamorgan, together with the two border counties of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire.

It was a poor district in the days of the Vicariate, needy in its resources and scanty in its Catholic population. In 1840 there were four missionary centres in Herefordshire, and about 550 Catholics. In Monmouthshire eight missions and something over 2000 Catholics. In Breconshire there was but one chapel, made out of a garret in a house in Brecon. Add Cardiff, Swansea, Merthyr,

and in the Vicariate we find seventeen missions and about 5000 Catholics in all. In Cardiff, the only place where Mass could be offered was a very small room, the windows of which had been taken out so that those who could find places in an adjoining shed might hear Mass on the Sundays. At Merthyr a congregation of 700 poor Irish had to worship in a low, dark loft without ceiling, and with gaping spaces between the tiles of its roof. The school in which sixty children were taught was a one-horse stable. In Swansea the only room set apart for Catholic worship was in an advanced state of decay ; the floor frequently gave way beneath the feet of the worshippers, and the roof had partially fallen in before 1843. In Rhymney and Tredegar, though there was a considerable number of Catholics, there was neither priest nor church.

The Vicariate was indeed needy ! There were no resources for establishing schools, no seminary, no prospect of a succession of priests. It is true that the Irish immigration had begun. Attracted by the work at the Cardiff docks, and the growing steel industry of Glamorganshire, hundreds had come from their native land, good and generous and ardent Catholics, but poor. As yet, however, the great influx of exiles had not sought out Wales or even England. Comparatively they were few. The annual collection for the Bishop's maintenance sometimes barely reached ten pounds. The priest's income in Cardiff was derived from the weekly contributions of three pence or less from fathers of families and from single persons,

and it averaged about thirty shillings a week. In addition to this, three more wealthy donors contributed £5 every year. How inadequate the supply of priests, and how uncertain was the ministration to these poor Catholics, is exemplified by the history of Merthyr and Dowlais. Merthyr had occasionally been served by the Rev. M. Richard and others, and more permanently by the Abbé Portal for about three years till he was driven away by distress and poverty. Finally, Father Carroll, moved by hearing of the distress of his fellow-countrymen in Glamorganshire, resolved to go to their assistance. He had passed through his studies for the priesthood at St. Sulpice ; returning to Dublin he kept a school, and said Mass in one of the chapels. From Dublin he came to Wales in August, 1835. His parish included Merthyr, Dowlais, Tredegar, and Rhymney. Anyone who knows the lie of the country will recognize the immense extent of territory to be served by him. His total annual income, including an item written down as "meat from Dublin, £20," reached from all sources £138 16s. He is described as living in a poor cottage at Dowlais, and eking out his livelihood by going round selling vegetables from his garden. His bones lie now at rest under the pavement of St. Illtyd's church at Dowlais, but the exact spot is unmarked by any memorial. Father Millea followed him, with a stretch of country almost as wide to look after. He lived to see somewhat better times, and was buried at the Dowlais cemetery at Pant amid a huge concourse

of mourning and admiring people, Catholic and Protestant. No wonder if Bishop Brown spoke of his poor and destitute district in the years of the Vicariate, and even after they had passed, and the Diocese of Newport and Menevia had been established. He appealed to the rich, for the poor were poor indeed, and scattered and not very numerous, and the few rich answered nobly according to their means ; but they were isolated individuals who could almost be counted on one's fingers.

When the famine of 1847 in Ireland devoured the flesh and bone and sinew of that nation, and drove the survivors in mournful flight to seek work and sustenance in foreign lands, a new source and spring of Catholic life appeared in Wales. About 1860, 40,000 exiles, Catholic almost to a man, had found work in the developing industries of the country, and their advent brought about rapid changes in the diocese. To the contributions of the rich were added the pence of the poor, that seemingly inexhaustible generosity of the poor which in peace or persecution never fails to support the Church of God. In fifteen years churches and priests were doubled in number, and now there arose as many as fifty-four Catholic schools sheltering and caring for 5000 Catholic children. Up to this period there had scarcely been a Catholic school, scarcely any Catholic scholars. Now a strong new life of Catholicism began to manifest itself. Men still speak of the days, not very long ago, when Catholics had to struggle for existence

and suffered persecution, when their womenkind did not dare to leave the shelter of their homes to draw water and buy food, till their husbands came from work. Only grudgingly and with opposition were these men admitted to work down the mines beside the Welsh miners. The days of riots had only recently disappeared. But even with this new power of Catholic life, the increasing number of priests and churches and schools was in no way adequate.

It was sad to see many of those Irish Catholics lost in the isolation of the Welsh hills and valleys, far from the warm atmosphere of faith and piety, without the support of the "Soggarth Aroon," on whose wisdom and friendship they had so much relied, and without the help of the Christian family and purity of life. They came from the midst of a public opinion entirely Catholic, to its very antithesis, to contempt, if not to hatred. The chill mist of unbelief, irreligion, and immorality was around them. Unused to such an experience, especially as the greater part of them came from southern Ireland, they grew careless, became intemperate, and began to forget the traditions of their race. Down the Rhondda Valley are to be found at this day families with the names of McCarthy, Murphy, O'Connor, and they will tell you they are not Catholics; their fathers, or maybe their grandfathers, were, but they are not. Sometimes you may find even a Nonconformist minister bearing one of these old names. This apostasy happened because these poor strayed sheep had no shepherd. Such

was the state of things in this Benedictine Diocese when its first Bishop died, and Bishop Hedley, from the position of Auxiliary, succeeded to the responsibility as its Ordinary.

In his first Pastoral letter, the Bishop, after introducing himself to his flock, declares frankly his opinion of the state of his diocese. The sketch we have drawn will, in part at least, explain the following paragraph :

" It must be said that, in some respects, it (the diocese) is worse, in spiritual matters, than it was twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, 40,000 of the Irish people, with faith yet strong and manners incorrupt, were at work in our docks and our mines. Since that day a generation has grown to manhood and womanhood ; and the sons and daughters are hardly so true or so good as their fathers and their mothers. Many influences have been at work ; the want of priests, the difficulty of keeping up church and school, intemperance, with its result of forgetfulness of God and priest ; but above all, perhaps, the steady pressure of a sinful atmosphere, so different from the steady country life from which so many of our people had come. All these causes have combined to keep us back. Churches have multiplied, but the younger people do not fill them ; schools have sprung up everywhere, but the children who go out from them are, in too large a proportion, lost to us when we lose sight of them."

Bishop Hedley realized the responsibility of the work before him. He did not for a moment consider the change from Bishop Auxiliary to that of Ordinary of the diocese, a merely nominal change. Moreover, though his mind was more

directly centred on his Catholic flock, as his words imply, he fully understood that a Bishop's responsibility was wider than that flock. He was sent by the Vicar of Christ to Wales to carry thither the true revelation of His Gospel, and to preach submission to His Church ; he was there to labour to convert the heretic and unbeliever. He very clearly expresses himself in a letter to Miss Vaughan, dated from St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff, March 20, 1881 :

" I hope you will never forget me in your affectionate prayers ; and ask your mother and my dear Alice to continue to pray for me. Although one has had the work to do for seven years and more, yet the complete responsibility comes only now. It seems an awful thing to be the only true Bishop in a population of one million and forty thousand souls, of whom only forty thousand acknowledge you ; and to be answerable for all of them. To be more in the middle of them, I have come to live here. Yours, etc."

One of the Bishop's first acts was to leave Hereford and transfer his residence to Cardiff. His predecessor had looked upon Newport as the chief centre of Wales and accordingly had chosen Newport as the title of the diocese. Belmont, for the present, was to be the pro-Cathedral. But the Cathedral proper, and all that appertains to the episcopal residence and curia, were to be set up in Newport. Bishop Brown had pledged himself at Rome to carry this out as soon as possible. The new Bishop's views were different, and they turned out to be true. He foresaw

that Cardiff would become the capital of Wales. Indeed, he already had written several letters to *The Western Mail* pointing out the advantages which Cardiff possessed and which, it was clear to him, would ultimately make it the chief city of the principality.

The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda had, at his request, given leave for change of residence from Bullingham to Cardiff (1881), and he rented a house in St. Andrew's Crescent. There he at once settled to work in his new home. He took the Rev. R. Butler as his secretary, though he made little use of him except as a companion. The Bishop was in the prime of life, with quick mastery of work, and unflagging diligence. He freed himself from the work of inspecting the schools, and appointed Canon Paulinus Wilson, O.S.B., to the office of Inspector ; later he made him Vicar-General, and appointed Father Anselm Burge, O.S.B., to the post of Inspector of schools, and to be his secretary in place of Father Butler. Father Burge was a monk of Ampleforth, he had been a boy there in the days when Father Cuthbert Hedley was on the staff, and he proved to be an esteemed and valuable helper to the Bishop, but he soon passed to another sphere of work. The Bishop writes :

" St. Andrew's Crescent, 1885.

Father Burge, whom you will recollect, has been chosen Prior of Ampleforth, and leaves Cardiff to-day for his new office. It is a loss to me, for he was my right-hand man, but I am glad for the sake of Ampleforth. . . ."

There is a routine life of a bishop, the record of which can scarcely be interesting, and in all this routine the Bishop was most regular and thorough. He made his Visitation at the appointed time, faithfully carried out the official directions, stayed over the Sunday, administered confirmation, and said Mass next morning for the repose of the souls of the faithful of the parish who had died since the last Visitation. At the customary theological conferences held in the different Deaneries he presided, if possible, at one of them, took part in them, corrected and commented upon the papers. Moreover, now that he was Ordinary, far more than before, "solicitude for all the Churches" and for all his priests weighed upon him. From his correspondence we know that troubles, not a few, oppressed him, not financial so much as spiritual troubles that entailed scandal and threatened loss to souls. In the following letter he sketches a vignette of himself:

"St. Andrew's Crescent,

Jan., 1884.

. . . We are having continuous heavy rain with true Cardiff atmosphere, making me very depressed and unfit. I have a heap of troubles, so please pray for me. Think of me looking out at the rain, and trying to find out inspiration in my difficulties. . . ."

When it is said that it is not financial troubles of which the Bishop complained, this does not mean that his diocese was not poor and needy as we have sketched it, but during Bishop Brown's

administration there had been one definite policy, viz. to keep clear of debt and have a little money always in hand. It might have been called a parsimonious policy, only that the Bishop sanctified it by personal simplicity and the poverty of his own manner of life. Bishop Hedley willingly shared in this, and recorded of his predecessor "that he bequeathed to him a diocese with very many and pressing needs, but as sound financially as any in the kingdom. It was poor indeed, but not weighed down with any crushing burden."

Wales, in parts at least, is a strange wild place. When you leave Abergavenny, in a slow lumbering train up the hills, you seem to enter another world. In the mining towns and villages, or in the valleys, scattered missions were founded where it was possible. When he was the Auxiliary he realized that it was a difficult task for a priest to live alone in these surroundings and persevere in earnest missionary work, and that only mature men of tried experience were properly fitted to succeed in it. The Bishop now found that he had not such men at his command. He had to make use of whomsoever he could find, and no wonder if sometimes they failed. Yet the tender heart of their pastor could not but be filled at once with sympathy and distress. He was loth to turn his back on any poor priest who broke down under the burden of this difficult life. Again and again, with patient anxiety he would suffer the erring one, correct and try to save him, for his own sake, and in compassion for his flock, lest they be left without a shepherd. No

one but God knows what his kindness has done for souls in distress ; but those who were intimate with him, will testify to his constant and watchful care over those committed to his charge.

Hence the lack of a diocesan clergy, and the means of securing an adequate succession of priests, were amongst his earliest thoughts. Of the thirteen secular priests at the Bishop's command in 1881, not more than two or three had been ordained for the diocese, the others were volunteers or borrowed from other dioceses.

He founded St. Joseph's school at Cardiff for Church students, and started a little seminary at Aberystwyth, but he quickly saw that for their ecclesiastical education the most practical thing to do was to send his students abroad, after they had left school. By degrees candidates for the priesthood were found, and in due course ordained. But a further problem presented itself to the Bishop. Where was he to send these young priests to gain experience under helpful guidance before they undertook isolated responsibility ? The Fathers of Charity gave up to the Bishop St. David's at Cardiff, which he later rebuilt and which has become the Cathedral. Here one or two young priests could live for a time and be trained under a superior. The Benedictines offered him the choice of Dowlais or Rhymney. Here the Bishop's insight failed him. He chose Rhymney, but this mission remained undeveloped and was useless for the purpose in view. It was Dowlais that developed into a large and important mission. However,

his difficulty was in part met by his young priests working for a time under Regular Superiors, as, for example, under the Benedictines at Merthyr, Swansea and Dowlais, and with the Fathers of Charity at Cardiff.

The Bishop watched carefully over the training of his priests. He knew them personally, kept in touch and corresponded with them, gave them advice and encouragement. To Father Francis Vaughan, who suffered much from delicate health but who persevered and was ordained, and is now (1929) Bishop of Menevia, he wrote :

Llanishen,

Jan. 20, 1905.

My dear Francis,

I have received a very good report of your examination, and I have great pleasure in sending you your Faculties. I pray that you may continue for many years to exercise them for the Glory of God and the good of souls. When I see you we must talk about your location, but you may have three weeks to recruit. Best Christmas wishes, Yours affectionately,

J. C., Bishop of Newport.

And a little later :

My dear Francis,

No doubt you will feel at times a little depressed. But this will pass away as soon as you get a real grip of your work. The mere physical discomforts, such as you may encounter, will not, I am sure, dismay you. You are too devoted to our Lord not to be glad to have something to put up with for the sake of souls. But no doubt you will feel the want of company—of leading, guiding, helping—or indeed of someone to talk

to. This will press particularly upon you just after leaving Courtfield. You must find refuge in more interior prayer, and must try, by degrees, to do with less of human encouragement.

But I do not believe you will find the trouble, in a short time, at all insupportable, as soon as you get accustomed to missionary surroundings. You will adapt yourself and be far from unhappy. Be strict in your spiritual duties—office, Mass, meditation, and then throw yourself into work for the poor and the children. Write to me often. Praying God to bless you, Affectionately yours etc.

About four years later he writes to the same priest, who had been ill and would be off work for a long time :

" I always remember you in my prayers. Offer up all that God sends you, and be sure you will in that way obtain far more grace for your old flock, and for the diocese, than by ordinary pastoral work of any kind."

Again :

Llanishen,

Dec. 7, 1909.

My dear Francis,

I am pleased to have your letter. I need not tell you how we all sympathize in the trouble which it has pleased God to send you. In one sense you are doing more for God and for souls than any of us, because it is chiefly to suffering our Lord grants the extension of His Kingdom. In your acceptance of your cross, and your resignation, you are doing more for the diocese than any number of sermons and pastoral visits could do. Still it is a trial to one's human nature.

Yours affectionately

J. C., Bishop of Newport.

There is another letter to the young priest, written nearly a year later, in which he continues to give advice and encouragement :

Llanishen,

Nov. 15, 1910.

My dear Francis,

It gives me great pleasure to have your letter and to hear such a good account of yourself. I am confidently expecting that you will be at work again in the summer or autumn. Meanwhile you must be patient. Such a rest as is enforced upon you just now may possibly be designed by Almighty God to make you a thoroughly interior and spiritual man. You must not, of course, weary your brain by much meditation, but it will be no weariness to practise the habitual presence of God, to offer up, accept, resign yourself, unite yourself with the Sacred Heart, make acts of reparation, etc., even all day long (without straining), and in the night when you are awake. You might also practise intercessory prayer for the Church, the diocese, your family, etc. You might use the words of the Psalms and other forms of prayer that you know by heart, such as the Te Deum, Miserere, Pange lingua, Adoro Te, Dies Irae (from the Rex tremendae especially) ' Levavi oculos meos in montes,' ' Deus Deus meus ad te de luce vigilo ' ; also the hymns of the Breviary—such as the Christmas hymns, which are full of the feeling of the Incarnation. . . .

How deeply he had pondered on the vocation of a priest, how highly he rated the priestly qualities, and how anxiously he desired his ecclesiastical students to possess them, he has made clear in his book, *Lex Levitarum*, not in the chapters treating of the more external attainments, but in those that

deal with the more intimate and spiritual qualities of the man himself.

In the first chapters he writes of Vocation and the *indoles* required to fit one to be a priest. Essentially it is, he declares, a whole-hearted desire to consecrate one's life to God. The specific virtues will grow from this, but this consecration must possess the spirit of the man or the Ordination day will be an unsatisfactory day. He points out that St. Gregory notes how with the priesthood comes elation, because of the honour men give, the exercise of power and the allurement of pleasure; against this devotion to God must be the protection. Also the priest, according to St. Gregory, must be *peritus*, a skilled workman for the guidance of souls which is the " Ars artium " (the art of arts). To make other souls perfect, he himself must be perfect. Want of mortification and ill-temper do a world of harm, and may send back to sin souls who were rising from the abyss, and just clinging to the saving rock.

The Bishop was painfully susceptible to the ever present thought, that a good and holy priesthood was vitally necessary for the progress and spiritual welfare of a diocese.

The teaching in this treatise he brought into contact with daily life in his *Priests' Guide*, a code of regulations, advice, and exhortation, issued to his clergy, May 24, 1889. In the introduction, he says :

" I offer the book to you as a transcript of my desires and views. I ask you to receive it loyally and to accept

my assurance that there is nothing a Bishop dislikes more than to issue orders and enforce them. Details like these, relating as they do to the obligations of the priest and the pastor, will make it more and more unnecessary to rebuke or reprove, for they will be to every God-fearing priest a silent admonition which will, it may be hoped, leave to the Bishop little more to do than to encourage his fellow labourers, to sympathise with their troubles, and to help them to the best of his power."

Most of the Regulations, as he says, have already the force of law, e.g. those that deal with the Holy Eucharist, preaching, catechetical instruction, the Sacraments, temporalities, etc.

After speaking of preparation for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and of thanksgiving after it, he adds: "The Bishop earnestly exhorts every priest to make his half-hour's meditation every day, to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and to examine his conscience at night, with fervent acts of contrition.

"Every priest should confess at least once a week, and it would be well that each should have a director, to whom he might open his conscience more fully from time to time."

Then, in accordance with his own practice, he urges that Matins and Lauds of the day should be said in the afternoon or evening of the previous day, and the Hours immediately after breakfast, if not said earlier.

On the use of leisure he writes:

"Instead of wasting time on newspapers or novels, the priest should read every day, theology, history, the lives of the Saints, asceticism."

Then follow a few words of practical direction on preaching. He lays down that there should be a discourse at the principal Mass and at the evening service; that there should also be a five-minutes' sermon carefully prepared at each of the earlier morning Masses; that the principal morning sermon should not occupy less than fifteen minutes, and should rarely exceed twenty minutes; that the evening discourses may take twenty-five minutes or half an hour; that according to the decrees of the Council of Trent these sermons are not to be only exhortation or fault-finding, but in great part carefully studied instruction. The habit of scolding, he remarks, "is the resonance of the empty intelligence and of the hollow heart, of a man who has nothing to give. . . . The emptiness, dryness, and childishness of sermons, are a great cause of scandal to the flock."

In this point of preaching and giving instruction to his flock, Bishop Hedley gave his priests a most admirable example, not merely in his public sermons, but especially in that regular flow of Pastorals issued according to the seasons year after year for over thirty years.

He published, in September, 1903, a collection of them under the title, *A Bishop and his Flock.* In a few lines of Preface he says: "Many friends have expressed a wish to have a complete edition of the Pastoral letters of the past twenty-two years. I here offer to the public a reprint of the principal ones . . . the volume may serve as a memorial of pastoral work and

aspiration during nearly a quarter of a century."

These are not merely ephemeral productions, written for some passing occasion. They contain a certain sequence and completeness of instruction, at once simple and thorough. A reviewer in *The Ampleforth Journal* considers that they serve efficiently to counteract the poison with which pseudo-scientists and infidel writers by their publications taint men's minds.

"It may seem strange," the reviewer says, "to suggest a collection of Pastorals as a direct counterpoise to works by Haeckel, Matthew Arnold, Corelli, (but) . . . these Pastorals contain the words of a true Pastor to his flock. There is in them the quality of Bishop Hedley's mind and heart. They are not controversial, but they unfold the truths of religion. The world of men without God is a dark entanglement and despairing chaos. It cries out for God; with God comes Revelation, the realm of Faith and Grace; then the reality of the Church of Christ with its gifts, its wonderful certainties, its moral teachings. There is no vagueness, no wavering hypothesis in this book."

Modern writers discuss "Conversion" and give naturalistic explanations of the fact. The psychologist, William James, gives examples of it both among Catholics and non-Catholics. He admits that it is a genuine objective religious experience with important bearings on life, but considers that within there is no substance, just a "surrender to impulse," with no basis of reality.

The Bishop goes to the heart of the subject. We can give his criticism in a few words:

"There is no need to deny conversions outside the

Church ; for all that is good in them we may thank the Holy Spirit. They are not, however, true conversions, for real repentance and resolution to avoid sin are wanting. There is no active use of one's own will towards God at all, no begging for mercy, no holy fear, no homage, no acts of love. There is only surrender to an impulse ; the heart is caught on the crest of a great wave of feeling, and it seems as if it were being lifted to the heavens. But it is more likely to be flung high and dry upon the barren sands. Even if there were a real change, all the past remains unrepented of, the future is at the mercy of impulses, none of them guided and controlled by the faith, the fear, the hope, the obedience and the prayer which are taught and enforced by the traditions of the true Church."

How complete, warm, and convincing is this exposition compared to the meagre, vague, tentative suggestions of the sceptic.

In the Pastoral on " Evil Words," the directness and manly vigour of the Bishop break up the conventional gloss of seeming Christianity, and make manifest the uncharitable nature that lies close beneath. He protest may be summarized :

" There is a licence and a coarseness among men of nearly every class which it only requires time and place and circumstance to bring out offensively. Men of all sorts break out into scandalous language—swear at their servants, even at their wives and children. To curse, and to defile the name of God by coupling it with a curse, is as common as it is lamentable. There is no conceivable cause for dragging God's majesty in the dirt. It is a want of restraint, disgraceful in rational beings ; it is a coarse behaviour which marks a low and animal disposition ; it is the outcome of angry temper like the snarl of a dog. Gross words,

obscene words, brutal words, disgusting words, are twisted into the form of a curse, and hurled, like some noisome missile, at the souls and bodies of men and women made by God, and redeemed by Jesus Christ."

On "Mixed Marriages" we see the Bishop's spirit in his dealings with his flock, his paternal consideration and understanding of human nature, his sympathy with its weakness and trials. The whole matter is entered into and set carefully and forcibly before those whom he is instructing. The Church has always forbidden and denounced mixed marriages; if at times she permits them it is only for pressing reasons and she never allows them without exacting certain promises and guarantees.

He points out how in the first place, in the sacred sacramental rite of marriage itself, there will be the danger of profanation, for if an unbeliever participates in it, even if his unbelief is not blameworthy, speaking generally, there is the likelihood that the non-Catholic party is in deadly sin. In the second place, there is the risk of the weakening of the Catholic party's faith, owing to isolation among Protestant friends and relations, and the probability of growing weary of years of opposition and strife and, by degrees, of yielding. Thirdly, there is the unavoidable anxiety about the faith of the children, no matter how honourable the non-Catholic may be. It is true that families can be pointed out who have safely passed through these dangers, yet the words of the Church are emphatic that mixed marriages are pernicious, and that it is the duty of young

Catholics to avoid entanglement with non-Catholics. "Once let ignorance, indifference or disobedience grow to such an extent as to do away with, or seriously diminish the abhorrence which the Catholic flock ought to have of contemplating holy matrimony with a stranger to our holy religion, apostasy with the loss of children will come upon us like a flood."

The Bishop published his Pastorals in pamphlet form, a thousand to fifteen hundred at a time, and they had an immediate and wide sale in every parish of the diocese, so much so that often the store was sold out at once, and he had difficulty in finding a copy for himself.

But his great and apostolic office of preaching was not confined to his Pastorals, nor indeed to his diocese; and as during his "Auxiliary" years, so still he was called upon, on many occasions, to preach the word of God. He was in request from all parts of the country and from Ireland to preach special sermons, and to give Retreats. There was a characteristic of Bishop Hedley which gave him a particular fitness for preaching on special occasions, viz. a readiness of sympathy which enabled him to enter into the spirit of the occasion and create an atmosphere which stirred an answering spirit in his audience. He touched on the needs of the human heart and showed how the ceremony then proceeding opened out a way in which those needs could be satisfied; or he dealt with doctrine in such a way as to make the Revelation of God, the institution of His Church two thousand years ago, real and

vivid to his listeners at the present hour; or he brought in local surroundings and historic memories, concentrating that past vision on the present, contrasting, illustrating, awakening living interest, and arousing deep-rooted sympathies. In his discourse at the opening of the great church at Cambridge, 1890, he begins with a word of explanation:

"The solemn dedication and opening of a church—and especially a church like this—seems to make Faith more easy by making the unseen more sensible and the spiritual world more visible. Another roof where men gather to pray; another sanctuary where the altar of Divine communication invites men to draw near; another house where the Christian heart finds a home and a shelter and the love of a Father far more truly because more spiritually than in any other building of the hands of man—it is to thank God for this that we are assembled."

This is a planting of the seed of discourse, and out of it spring thoughts on the Obedience of Faith, which grow and expand naturally and inevitably, unfolding slowly and rhythmically, spreading into branch and leaf and blossom, until we see and feel that "this joy and peace in believing," as St. Paul calls it, is not only "a note of genuine Christianity," but a note also of the newly opened church.

"This church, filled with the solemnity of the Divine Presence, dim with the mystery of the Divine communication, lifting up its august vault that he who enters may bow down and obey, embodies the great Catholic Church of the Son of God. It stands apart

by itself in a city of churches, a province of churches. It is ringed about by churches not unlike itself, but often fairer and more august—by Ely and Norwich, Southwell and Peterborough, and many of lesser note, on this plain of eastern England. And from its tower one may see the roofs and spires of those which fill this city with their beauty and their interest. Into the company of these it comes, as a sister to sisters—but to sisters that have gone astray. Their builders built them for faith and obedience. Wilfrid and Etheldreda, the great Bishops of Lincoln, the monks of the fen country, and the royal and noble founders of this University—these built as we have built to-day; and their grand churches stand mournful in their captivity, and seem to stretch out hands to her who this day lights her lamps and opens her doors. As for her, she knows that she is living. For them it is written, as to another church and her ruler of old: 'Thou hast the name of being alive and thou art dead' (Apoc. iii. 1). They have pastors who do not teach; a flock which does not obey. May God bring to good fruit all the earnestness and sacrifice of love of our Divine Lord which He has given to many who do not see what we see, here as elsewhere in the land. They throng to monastic Norwich; they are proud of the glories of King's and Trinity; they rebuild St. Peter's own Peterborough. For what is done for God's zeal, God will give the reward. But it is only the Church which teaches man to bow the neck like the Sicambrian of old, to burn the independence they have worshipped and to accept the obedience they despised—it is only she who can give them, adequate and complete, the religion of Christ. She may stand alone, but the Glory of the Lord filleth her; and blessed are they that enter her gates." (*The Christian Inheritance*, p. 152.)

His funeral orations, too, were remarkable for their touching beauty; for making his hearers

understand the position the dead had held amongst us, and the loss we had sustained in their death. Truthfully, distinctly, and powerfully this was set forth, without detailed or critical analysis; in the hour of death, there was an unbroken appreciation, and there was a living sympathy which embraced the whole occasion and was enkindled in the hearts of all. Take an extract from the funeral oration on Cardinal Manning. It will be recalled that the death of the aged prelate and of the youthful Prince Albert Victor, heir to the throne, happened at the same time.

"In Westminster an old man died suddenly, yet not out of nature's course; at Sandringham a young man suddenly too, but at an age when death brings not only grief but consternation to those who love the dead. The nation and the empire are mourning at this moment the disappearance of one on whom their hopes had been set. This cruel winter has killed a blossom of its ancient tree, for whom loving hearts were auguring the genial showers of many a spring, the sun of many a ripening summer. It is only those who believe in what is unseen, and what is to come, who can explain why a father and mother have thus been visited, why a tender heart has been wrung, why a widowed Sovereign has once more been crushed beneath the wreck which death has shaken down upon her head. It is only those who trust in eternity who do not despair to see goodness arrested in its tender promise, to see the faculties which nature had given, droop and wither like the hand of a dead infant, so lonely in its hope, so pitiful in its cold stillness. The Prince, who has been taken from his heart-stricken family, from the wider circle of those who knew and loved him, from the far-spread community of a hundred races and tongues, has not lived his short life in vain,

if he has stirred so vast and diverse a brotherhood of peoples with one of those rare and precious emotions which join men together in love for one another. Providence has given the world a glimpse of him—a brief glimpse and nothing more. What he might have been, we know not. It were not presumptuous to say—a gentle, wise, and genial king, honoured by confederated nations, loved by men of every race and colour round the world's circumference. It might have been, in the person of the dead Prince it will never be. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away!"

Then he refers to the great Cardinal, venerable in extreme old age, gone from our midst.

"A life so calm, yet so active and so capable; so fragile, yet so powerful. Vitality ran with so even a flow that its ceasing seemed strange and sudden; but now that figure lies before us still in death. Multitudes, not of the wealthy and the noble but rather of the poor and the humble and the toilers, have passed before it in slow procession, with grief in their hearts, to pay this reverent tribute. His work is done, but who shall take his place?"

He preached at the funeral of Manning's successor, his lifelong friend, Cardinal Vaughan, and at the funerals of Bishop Ullathorne, of Bishop Brownlow, and of his own venerable predecessor.

He did not preach over the body of the beloved and esteemed Newman, who, from boyhood, had been his particular hero. There was among the Bishops one to whom long years of friendship gave a better right to fulfil that office.*

The Bishop was much impressed by death

* Bishop Clifford of Clifton.

He often refers to it in his private letters. It makes him reflect how near death is to himself, how thin the veil between this world and the next ; over the grave how many broken friendships are united ; how void and bare the spaces grow about our spirit as the hand of death gathers in those whom we have known. To him it was a grateful burden thus to pay tribute to a friend and fellow-worker.

He preached an intimate and homely discourse over Father Lawrence Shepherd, long the pious and devoted chaplain of the nuns of Stanbrook. Of him the Bishop, though younger in the Benedictine order, was a contemporary, and he had known him from the earliest days of his monastic life. Again he spoke a panegyric in the chapel at Courtfield over his friends, Colonel and Mrs. Vaughan. The occasion was not for the outside world, but rather for the friends and relations of the deceased, but the same spirit which inspired his public utterances, the same careful, dignified, pathetic language, is found here, fitted to the hour and the event. The circumstances were remarkable, some might call them tragic ; for master and mistress of the honoured home, father and mother of an honoured family, husband and wife, died within a few hours and left their family seat, Courtfield, doubly widowed. Yet it is a blessed thing that good and faithful souls who have lived together in life, in death should not be divided. In a letter the Bishop writes : " The two coffins stood side by side before the altar, covered by a single

pall. I preached." A short quotation may be given :

"Death is a herald, a preacher, an apostle. He can awaken echoes in a human breast that no other voice can reach. No resolution, no philosophy, no reason can prevent a contraction of the innermost tissues of being when the toll of the bell strikes the ear, or the gloom of his pall sweeps by. . . . Every man's life is a warning, and every man's career is a lesson. A good lesson, a moving example, a pathetic warning we shall find in the memory of John Francis Vaughan of Courtfield, and of Mary Charlotte, his wife."

There is present here an utterance slow of movement, formal and stately, deliberate in sentence, sonorous in period. It is as carefully elaborated as if a Cardinal were dead and his address were to a thousand listeners.

Again, and many a time, he preached with sympathy and with sorrowful affection, when he came to stand by the coffin to give the last Absolution and lay to rest some one of his valued and hard-working priests.

We have dwelt at length upon Bishop Hedley's work as a preacher—a most important work for a successor of the Apostles. Now we turn to his work in the development of his diocese, or perhaps it would be better to say, to the progress of the diocese under his episcopal care.

The diocese is a part of the Church, and the Church is not a mere organization ; it is an organism and progress arises from its growth, and for growth roots are required. We have

seen how he aimed to plant firmly, to water, and to pray God for the increase of his diocesan clergy.

His next care was the building of schools for our poor Catholic children, and the establishing of new missions where opportunity offered. Such developments, and even such new foundations, the Bishop knew, depended more on the zeal and capacity of the priests and religious under him than upon himself, but he exhorted, he advised, he assisted as far as his small means would allow, and he ever showed himself anxious and watchful. It was a grief to him to see large tracts of the diocese left desolate, and inadequately provided for, and to reflect that even where schools and churches were built, the carelessness of his flock did not make use of them as they ought. That sudden increase in churches, in schools, and in the Catholic population which marked the years between 1860 and 1875, the years of the Irish immigration, could not of course continue ; it could settle down only to a normal progress. Development was for the most part still among the Irish population, and the apostolate of the Welsh, through no fault of the Bishop, was a somewhat barren effort. He welcomed and rested upon the co-operation of his Benedictine brethren. Up to the end of his life he found consolation in the monastic home of his earlier years and always used its beautiful church at Belmont as his pro-cathedral. The Fathers of Charity at St. Peter's, Cardiff, and at St. Marie's, Newport, were a great support

to him. We do not know how far the subtle genius of Rosmini, the philosopher, appealed to him, but he revered the saintliness and ardour of that great founder. The wonderful missionary work of Dr. Gentili was still in memory, and his great fellow-worker, Father Furlong, was still alive within two years of the Bishop's consecration as Auxiliary. He may not have known this great orator and missioner, but there was a bond between them in this, that Father Furlong was a youth at Ampleforth a decade before the Bishop was born. He knew, however, that the welfare of the diocese must ultimately rest on the support of the secular clergy. The Regulars had their own superiors, and their own calls, and were not in the same way in the Bishop's hands to use as he might wish. The source of this support must be adequate as it was necessary. Progress here particularly fixed his attention and rejoiced his heart.

When he became Ordinary of the diocese in 1881, there were only thirteen secular priests belonging to that territory which was comprised in the diocese of Newport ; in 1915, the year of his death, there were fifty-four. In 1881 there were forty-seven churches and chapels ; in 1915 there were eighty. There was also through these years a steady increase in Catholic schools. The Rosminians and the Benedictines had multiplied in their respective houses, and ten new convents including orphanages and industrial homes had been established. The Catholic population during this same period rose from about

forty thousand to eighty thousand. If the diocese of Newport had been left financially sound at the death of Bishop Brown, it was left in the same condition by his successor. Bishop Hedley was a capable administrator ; he had a knowledge and grasp of financial matters, and was careful in the management of those things for which he was responsible. In his relation to the diocese, not only was he an able administrator, but still more was he a devoted pastor who looked upon his flock, both priests and people, as flesh and blood, as souls whom he loved, whom he desired to be instinct with the spirit of Christ, to be united in loyalty to the Church, and in the great expectation of the heirship of the sons of God.

One of the leading priests of the Order of Charity, Father Hickey of Newport, afterwards Provincial, wrote of him after his death :

" The Bishop had, to use a hackneyed phrase, the defects of his qualities. He paid the penalty for being a man of great powers and distinguished attainments, by a certain isolation, and besides, his sense of humour and wit made him a formidable companion. This will explain the tendency on the part of those who knew him slightly, to keep at a safe and respectful distance. But this is what really mattered ; when anyone in trouble went to Bishop Hedley for counsel, for comfort, even for expected and deserved rebuke, he had revealed to him the warm and tender heart of a true father in God. Affectionate solicitude, sound advice, generous encouragement, delicate courtesy, all were there. No one could be more patient than he with faults honestly repented of, and marked down for amendment. If his praise was not lightly given, it was all the more

welcome when it came. Gold is at once a scarce and precious metal. . . . His love for the people whom God had given into his hand was genuine and deep. He was obviously delighted when he could speak to them and get them to speak to him. He had always the keenest interest in their doings, and nothing that affected their welfare, spiritual and temporal, did he hold of little account. His flock was ever his main thought. It was for them he studied and wrote and preached, realizing to the full that he was their shepherd, and that it was for him to lead them into nourishing pastures and give them to drink of the waters of life."

To this warm estimate of their Bishop's worth each priest in the diocese would have subscribed his name. And the Bishop, if living, would have praised God that he was judged to have done to them as he had wished and striven to do, and that they had understood him and read his heart so well.

Chapter V

THE BISHOP AT CARDIFF

WE have described the Diocese of Newport and Menevia, when Bishop Hedley became Ordinary (1881), as comprising six counties of Wales, and Herefordshire and Monmouthshire ; and it remained so up to the year 1895. A change was then made in its boundaries. There were two reasons for this : First, the distance, and difficulty of journeying, from one portion of the diocese to another was very great. Secondly, it was thought, at least in some quarters, that the idea of a Welsh diocese, a Welsh bishop, and a bilingual clergy would not only make a special appeal to Welsh Catholics, but would break down prejudice and encourage a sympathy in the non-Catholic Welsh, and so open out the way to conversions. Cardinal Vaughan naturally, from his own family tradition, and Bishop Hedley, as Bishop of the Welsh counties, were particularly interested in any movement for the advancement of the Catholic Faith in Wales, and they asked for, and gladly listened to, any suggestions that might serve this object. In discussions at the Catholic Truth Society's and other meetings, the idea of a Welsh Vicariate was put forward, a proposal that greatly pleased the Cardinal. Bishop Hedley lacked the enthusiastic temperament of the Vaughans, and could not share the Cardinal's optimism. Official flatteries might have a good social effect and might smooth the ways of superficial policy, but intercourse of this kind was not calculated to affect deeper

matters or enlighten a nation's religious sense. As past history had witnessed, our Protestant and Nonconformist neighbours had not been sufficiently appreciative to value the establishment of a Hierarchy as a national asset, and the gift of a bishop to be their very own was not likely to rouse feelings of gratitude. The Catholic congregations of the Welsh missions were not Welsh. They were immigrants, English or Irish—mostly the latter. This was the case even in the villages more remote and bearing names entirely distinctive and (to an Englishman) unpronounceable ; as, for example, Cilfynydd, Troedyrhiew, Ystrad Mynach and others ; no one of them had a Catholic Welsh-speaking flock. They were Anglo-Irish parishes served by an Anglo-Irish clergy, where a knowledge of Welsh was not a ministerial necessity. It might become so in time, but Bishop Hedley was not hopeful of a wholesale conversion of the Welsh people. At the consecration of Bishop Mostyn as Vicar-Apostolic in September 14, 1895, he put the question to himself and to the assembled Catholic representatives of the Welsh diocese. Wales had seceded reluctantly. It never became Protestant as a nation. The Faith had not been slain by persecution, nor corrupted by bribery, neither had it perished through a malignant disease ; it had died a lingering death through starvation. There were bright glimpses of its ancient splendour in its literature ; the number and beauty of its old parish churches and monastic ruins testified to its old-time soundness and strength.

The traces of it were visible throughout the land. "Is it a dream," he said, "that these missing elements in their Christianity can be restored to the people of Wales? And are we, who pray and labour for this object, mere benighted visionaries, who feed our fancy upon echoes of the past? We do not think so" (*Light of Life*, p. 159). Yet he could think it possible only by, as he said, "visitations" of God. The phrase is a reference to the words of St. Luke (vii. 16), "a great prophet has risen up among us, and God hath visited His people." The consecration of Bishop Mostyn had been one of these "visitations"; but even if this conversion were not to happen in their time, their prayer and work would not be in vain. In his own diocese of Newport the outlook was even less hopeful. There would always be individual converts—God's grace will not be denied to earnest souls—but a national movement towards the Catholic religion is nearly as unthinkable in South Wales as it would be in Turkey. The antagonism between Welsh and Irish, between Protestant Nonconformity and Catholicity was too acute to allow of any national fusion for many years. But Bishop Hedley, if he did not expect much good to come of this idea of a Welsh diocese, did not stand in its way. To himself personally the division of his diocese would ease him of a burthen. He made no opposition and the scheme was sanctioned at Rome. At Easter, 1895, he announced in his Pastoral letter that "by a Brief of the Sovereign Pontiff, dated March of the present year, the

six counties of North Wales and five of the counties of South Wales, are severed from the dioceses of Shrewsbury and Newport, to which they respectively belonged, and formed into a Vicariate Apostolic." In the Brief of February 18, 1881, Bishop Hedley had been transferred, in the Roman formula, from the See of Cæsaropolis to "the episcopal churches of Newport and Menevia canonically united together for ever." In March, 1895, after a union of fourteen years, these two episcopal churches were divorced, and three years later (May 12, 1898) Bishop Mostyn was created Bishop of Menevia, whilst Bishop Hedley became known by the diminished title of "Bishop of Newport."

It is natural that a Bishop should feel the disruption of his diocese. It means the breaking-up of certain lines of policy and interest which have long been in his mind. To one of a sensitive nature, and certainly such a one was Bishop Hedley, there might seem in it a gently administered censure. Whatever he felt, he says in his Pastoral letter just what ought to be said, and there is no hint of disapproval. He explains how and why the cutting off of a portion of the diocese has been brought about. Some might read into it a note of a personal apologetic. "It has long been thought by those on whom rests the chief solicitude of these things, that the interests of the Faith in the Principality of Wales (with the exception of Glamorgan) might profitably be placed under the superintendence of one Chief Pastor." Then, whilst giving the statistics which have led

"those on whom rests the chief solicitude of these things" to divide the diocese, he calls attention to two facts; first, that the eleven counties of Wales require religious methods which must be somewhat different from those which are applicable to other parts of the country; and, secondly, that no bishop, or religious organization, which has to deal with two conditions of things so different as we have described, could be either free enough or versatile enough to do justice to both. The distance alone would make it morally impossible. Aberystwyth is as far from Cardiff by time as Carlisle is from London. Going on to speak, somewhat in detail, of what might be done by the new Bishop, he bids his hearers not to forget what has been already done. "At this moment there are six or eight young students, Welsh-speaking, who look forward to taking their share in the holy work of the missionary. In Brittany, where the Catholic branch of the Welsh race still show themselves the best Christians of all France, there are priests and religious who are preparing themselves 'to come over and help us.' In one or two places of South Wales there are already, like an advance guard, missions zealously served—such as Carmarthen, Tenby, Aberystwyth, Brecon—which will receive new life and vigour from the words of the Sovereign Pontiff and the zeal of the new Pastor."

He goes on to justify the exclusion of Glamorganshire from the Welsh Vicariate. If it were included, the new diocese would have been quite

as unmanageable by a single diocesan as the old one. Moreover, there was practically no distinctively Welsh Catholicism in Glamorganshire. "In Glamorganshire," the Bishop says, "in 1840 (when Bishop Brown entered upon his charge), although a few congregations gathered together in rooms and lofts, there was not one Catholic church; now there are more than twenty." Every one of these twenty-odd churches had been built by the Irish Catholic immigrants for their own accommodation. They were in no sense Welsh missions, and there was no call for a Welsh Vicar-Apostolic to look after them. Nor would their future extension and prosperity be directly helpful to the conversion of the Welsh. They belong to the same category and grouped themselves naturally with the churches and missions of Monmouth and Hereford—counties with a considerable rural Welsh element, but with Anglicized towns and cities, and Catholic settlers and settlements whose national and racial sentiment was certainly not Welsh.

After a year, the progress of this scheme is referred to by Bishop Hedley in a casual parenthesis of the October Pastoral letter to his flock in 1896. "Looking through the diocese," he says, "which at this time last year was diminished in extent by the cutting off of five counties of South Wales, and the name of which was changed by the Holy See in March last to that of 'Newport' instead of 'Newport and Menevia,' we have, since last October, no new church to

chronicle." The Catholics of South Wales, generally, whether English, Irish, or Welsh, had not been greatly interested in the change, and the remainder of the Principality took no heed of it. Outside ecclesiastical circles it could not truthfully be said that it made a stir.

Some years afterwards, when Bishop Hedley was an old man, in broken health, with his grave within sight, the question of the extent of the Welsh Vicariate came up again in a new and disturbing shape, and it was concerned with the retention of Glamorganshire in the Newport diocese.

Glamorganshire was a Welsh county, by far the richest of them all, the strongest in Catholicism, with a city, Cardiff, destined to be the capital of Wales. It was asked why the Vicariate should have been bereft of its chiefest treasure and the Welsh Church of its proudest achievements?

Bishop Hedley must have heard of this attempt to deprive him of this county, for about the last document he committed to type is the following clear and unimpassioned representation of the case as he viewed it:

"DIOCESE OF NEWPORT

The Principality of Wales consists of twelve counties. Monmouth is civilly outside Wales, although historically and ethnically it is really a Welsh county.

Up to 1895, the six counties of North Wales belonged to the diocese of Shrewsbury, and the six of South Wales to that of Newport and Menevia. In 1895, the late Cardinal Vaughan conceived the idea that Wales ought to have a Vicar-Apostolic of

its own. Wales, he considered, was a missionary country in a more strict sense than England in general. It was more sparsely inhabited, Catholicism was more feeble, and the Welsh people had a peculiar national character of their own. Hence he urged that it would be advisable to give Wales a Bishop of its own, a Vicar-Apostolic, who might have a free hand to deal with it as a missionary country.

It was represented to him, however, that the county of Glamorgan differed altogether from the other Welsh counties. It was far more populous—as populous, indeed, as England on the average; Catholicism was represented by a flock, a clergy, churches and schools, equal in number to the general English average, and the population was far from being distinctively Welsh. Hence, on the recommendation of the Cardinal, with the consent of the Bishops of Shrewsbury and Newport and Menevia, the Holy See decreed, in 1895, that a Vicariate should be formed, consisting of the Principality of Wales without the county of Glamorgan, viz. of eleven counties of Wales only.

Whatever the value of the reasons which, in 1895, caused the exclusion of Glamorgan from the Vicariate of Wales, those reasons are still cogent. The population of Glamorgan is (census 1911) 1,130,668. The population of the other five counties of South Wales is 390,568. The Catholic population of Glamorgan is 46,410; that of the other counties of South Wales 2266 (about). In Glamorgan there are twenty-five missions with resident priests; in the other five counties of South Wales there are ten missions with resident priests. The population is even less distinctly Welsh than it was twenty years ago.

It is also to be observed that if it be the object to form Wales into one diocese, it would be a mistake to leave out Monmouthshire. Monmouthshire, in the character of its population as in its history, is absolutely

as Welsh as Glamorgan or any of the counties of South Wales. The same may be said of a large portion of Herefordshire. Simply, therefore, to take away Glamorgan, and add it to Menevia, would still leave a large part of the ancient municipality of Wales outside the Welsh diocese.

The formation (geographical) of Wales is such that its north extremity is a very long way from its south. On account of the intervening mountain ranges, the railway journey from Bangor, e.g. to Pembroke, is about twelve hours. It is true that, as things are at present, it is a long journey for a Bishop residing at Wrexham to visit South Wales; but if he resided at Cardiff the difficulty would only be shifted, for he would then find it equally difficult to visit North Wales; and North Wales, in respect of population and Catholicism, is much more important than South Wales (excluding Glamorgan).

The solution of the difficulty might perhaps be found in making the two dioceses into a Welsh Province, with its Archbishop at Cardiff and Menevia as Suffragan. There is some reason for this in the fact that the earliest Christianity in Britain was established in South Wales, and Caerleon, Llandaff, and St. David's were episcopal sees before the time of Saint Augustine.

It would, therefore, appear fitting that Wales should be formed into a separate Province, and should no longer be attached to a Province of which the Metropolitan is Birmingham. If this were done, then, as Menevia would include eleven of the counties of Wales, and Newport (or, if preferred, Cardiff) would take in, as at present, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Herefordshire, this would be a truly Welsh Province. And, if things were so arranged, there would be no need of any uprooting or alteration of existing interests, such as the monastic Chapter and other diocesan Institutions."

The placid and judicial tone of this brief statement of a question which so directly concerned himself, going so far as to threaten him with expulsion from his home and a severing of the multitudinous ties which bound him to Cardiff and Glamorgan—ties which had worked themselves into his very being by their intimacy, constant pressure, and long usage—makes one think that he felt himself too near his end to worry himself greatly over a matter which belonged to a future in which he could not expect to play an active part. But the whole matter must have disturbed him, and certainly will not have helped to comfort him in his last days. Probably his own feelings, when formulating his statement and offering his advice, were like those of a man drawing up his will. It has pleased his friends to find that the Holy See treated this document with so great respect that, in the construction of the Welsh Province, and the appointment of an Archbishop of Cardiff, the Sacred Congregation has, we might say, acted as his executors. The change was effected when his successor, Bishop Bilsborrow, O.S.B., was made Archbishop of Cardiff. Four years later there occurred a still more drastic change that ran counter to the wishes of the late Bishop, viz. the abolition of the Benedictine Chapter, Cathedral Prior, and Canons, who were replaced by the ordinarily constituted Chapter of a Secular diocese. This, no doubt, was meant to meet the representation that it was not a reasonable arrangement to shut off the Secular clergy, who were

working in the diocese, from the usual opportunities of promotion, and that it was not reasonable that a considerable share in the management of the diocese should be in the hands of those who, from their monastic state, were apart from the diocese, and whose interests were not wholly taken up with it. Moreover, changes at Belmont had brought it about that some of the Canonries fell to men comparatively young and inexperienced, and it was only natural that discontent would be fostered. But on the other hand it is only fair to say that the senior members of the Benedictine Chapter could compare in length of office with those of any Chapter in England, and whilst it is true that the need for young men to carry out the strenuous choir duties and to fill professorial chairs, led to frequent changes among the junior Canons, the latter at least enabled the Chapter to fulfil the primary duties of daily office and liturgical service in the Cathedral church. Moreover, the extinction of the monastic Chapter severed a valuable and interesting link between the Hierarchy and the Benedictine Order—a time-honoured survival from the medieval Church. During their fifty years' tenure of the diocese the English Benedictines gave of their best to maintain the Bishopric and monastic Chapter of Newport and Menevia. On the roll of the latter were found the names of two Archbishops, of two Bishops, of many Abbots, of efficient Parish Priests, of church builders, and of writers of some distinction.

Bishop Hedley was blamed by some of his

Benedictine brethren for not interesting and exerting himself more effectively on behalf of the Benedictine interests of the diocese. But he did not foresee the extinction of Benedictine influence. His memorial made this clear and some of his last words to the Canons gathered round his death-bed were to the effect that he desired the method of ruling the diocese to be unchanged. In his very advanced age he did not face the task of trying to modify the difficulties of which he was fully aware. Various ideas had been mooted, and plans suggested, but nothing satisfactory had been brought forward. He evidently did not see clearly how the matter could be settled, and left the development to the future. And it must be remembered that some of the Benedictine Superiors—among them the highest—were not only willing but were eager to free the Congregation of this diocesan responsibility.

The Bishop did not allow these problems to qualify in any way his love for and interest in the diocese and his people. He gave his time to a careful study of their history, and to the last he desired to become more thoroughly acquainted with them. He wrote to a friend only three years before his death :

"Llanishen,*

June 18, 1912.

There is a work about to be published by the Cambrian Archæological Association, entitled *Welsh*

* The Marquis of Bute had given to the Bishop the use of this house on the outskirts of Cardiff, where he resided till his death.

Religious Culture in the Middle Ages. In this book there is a great deal about our Lady of Penrhys. I must get a copy as soon as it is published."

He was interested in the possibilities and development of the country. As we have seen, he foretold the rise and progress of Cardiff to the position of chief city of the Principality.

The history of Wales he knew well, as is shown by a review of his in *The Ampleforth Journal* (April, 1911), on "A New History of Wales" by J. E. Lloyd, M.A. (1911). The article shows an intimate knowledge, both topographical and historical, which could come only from deep study and prolonged interest. It is written with a fulness and a confidence which forbid the thought that it was merely an effort to meet the occasion. There is a note of patriotism about the following :

"Two-thirds of its confines are washed by the western sea ; for the rest two rivers, the Dee and the Severn, ring it round almost like a moat. Further in are great mountains—the Black Mountains, Plinlimmon, and Snowdon highest of all—with their spurs and chains. Such a country could defy the armies of early and medieval times. The Roman never penetrated beyond its outward fringe. The Norman and Plantagenet threatened it for centuries, from Hereford, Shrewsbury, Chester—advancing, striking, retreating, and advancing again. Wales would never have been even nominally subdued had she been united under one prince."

He demurs at the "scientific" history of Mr. Lloyd, who thinks that we have no evidence

for Christianity in Wales before the fourth century, and he manifests his deep affection for the old legends which hallow the memory of the land.

"We are sorry to give up King Lucius, and even St. Paul, in whose Apostleship our fathers believed. We would fain believe that Claudia, mentioned by St. Paul (2 Tim.) was really Claudia the daughter of Caractacus, and that with her husband she travelled to Britain with St. Paul."

Interested as he was in Wales as a whole, he confesses that he was more interested in its ecclesiastical than its political history. He studied the lives of the Welsh Saints, and made pilgrimages to their shrines; he exerted himself to get their names inserted in the Church's calendar for the Welsh Province, and he was busy writing the Nocturn Lessons for them, almost up to the day of his death. We find him saying in one of his last letters:

"Llanishen,

May 18, 1914.

I have just been working hard again at the diocesan calendar. The Congregation of Rites wants more information about St. Teilo, St. Dubritius, and St. Cadoc."

And later, within a year of his death, he writes:

"Llanishen,

Dec. 30, 1914.

I have been busy writing 'Second Lessons' for

the Welsh Saints, which have now been inscribed in our diocesan calendar, but they have to be approved in Rome, and that will take some time."

As he was deeply interested in Wales, so more particularly was he interested in its capital, Cardiff, where he resided. In an unpretentious way he began to associate himself with the public life of the city. He became one of its leading personages, and so far as his position warranted, devoted himself to its welfare. On January 11, 1882, a public meeting was held in Cardiff to promote the establishment of a University College. The Bishop did not attend, but he was put on the University committee.

We read in his meagre diary: "Jan. 16th. The Bishop attended a meeting of the committee for the University College."

Again, later: "Friday, November 3rd. The Bishop accompanied the deputation from Cardiff to Mr. Mundella at the Education Office, Whitehall, for the purpose of securing the South Wales University College for Cardiff, as against the claims set forward by Swansea." The efforts of the committee were crowned with success, and the desired honour was secured.

Again, June, 1883, we read: "The Bishop attended a meeting of the committee of the University of South Wales in the Town Hall, when Mr. Vivian Jones was elected its first Principal." Later again, we find him attending a meeting of the Apparatus committee.

Such notable Cardiff events as a visit of the

British Association, or of the Catholic Truth Society, were invariably graced by the reading of a discourse, or an essay of lasting and widespread interest. There was no paper read at the British Association Meeting at Cardiff in 1891 which was less provincial and of more permanent value as a contribution to English thought and literature than Bishop Hedley's sermon on *The Science of God*. Some passages in particular excited comment by their rhetorical beauty.

"O pathetic vision of humanity, which strains and struggles to lift itself from the earth to the skies; which is shut up as if in a prison, yet feels with some subtle sense that the glorious sun is shining without; which gazes wistfully, like a sailor from the deck, on the silent and inscrutable horizon, and yet knows from the very weeds of the ocean currents and the faint fragrance of the pleasant air that the wished-for land is near. . . . Under all the stress of thought and the complaints of reason, and the confusion of mortal sight, there is ever heard, like the roar of a cataract far away, the conviction of the spirit that the Infinite is there. . . . Those who have the misfortune to be born blind can have no mental picture of colour, yet would it be true to say that they have no knowledge whatsoever of colour? Is there nothing that colour has in common with other sensations, nothing which may be seized upon by the sympathy of friends, and used to convey to the stricken one some notion of the hues of the sky, the forest, and the ocean? . . . There is some analogy between the blare of the trumpet and the violent effect of a startling colour. The dreamy blue of the evening sky is like the caressing touch of a soft hand. The sparkle of the sea on a breezy morning may be remotely understood from the joyous tones of a voice one loves to hear. These are instances

of analogy, of the use of words not to describe a thing, but a proportion. It is thus—as the blind know what colour is—and only thus, that human thought can reach or human words describe, the Infinite." (*The Christian Inheritance*, pp. 52–4.)

He gave many other discourses and lectures. Interest, if not perturbation, was aroused in certain quarters of Cardiff by his paper at St. Peter's on Martin Luther. We find him delivering a lecture at Newport on music, one at Cardiff on the poet, Pope, before a meeting of the Naturalists' Society, another on Michael Davitt at St. Paul's Club. Before the Cardiff Literary Society he gave an elaborate lecture on the famous stylist J. A. Symonds' essay on Cellini's Autobiography. It is interesting to hear him speak of the meaning of word and phrase at the latter end of his life, just as he did in his early professorial days at Belmont. After presiding at a lecture given by Father Hugh Benson, he notes in a letter : " It was on his own conversion, and was extremely interesting. You must get his new book, *The Conventionalists*, though I have not yet got it myself."

Many letters from him appeared in *The Western Mail*, and they show how he kept abreast with current events, for he knew that at any time he might be called upon to give a word of advice or of warning. He studied the trend of politics, but, except where they touched on religion, he avoided public mention of them, and desired his priests to do the same. His views and his sympathies in social problems followed in the wake

of his great contemporary, Cardinal Manning. His intimacy with his Irish Catholic flock developed in him an active sympathy with their national aspirations. He attended a lecture of A. M. Sullivan's in Cardiff, and entertained him at his own house. He wrote on Ireland in *The Dublin Review*, and on several occasions he visited the country.

We find him writing :

" October 13, 1905.

I got back from Ireland on the 4th. I suppose I enjoyed it, but more in the retrospect, I think, than in the reality. It was interesting. We were a party which included Cardinal Logue, Archbishop Flood (of Trinidad) and others, and we opened churches, visited institutions, received addresses, travelled on the Shannon, and saw a good deal of the clergy and people in central Ireland. It was rather hustling work, however, for one of my temperament. But on looking back it is pleasant. I went also to Drogheda and saw the Ven. Oliver Plunkett's head—very striking ; and did Mellifont Abbey, Monasterboice, and the Battle of the Boyne."

During his stay he preached an eloquent sermon on the " Saints of Ireland," at the dedication of the church of St. Brigid, Ardagh.

" They are the invisible army, enshrined in the memory of the nation, which has watched over it, guarded it in the face of every difficulty, preserved for it that wonderful, almost miraculous, loyalty to the preaching of St. Patrick and the Faith of the Church of God, even to this present day. . . . To them the race owes its spiritual insight, its sense of the world

above and the world of Grace, and its spirit of sacrifice for its religion. Let Ireland take courage in her glorious saints! We dedicate a church on a spot where a church has been since St. Mel sat in the bishop's seat, and St. Brigid, with her sisters, like doves that sweep down from their dovecotes, gently passed along these slopes. The saints see us and are near. They know you well—your Primate that bears the crozier of St. Patrick, your Bishop who carries the name of this church, your prelates and priests who hand on the lamps that were lighted fifteen hundred years ago, the thronging people who are, as their fathers, loyal to Christ and to His Vicar on earth; the saints know you, and they know that they belong to you and you to them."

He watched the progress of the Labour Movement, the strife of men and masters, the struggle of strikes in Cardiff and elsewhere in his Welsh diocese. Whilst his sympathies were, in the main, with the working man, he did not intervene by any public action. Once, when asked why he did not take a more prominent part in these matters: "Well," he said, "I feel a great difficulty—not because of any want of clearness of view, but because, if one appeared on a platform, you never know who would be at your side, or what expression of view you would have to listen to. There might be someone with whom you would not willingly associate your own name, and the expression of opinion which you could only reprobate."

He attended the National Eisteddfods, and showed himself to be a most appreciative listener, and a capable critic, entering into the spirit of

the rhapsody of the bards and the Celtic excitement, this fragmentary casting back to the old historic life of Welsh poetry and music. To the end of his life he was open to all manner of interests. Some might think it trivial of him to enter into them as he did. But he believed in keeping alive in himself a universal intellectual sympathy, the mark of an alert and cultured mind. It is a witness to his virility and freshness, which survived and kept its brilliancy throughout his labours, difficulties, uncertain health, and the natural burden of old age. The daily routine of pressing engagements of importance in his ecclesiastical work never jaded his mind nor dried up his active sympathies.

The longer the Bishop lived at Cardiff the more did its citizens learn to esteem him, and they were proud to recognize him as one whose worth and genius did honour to their city.

When the ceremony for the opening of the Bute dock was held at Cardiff, he was invited to give the Blessing, and he composed the following appropriate prayer :

" Graciously hear, O Lord, our supplication, and as Thou didst vouchsafe to bless the Ark of Noe on the water, so do Thou bless this port made by the hands of Thy servants, together with all the ships that come in or go out, and those that sail therein. As Thou didst stretch out the hand to blessed Peter when he walked upon the waters, so stretch it out to all who use this dock, in their entry, and their departure, and their passage of the sea. Send down Thy Angel from the heavens, to deliver and keep both ships and men from every danger; protect Thy servants from all evil,

grant them always a good voyage and a safe harbour; and when their business, by Thy help, hath been completed, do Thou, we beseech Thee, bring them home with joy. Who livest and reignest God, for ever and ever, Amen."

On the occasion of the visit to Cardiff of the King and Queen he joined the gathering at luncheon on the Royal yacht, together with the Protestant Bishop of Llandaff. Bishop Hedley, through some accident, was a little late, but the company courteously waited for him. He chatted with the Queen, and the King expressed his wish for a few minutes' talk with the Bishop. After the Bishop of Llandaff had gone, he stayed on, and his description of his visit after his return gave a friend the impression that some confidential talk had passed between the Sovereign and himself, but he checked himself from gratifying his hearer's curiosity, and turned to speak of the King's consideration in rising to get his stick as he was about to take his leave.

The Bishop was ready to take his place at every Catholic meeting, less or more important, but these occasions were not always palatable to him, especially when he was growing old. He writes to a friend: "I have to go out to-night (which I hate) to speak at a Catholic dinner in Cardiff. Pity me!"

For many years he was busy with the campaign on behalf of Catholic elementary education. Always anxious about this very vital question, he took a somewhat pessimistic view of the future. More than once in his letters he alludes to his

fears that we might have to give up our schools, that ultimately the Government would take them over and that we should have to be content with the right of entry for purposes of religious instruction. He writes :

" Llanishen,

Dec. 30, 1905.

I am much harassed just now with all sorts of troubles. It looks as if we should have to lose some of our largest schools, as we cannot find money to rebuild, or even borrow it."

Again he writes :

" Our schools will be in a most unsatisfactory state ; we shall have non-Catholic teachers forced upon us ; our smaller schools will be shut up, and we seem to have no hope of getting new schools."

The Bishop's anxious forebodings have not as yet been fulfilled. In Wales, as in many parts of England, where Catholics were comparatively isolated, there was not felt that power of resistance and that confident vitality and belligerent spirit which animated the great centres of the North, and which certainly checked the advancing legislation of the Liberal Party in this matter. He leaves us a note of some interest regarding the visit of the Duke of Norfolk to Cardiff in 1885, when to vote Conservative was considered the most effective weapon to meet the Liberal aggression against Catholic education. The election was in full swing, and Catholics were urged to support the Conservatives. The Duke was particularly active in the matter.

"He came down here," writes the Bishop, "and delivered an address to a very large meeting. We were all astonished to hear how admirably he speaks. He made a most excellent impression. . . . He is going about in all directions this election, speaking on behalf of his party."

He entertained Mr. Hilaire Belloc, then Member of Parliament, when he came to lecture in Cardiff. It is interesting to read the old Bishop's remarks on the younger man in a letter to a friend.

"I have had Mr. Belloc, M.P., for two days this week; he was lecturing in Cardiff. He is very talkative and very paradoxical. He has seen a great deal and written much, and he has ample and pronounced views on most things."

His students and his friends were always sure of his unfailing sympathy and of an affection which grew with the knowledge of their devoted labours. He was present, when he was able, to speak very kind and feeling words at the open grave of his own simple fellow-workers. On the death at Swansea of Father Fitzgerald, O.S.B., a zealous young priest, the Bishop attended the funeral and delivered a moving discourse. There was a young man, William Gibbons of Wolverhampton, desirous to become a priest, but his health was very poor, and Superiors were shy of accepting him. Bishop Hedley was a friend of the family; he took the youth, arranged for his studies, corresponded with him, became personally attached to him, and in due course gave him a post in Cardiff,

where, for seventeen years, the young priest did excellent work, though all the time his health was extremely fragile. Over his grave the Bishop uttered a simple but sincere and grateful tribute to the fruitful, priestly life of one who had well served his diocese. " His life," he said, " is treasured up in the memory of God, which is only another word for His beneficent remuneration."

His labours outside the boundaries of the Newport diocese continued to increase. Though a Benedictine, he was asked to read the address on the occasion of the inauguration of the Central Seminary at Oscott, and of the centenary gathering at St. Edmund's College, Ware. He preached at celebrations at Stonyhurst, at Ushaw, and at the great commemoration of St. Augustine's landing at Ebbsfleet. He put into English the famous Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, *Rerum Novarum*, on Labour. The Pope had asked Cardinal Manning for a *bravo scrittore* to make the English translation, and the Cardinal tells us that " The Holy Father had accepted the offer of the Bishop of Newport (Benedictine, and a very good scholar) to translate it " (*H. E. Manning*, by S. Leslie ; p. 379).

We are told that in council the Bishop was silent and reserved, even when expected to take the lead in a discussion. He certainly was not contentious, and though a man of clear and independent views, he was not aggressive. He was loyal to his episcopal brethren, and his influence leaned towards peace and reconciliation

rather than to the accentuation of differences. But the Bishops sought and valued his advice.

The late Bishop Casartelli, of Salford, has testified :

"I may safely claim that no one has cherished a deeper veneration, I will venture to say affection, than myself for the great Bishop, the great monk, and the great scholar, by whose death the Catholic Church of England is so immeasurably the poorer, and its Hierarchy has lost its chiefest ornament. . . .

In over a dozen years, it has been my privilege to sit with him at deliberative gatherings, whether at the various official meetings of the English Hierarchy or on one or other Board or Commission. I have frequently noticed on these occasions how, after a subject had been apparently fully and exhaustively discussed and a conclusion was on the point of being arrived at, he would suddenly throw out quite a new objection or introduce an entirely new point of view —either reactionary or revolutionary it appeared, as the case might be—which would seem likely to upset or greatly modify the decision about to be formulated. Fresh discussion would ensue, and then after a very short time the Bishop would quietly withdraw his opposition. What was his motive? Simply, I believe, his extreme intellectual honesty in wishing that every question should be fairly looked at from every possible side, that every objection should be squarely faced and thought over, even though the view suggested or the objection stated should not by any means represent his own conviction."

This is the method of a careful and conscientious judge, a method that he followed in all his studies, theological, philosophical, and historical. On committees he worked strenuously

and effectively. We shall notice his work as Chairman of the University Catholic Education Board. When he was Chairman of the Bishops' Commission, formed to draw up a hymnal* for the Church services, one of their Lordships described him as coming up to Westminster, or elsewhere, laden with a small portmanteau packed with hymn-books and MSS., to be submitted to the wearisome process of discussion and criticism, in which none was more patient than he.

Cardinal Bourne has written a short page in *The Ampleforth Journal*, January, 1916, which in strong and touching words bears testimony to the high esteem and affectionate appreciation in which the Bishops held Bishop Hedley, (p. 121).

" Many will be the memories evoked of the late Bishop of Newport as those who knew him look back over the long years of his very full life. My own more intimate acquaintance with him began when in 1897 I was called to attend the meetings of the Bishops. I had indeed had the opportunity of one or two long conversations with him, notably on the occasion of his visit to St. Edmund's College in 1893, when I consulted him on certain points affecting the education of ecclesiastical students which arose out of the sermon he then preached on the spirit of St. Edmund. The closer intercourse that grew up between us as brother bishops deepened as the years went on, and became doubly precious when, helped by his kindly confidence—more, perhaps, than by any other

* It is worthy of note that the hymnal prints " thrown " in the third line of the hymn, " Hail, Queen of Heaven ! " The Bishop maintained that " tossed " was the word used by Dr. Lingard. " Thrown " suggests something pitched on the waves to float haphazard.

human influence—I came to bear the burden of the Metropolitan See. During the many years since then he was each year, I think, without exception, my ever welcome guest during the Low Week Meeting, and on many other occasions as well. I could also rely upon his kind but outspoken counsel: he was ever ready to aid me by any assistance in his power: his presence was a source of strength, and in many an anxious moment his timely word removed a difficulty or opened out a safe and easily accepted course. A true friend, a loyal helper has been taken from us, and it will not be easy to find another with gifts like his which made that affectionate loyalty so precious. May he in God's sight still help and guide us."

The appreciation of his episcopal colleagues was still more forcibly shown when there arose the question of a successor for the See of Westminster, after the deaths of Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan. Mr. Snead-Cox, in his Life of the latter prelate, says that there was never any real doubt that Cardinal Manning's successor would be Herbert Vaughan of Salford. This may be the truth, but it is also true that Bishop Hedley's name was in the minds of many as a possible, if not a probable, choice. *The Tablet* of February 13, 1892, gave the names of the " terna " as Vaughan, Hedley, Gilbert (Mgr).

Eleven years afterwards, when Cardinal Vaughan died, the name of Bishop Hedley again was put forward as successor, and rumour said that he was the first choice of the bishops and canons.* In *The Times* of August 17, 1893,

* Amongst other names mentioned was that of the late Cardinal Gasquet, at that time Abbot President of the English Benedictine Congregation.

a week before the See was filled, there appeared an article on the succession at Westminster. It contained a virulent attack on the deceased prelate, and incidentally remarked: "It may be that it would have been better for the Church of England if Bishop Hedley had not been passed over in 1892 in favour of Bishop Vaughan." The Bishop of Newport is referred to "as a man of considerable learning, a thoughtful writer on religious subjects, and much respected." The biased writer passed over Bishop Bourne with the words "an energetic, well-meaning prelate . . . (he) has probably the least chance of being appointed." Whether Bishop Hedley was the electors' first choice or not, it seems certain, from later remarks of his, that when on one occasion the authorities in Rome approached him on the subject he declined the honour with perfect sincerity and humility. "I am too old and I am lame; let some younger shoulder bear the burden!" The secrets of an episcopal election are not published, but doubtless the Bishops concurred in the choice of Bishop Bourne. Years before, when the gifts of the present Cardinal had not attracted public attention, Bishop Hedley had remarked that he was a man of power and promise, and foretold that he was destined to serve the Church in no ordinary way. Bishop Hedley had no ambition to be Archbishop of Westminster, nor any regret at yielding that honour to another. His life as Bishop of Newport had not brought him into the broader and deeper current of Catholic life.

He had perhaps a safer judgement than either Cardinal Manning or Cardinal Vaughan. He shared with them the possession of clear principles and strong views, and when he chose to speak his mind on any public matter his opinions always commanded respect and attention; but he lacked the experience of men and things which gave Cardinal Manning at least a remarkable advantage. He was independent in thought, and forceful in character, and he would perhaps have been little less autocratic than Manning in his relation to others, but he lacked that great leader's persuasiveness and magnetic force. There seemed in him no ambition to lead, an ambition which in Manning may well have been a virtue, for he knew his gifts and would desire to use them for God's glory. The Bishop's attitude would seem to have been rather after the fashion of a man who says: "I am going this way, you can follow if you like"; or, "This is my opinion or my policy, take it or leave it; the responsibility is on your own shoulders." Still, we know that he was thoughtful and cautious and prudent, that he carefully estimated resources, and looked at a question from all sides, weighing well his words before pronouncing a judgement, and it is safe to conclude that whether in his speculative policy or in his practical direction of affairs he would rarely have been guilty of a blunder.

The Bishop's reputation travelled beyond Britain and the bench of English Bishops. His writings, either in their native English, or in

translation, became known abroad, and we find him in correspondence with Cardinal Mercier. The beginning of this correspondence seems to have arisen through a request of the Cardinal that the Bishop would write a commendatory notice to the translation into English of a certain work of his. The translation was made by a nun, and evidently it did not strike the Bishop as sufficiently well done for publication, and would not, in its English dress, do justice to the Cardinal. He plainly spoke his opinion and would not write the preface. The Cardinal answered :*

May 28, 1907.

Dear and Reverend Lord,

I can only thank your Lordship for the service you wish to do me. I thank you for your candour. It is evident you cannot place under your high patronage a work which cannot do honour to him whom you are kind enough to wish to protect.

I will let good Sister —— know of the misfortune, for which she was moreover to some extent prepared.

It remains for me to examine the question whether publicity can be given to the work at all risks without any authorized introduction.

I regret with all my heart, my Lord, the inconvenience which my little volume has caused you, and I beg you to accept my profound esteem and grateful devotedness.

D. J. Card. Mercier,
Archbishop of Malines.

Unfortunately the letters written by Bishop Hedley to Cardinal Mercier cannot be found in the archives at Malines. They would have been

* These letters of Cardinal Mercier have been translated from the original French.

particularly interesting in view of the modernist controversy that was at that time threatening to become a widespread evil. Referring to the Encyclical, "Pascendi Gregis," the Bishop wrote to a friend, November 1, 1907:

"I am studying the late Encyclical. I am sorry that I find some Catholics who are much put out by it, quite needlessly, as I am trying to show them. But I think that the Encyclical was quite called for and in some quarters it will have the effect of distinguishing the unsound Catholics from the sound."

In December of that year, Cardinal Mercier wrote to the Bishop again as follows:

Dec. 11, 1907.

My Lord,

I am a great admirer of your works. I find them always so precise, simple, clear, and animated by a spirit of Catholic piety that any time I read a few pages of your *Christian Inheritance*, or *Our Divine Saviour*, I feel myself better disposed and more inclined to serve our Lord more thoroughly. Now, in *The Catholic Times* I read that you issued a letter about Modernism, or a comment on the Encyclical, "Pascendi Gregis," Sept. 8, 1907. Let me ask you to be so kind as to have a copy of it sent to me.

Please accept, my Lord, my feelings of deep esteem and brotherly friendship in the Lord.

Désiré Joseph Card. Mercier.

The reference is to the Bishop's Advent Pastoral for 1907, where, in language simple enough to suit his readers, he gives the guidance that they needed. A brief summary is given here:

"The greater part of the Papal letter deals

with errors which the great majority of those whom we are addressing have probably never heard of and certainly have never been tempted to adopt. It is not, therefore, necessary to dwell upon its pages in this Pastoral. But in order to show how the world is talking at this moment, and the kind of error the Church has at present to deal with, one or two examples may here be given."

The root ideas of Modernism are the Idealist philosophy and the fact of doctrinal development. In very clear and simple language he explains philosophic Idealism and shows that it is opposed to Catholic faith. "You need not be told that if there is nothing outside the mind, there is no God, no Revelation, no Incarnation, and no Church, and you will wonder how any Catholic could take up such views and yet think himself a Catholic."

Then he shows the true meaning of development in doctrine, the laws of which "have been admirably laid down, with a vast command of learning, by Cardinal Newman in a well-known work—which, however, is not absolutely complete," and contrasts it with modernist theories. "But whatever is to be said of progress in science, or evolution in the physical world, it is most misleading to apply these words to the religion of Jesus Christ."

From warnings against uncontrolled speculation, the Bishop goes on to lament the lack of intelligent but docile interest in the faith. "For ourselves, dear children in Jesus Christ, it is to

be feared that we do not use our minds upon our religion as much as we ought to do. It is not enough to join with the Holy Father in his condemnation of these teachers of novelty, and to feel a pious anger at their boldness and folly. We say we believe in God. Men who believe in a thing, study it. . . . One who believes in a political theory compares it diligently with political facts. But how few Catholics, even among those who read, follow out with interest and intelligence the teachings of their faith in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Sacraments of the Church."

God and His works open to us a wide and fertile field of contemplation, but to benefit by it requires trouble. Catholics "must follow their faith into its details. They must explore the riches of their inheritance. They must dig for treasure and take pains to gather the harvests that the Lord has sown."

It was not, however, only the Catholic flock who were likely to be infected with this heresy. The evil lay deeper and threatened to poison the very wells of Catholic teaching. The Bishop was well aware of this, and, at a somewhat later date, he pointed out the danger and supplied the remedy.

In an Address entitled "The Chair of the Bishop," delivered in the pro-Cathedral church at Belmont on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebration of its consecration (Sept. 6, 1910), we have the following reference to Modernism:

"It may be safely said that there has never been

a century since the day of Pentecost in which the Catholic Faith would not have suffered shipwreck in the intelligences of the Christian priesthood had it not been for the principle of the Chair. The history of what is called Modernism is the most recent illustration of this fact. Here we have a subtle and specious doctrine affecting the very essence of Christianity, diffusing itself in comparative silence through too many of the most intellectual of the clergy. The question, summarily stated, was how to reconcile the facts and history of the Incarnation with physical and physiological progress. A large number of priests began to think and to say—You can only do so by a restatement of Catholic dogma. And they proceeded to formulate that restatement; and then it appeared that Catholic dogma became dissolved and melted into intangible sentiment in the process. Perhaps few went so far as this. But many hesitated how far to go, and began to use language that was justly considered suspect, scandalous, disedifying. And, all the time, there was this complication—that the Church herself, to a certain extent, as she has always been, was ready to sanction this restatement in the way and to the extent she judged expedient. Thus there arose among the clergy a state of things in which honest difficulty, intellectual pride, human respect and, it must be said, stark perversity, each with its own forces combined to destroy the Faith. The Faith has been saved, now as in many a bygone crisis, by the voice of authority, and by the acceptance by the priesthood of the principle of the Chair."

To return to the correspondence. Cardinal Mercier met the Bishop in London, on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress, and evidently their conversation turned on Father Tyrrell's modernist propaganda. The Bishop had proposed that if the Cardinal wrote a reply it should

be republished in England as an article in *The Tablet* or *The Dublin Review*. Later Cardinal Mercier writes :

Maria Laach,
October 10, 1908.

Dear and Reverend Lord,

I have not lost sight of the kind proposal you made to have republished in the form of an interview in *The Tablet* the reply I should make to Tyrrell's last book. But, since the Congress in London, I have been completely occupied in preaching retreats to clergy, and afterwards with Confirmations which the retreats had obliged me to postpone.

Here I am for about ten days at the Benedictine Abbey of Maria Laach, where I should like to draw up in writing my Instructions for a Retreat to priests. I am thinking over Tyrrell's book and asking myself, without, however, arriving at any very clear and decisive solution, what this book calls for on my part.

Taking into account only Tyrrell himself, silence, I think, would be best. But will not the unbeliever of Belgium and elsewhere interpret my silence as a sign of my adversary's triumphs? For example, I have just received a copy of the *Neuesten Nachrichten* of Munich. It contains an article signed, Rudolf Eucken, a professor at the University of Jena, who had always followed pretty impartially our efforts for the restoration of Thomistic Philosophy at Louvain. This article represents the " impact "—the " Zusammenstoss " of Tyrrell and Mercier, as the impact of two fundamental tendencies which are coming to light amongst Catholics. He hopes for the translation and the distribution of Tyrrell's book. Can I let publications of this type pass in silence? And if I ought to publish a pamphlet, will not the article be superfluous?

I am very desirous of having your wise and loyal

opinion on this question which is troubling me. Your competence and authority will help me greatly in getting out of my difficulty.

I apologize for troubling you, dear and Reverend Lord, and I beg you to accept the assurance of my very cordial attachment.

Désiré Joseph, Card. Mercier,
Archbishop of Malines.

How or when Bishop Hedley answered the above letter we do not know, but the Cardinal writes two more letters on the subject:

November 25, 1908.

Dear and Reverend Lord,

The famous question which I have, in confidence, already submitted to you, both by word of mouth and in writing, whether or not there is any reason for me to reply to that poor Tyrrell remains still obscure.

On the one hand I ask myself: "Is it not better to treat with disdain his writing on 'Mediævalism,' his insolent tone, the theatrical affectation with which he complains of being accused of Modernism, and of openly denying the Papal Infallibility and the decision of the Vatican Council? Is not silence the greatest humiliation for him? If I reply he will answer again; where shall we end? If there remain some hope of seeing him return to the Church, is it not better to leave him to reflect in silence?"

On the other hand, do not the interests of the cause which he has attacked, the care for my own reputation, command me to speak?

I arrive at no conclusion. And when I consult: *quot homines, tot sententiae.* In August at Maria Laach I had sketched a reply and read it to Abbot von Stotzingen and to the Prior of Mont César at Louvain, Dom Columba Marmion, both of whom

approve it. After all, I could not make up my mind to publish it.

Allow me to send it to you so that you may see whether it can appear as it is—after careful touching up—or whether it will furnish you with material for an article in *The Tablet* or *The Dublin Review*, in accordance with the idea you suggested to me in London, and which then seemed to me the wisest solution.

Dear and Reverend Lord, I apologize for all the inconvenience I am causing you, and thank you for your great kindness.

I received at Maria Laach your beautiful book *Lex Levitarum*, but it is only lately that I have found time to read it with the attention it deserves. What wise lessons it contains! and how pleasantly they are presented! I was particularly struck by what you say about the literary training of aspirants to the priesthood. I have the consolation of being, on this point as on many others, in perfect accord with your Lordship. Last year I introduced into our colleges and at the Seminary numerous courses in elocution and improvisation, insisting on this, that the measure of what makes the value of a student is not exclusively his degree of intelligence and of his personal instruction, but his aptitude for his social rôle. Now, from this point of view, facility in the use of speech and of the pen is of paramount importance. Also I am going to institute, for all aspirants to the priesthood, a special examination in diction, elocution, and improvisation before admitting them to Philosophy and Theology at the Seminary.

Accept, dear and Reverend Lord, the renewed expression of my gratitude.

Very cordially yours in Our Lord J.C.

Désiré Joseph, Card. Mercier,

Archbishop of Malines.

December 1, 1908.

Dear and Reverend Lord,

I thank you for your kind letter, and I am of your opinion. That is to say, I relinquish the idea of a controversy with poor Tyrrell. If, one day, I am led to write a definite work on Modernism, I shall see if there is some means of refuting one or other of the objections raised by the author's last writings. But for the moment I have other anxieties. . . .

D. J. Card. Mercier,
Archbishop of Malines.

We may include in our reference to Modernism the following letter written to a German theologian (name unknown) by Bishop Hedley :

Bishop's House,
Llanishen,
Cardiff,
Dec. 4th, 1911.

Dear Reverend Father,

In your admirable work entitled *Theologia Fundamentalis* (1910) you associate my friend Wilfrid Ward with Tyrrell, as one of the chief Modernist leaders in England. Forgive me for telling you that this association, which causes me the deepest sorrow, is due to a complete misapprehension on your part.

Wilfrid Ward, editor of the well-known English Catholic Quarterly, *The Dublin Review*, has been labouring most ably and successfully for many years in defence of the Catholic Faith against modern Rationalism. Though some propositions or expressions employed by him before the appearance of the Encyclical "Pascendi" might not meet with the approval of theologians at the present day, chiefly owing to the fact that he was obliged to use the inexact idiom of our vernacular in the controversy with

English Rationalists, still, as far as I know, he in no way really overstepped the bounds of orthodox belief. Moreover Mr. Ward gave it to be understood quite clearly in *The Dublin Review*, January, 1908, that he accepted the Encyclical and would in future be guided by its decisions.

It would then assuredly result in serious harm if distinguished theologians were to class the arguments by which Mr. Ward has brought well into the light and greatly advanced the Catholic cause in England, with the arbitrary hypotheses championed by Tyrrell in his more recent publications. Consequently I venture to ask you not to associate Mr. Ward's name with that of Tyrrell in future editions of your work. In these islands not a few organs of Catholic opinion (e.g. the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, November, 1911) have been astonished and annoyed at finding them bracketed.

Commending myself to you, I sign myself with the deepest regard,

Yours very devotedly in Christ,
John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B.,
Bishop of Newport.

From his seclusion in Wales, the reputation of Bishop Hedley had travelled further than Belgium and had crossed the Atlantic, and there was talk, at one time, of his giving a course of lectures in America.* He never undertook the journey; perhaps growing infirmity and age deterred him. But there may have been another reason. An incident had happened which was very distasteful and indeed distressing to the

* In a letter written by Abbot Gasquet in 1904 we read: "It has been one of my greatest pleasures out here in America to find that there is no Bishop in the world who is spoken of with such reverence and affection by all as our Benedictine Bishop. In fact I believe that he is quite as well known here as in England."

Bishop. His whole temperament was keenly sensitive to heresy, and he had a strong antipathy to it, or to any compromise with an atmosphere disloyal to the Church. He felt it much when it was reported that he was criticized and blamed at Rome. He had been honoured by Leo XIII, who made him Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and he was conscious of his own love and careful loyalty to the Faith, as no one could doubt who knew him and his writings. How far this criticism and blame reached, or whether it was anything more than animadversions made by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, is not clear, but it was enough to cause him distress of mind, and it may have been at least a secondary motive for discouraging him from undertaking the work in America. Especially it may have weighed with him as the trouble arose from an article of his in *The Dublin Review* on the Rev. Dr. Zahm's book, *Evolution and Dogma*, which the Bishop criticizes favourably. The article was reproduced with lavish encomium by the *Rassegna Nazionale* of Florence. This was commented on adversely by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and as a matter of fact Dr. Zahm and Father Leroy, O.P., who four years earlier had written somewhat in the same tone about Evolution in relation to man's body, had both withdrawn their books, on representation from competent authority at Rome. We find a letter of Bishop Hedley to *The Tablet*, January 11, 1899.

Sir,—My attention has been called to an article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of January 7, entitled " Evolu-

zione e domma," in which the writer speaks unfavourably of the Rev. Dr. Zahm, and of the paper contributed by me to *The Dublin Review* of last October, under the name of "Physical Science and Faith." There is nothing that calls for any special remark in the greater part of the article. It is not very clear whether the writer altogether rejects Evolution in the physical world, or not. But the last paragraph is important, as we find there a letter from the Dominican writer, Père Leroy, from which it appears we must conclude that the Holy See has spoken on the subject of the formation of the body of Adam. It is well known that Dr. Mivart's view is that it is perfectly open to a Catholic to hold that the body of Adam was not formed directly from the dust, but might have arisen from a non-human animal, the rational soul being subsequently infused. Père Leroy had defended this view in a work published in 1891. In February, 1895, however, according to the *Civiltà*, Père Leroy was summoned to Rome *ad audiendum verbum*, and the result appears from the following sentences of a letter dated February 26 of that year, which is printed at the end of the article referred to. (I translate from the French.) "I have to-day learned that my thesis after examination at Rome, by competent authority, has been judged untenable, especially in what relates to the body of man—being incompatible with the text of Holy Scripture and with the principles of sound philosophy." The "authority" here referred to must, I presume, be that of the Holy Office. The "Mivartian" theory, therefore, can no longer be sustained. As to my own paper it will be observed that I have carefully abstained from saying a word in favour of this theory. More than thirty years ago, in an article in *The Dublin* on "Evolution and Faith," I felt obliged to consider the theory at least "rash." I am aware, however, that views which may at one time be, theologically speaking, "rash," need not always be rash; for

the note of "rashness" is given to those propositions which are either contrary to the common doctrine of theologians or are put forward without any reasonable grounds. Still, I need not say that if the "competent authority" has decided in the sense in which it appears to have done, the view that the body of Adam was "evolved" must still be pronounced "rash"—and something more.

✠ J. C. Hedley, O.S.B.

At a later date (1902), in a letter written to an Anglican minister, the Rev. Spencer Jones, discussing the case of Father Leroy, Bishop Hedley, referring to the issue of the *Civiltà Cattolica* of January 7, 1899, throws doubt on the accuracy of its information and conclusions in the case of Father Leroy. "The *Civiltà* quoted no decision of any Roman Congregation, but only spoke vaguely of 'authority'—I have since been informed that the condemnation in question, if it ever was pronounced, emanated merely from the Dominican Superior, and not from the Holy See at all. . . . There has been no action or intervention on the part of the Holy See or of any tribunal of the Holy See" (*England and the Holy See*, 1902). The *Civiltà* (April, 1902) quotes this passage, and remarks: "We have no doubt that the illustrious Dr. Hedley has been thus informed; but we grieve to say he has been badly informed, for both of the assertions contained in his letter are beyond all doubt erroneous." Unfortunately Bishop Hedley has left no papers that throw any further light on the controversy, but, as the *Civiltà* admits, the Holy See has not

yet deemed it opportune to condemn by a "public act" this theory of Father Leroy, and Bishop Hedley's assertion in his letter to Mr. Spencer Jones, "no article or portion of any article of mine has ever been censured by the Holy See," cannot be called in question.

Amidst his many anxieties it must have been some consolation to the Bishop to find the esteem in which he was held by the people of his diocese. On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his episcopate (1898), they made him a gift of £1000.

This and the two preceding chapters have been a record mainly of the Bishop's more directly episcopal work. We must now take into view his connection with the wider movements of Catholic life, and his many interests, intellectual and spiritual.

Chapter VI

LITERARY WORK; "THE DUBLIN REVIEW"

WE have seen how, during his Professorship at Belmont, the Bishop came into touch with the leading Catholic writers of the country, and how he became a contributor to *The Dublin Review.* His first articles in that periodical reflected the work of his student days, particularly his devotion to the Fathers of the Church. One or two extracts will give us an idea of the spirit in which he entered on his task. He begins his sketch of the Christian schools of Alexandria:

"If any country under the sun bears the spell of fascination in its very name, that country is Egypt, the land of the Nile and the Pyramids, of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies—the land where Art and Science had mysterious beginnings before the dawn of history, where powerful dynasties held sway for long generations over the fertile river-valley, and built for themselves mighty cities—Thebes the hundred gated, Memphis with its palaces, Heliopolis with its temples, and left memorials of themselves that are attracting men at this day to Luxor and Carnak, the avenue of the Sphinxes and the Pyramids—Egypt, where Learning

> Uttered its oracles sublime
> Before the Olympiads, in the dew
> And dusk of early time—

the land where

> Northward from its Nubian springs,
> The Nile for ever new and old,
> Among the living and the dead
> Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled.

Egypt seems destined to be associated with all the signal events of every age of the world. Israel's going into and out of Egypt is one of the epic pages of Holy Scripture. Sesostris, King of Egypt, left his name written over half of Asia; Alexander, the greatest of the Greeks, laid in Egypt the foundation of a new empire; Cleopatra, the captive and the captor of Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, killed herself as the old land passed away for ever from the race of Ptolemy; Clement and Origen, Porphyry and Plotinus, have left Egypt the classic land of the Church's battle against the purest form of heathen philosophy; St. Louis of France has made Egypt the scene of a glorious drama of heroism and devotion; the Pyramids have lent their name to swell the list of Napoleon's triumphs; and the Nile is linked for ever with the deathless fame of Nelson."

A comment has been made on this article that it bears no sign of youth or haste, but we might find it hard to say that there is no mark of immaturity, at least when compared with his later work. He was fresh from the classics, full of enthusiasm, and his mind, steeped in recent study and research, overflowed perhaps almost too abundantly. But he draws a vividly interesting picture of the Alexandrian schools, which make an excellent framework and setting for his hero, Clement the great Father of the Church.

This is his appreciation of Marcus Aurelius:

"For twenty years Marcus Aurelius, imperial philosopher of the Stoic school, continued to commend or connive at the butchery of his Christian subjects. What were the motives that led this paragon of virtuous pagans to lower himself to the commonplace practices of racking, scourging, and burning, is a

question which depends for its answer upon who the answerer is. Philosophers of a certain class from Gibbon to Mr. Mill are disposed to take a lenient, if not laudatory, estimate of his conduct in this matter, and think that the Emperor could not have acted otherwise consistently with his principles and convictions as handed down to us in his 'Meditations.' But his convictions, whatever they were, would probably have ended in the harmless shape of philosophic contempt, had it not been for the men by whom he was surrounded. It is extremely probable that the fourth persecution, both in its commencement and in its revival, was owing to the good offices of Marcus Aurelius' solemn-faced favourites. But whatever be the blame that attaches to him, he has answered for it at the same dread tribunal at which he has answered for the deification of Faustina and the education of Commodus."

Here we may summarize the Bishop's sketch of the fortunes of the school founded by Clement: After the death of Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 180, Pantaenus and Clement took advantage of the comparative peace that the Church enjoyed, and the famous school of Alexandria was the result of their labours. The advent of Septimus Severus in 202 set on foot a cruel persecution and the great school was for a time broken up. Its most brilliant disciple, Origen, was at that time seventeen years of age. His father, Leonidas, had suffered martyrdom, and the boy was left an orphan. A rich lady befriended him and he became a public teacher of *Grammatica*. His scholars soon found out that he was a Christian and, as the persecution abated, Demetrius the Bishop of Alexandria reorganized the school of

Clement and put Origen in charge of it. Again the persecution broke out but the school was kept on in secret. Origen was the strength and support of the terrified Christian students, and it was by a miraculous interposition of God's right hand, says Eusebius, that the master was preserved. His asceticism outdistanced that of the Neo-Platonist philosophers of the city, based as it was on the Gospels and the teaching of Clement. He would carry out literally the counsels of Our Lord and his friends called him *Adamantine*. In A.D. 221 the Emperor died, and the persecution ceased. Origen took the opportunity of visiting the " very ancient Church of Rome," and on his return to his native city resumed his catechetical work. He set himself to establish the credentials of the Christian faith, to fight the philosophers on their own ground, and to give to the world a critical edition of the Sacred Books of his religion. This was the work of the next twenty years. First of all he established the Canon of the New Testament, and then brought to a conclusion the work of the Hexapla—a transcription of the whole of the Old Testament sixfold in parallel columns. Sad to relate, the book perished in the sack of Cæsarea by the Persians, or the Arabs, before the end of the seventh century. An abridgement of the Hexapla was made by Origen and called the Tetrapla. It omitted the two columns of Hebrew from the former book. Meanwhile the work of the school had to be carried on. His early training had been passed without any special

acquaintance with philosophy or the philosophers. About this time Ammonius Saccas appeared in Alexandria and lectured in the Museum. He was probably a Christian of a sort, but his philosophy was Neo-Platonism. Origen attended his lectures, and he soon perceived that he must make himself acquainted with the Gentile philosophy. Hence we find in his philosophical writings of this period the distinct influence of Plato. Two of these works, *Notes on the Philosophers* and *Stromata*, are lost except for a few fragments. The celebrated work *de Principiis* is preserved to us in contradictory Latin versions, and from this fact arises the old controversy of Origen's orthodoxy on certain points of dogma. Leaving these aside, we have the first scientific treatise on the *principles* of Christianity. It commences with the words that Plato used in his introduction to the *Gorgias*, but it ignores the heathen philosophy and gives us the scientific Christian theology founded on the continual word of Holy Scripture. It did not attempt to prove so much as to draw out the system of the Catholic Faith in God the Creator of all things, the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the nature of man, the resurrection of the flesh, the necessity of grace, the moral nature of the soul. Crowds, not only of Christians, but of students of the University, flocked to hear him. St. Gregory Thaumaturgus in his *Oratio Panegyrica* takes us into the interior of Origen's school, and in elegant and eloquent language, describes the master's teaching. In saying farewell, he writes: "I am leaving the face of God, and

going back to the earth from whence I came ; and I shall eat earth all my days, and till earth, an earth that will produce me nothing but thorns and briars now that it is deprived of its good and excellent tending."

After twenty years' teaching at Alexandria, Origen left it for ever in A.D. 231. The emperor Caracalla had broken up the schools and University of Alexandria and Origen fled to Cæsarea, where he was ordained priest. The patriarch, Demetrius, was pleased to be indignant at this ordination, and Origen was ordered to leave the city. He returned to Cæsarea and was welcomed by the bishop, St. Theoctistus, and resumed his work as teacher, adding to it ministerial work as a priest. His Homilies and Commentaries marked an era in the exposition of Sacred Scripture. The tradition of the Church, the teaching of the great school, and the needs of his own times were the characteristic marks of these discourses. His leading idea was to discover the mystical sense in the Sacred writings.

Grave theological controversies have arisen around his name, but Bishop Hedley had no mind to enter upon these high matters. The purpose of his articles was not dogmatical but biographical, and certainly we may say that they reveal to us on the one hand, the personal character of these great Fathers of the Church, and on the other the external circumstances by which that character was influenced and through which it exercised influence on others.

With regret his series of articles on the Fathers

was broken off. In making this decision he was probably influenced by the request of Dr. Ward, and the recognition of his own mind that he ought to direct his thoughts and his pen to treat of matters that were pressing at the hour. Discussions on Papal Infallibility were, of course, rampant, for it was the time of the Vatican Council, and he wrote an article on "The Case of St. Liberius." It was powerful and convincing, and, by the common verdict, pronounced unanswerable. Another question much exercising people's minds was Darwinism, or the theory of evolution. A reasoned and theological statement of the Catholic view was set forth by Canon Hedley in an article entitled "Evolution and Faith." Father Cuthbert Almond wrote of it:

"Though this article has never been reprinted, it is not, and never will be, a fossil. It made a strong enough, deep enough, and wide enough impression when it was published to have influenced, directly or indirectly, all subsequent English Catholic thought and teaching on Darwinism in its relation with Catholic dogma. As with all the Bishop's writings, the phrasing is lucid and clear-cut, without the use of an ill-defined word or any impressionist suggestiveness of thought; the philosophical portion of it is precise and exact in expression (as though it had been written in French); the abundant imagery and illustration serve simply to place the obscurer points under a powerful magnifying glass. Much of it is not original; it could not be so, treating as it does of Christian dogma and recent discoveries; but it is original in form and original also in the clearness and definition of its doctrine. It is possible to disagree with certain of its conclusions, but it is not possible to misinterpret them, or, granted

the premises, to question the logic which led to them. They are not the first word, and will not be the last word, on Evolution and Faith. But they are a wise word, and wisdom does not lose its freshness and savour as it grows older; however ancient, it can never be altogether out of date."

Other articles followed, with the result that the requirements of the present intellectual movements, and afterwards the responsibility of a Bishop's watchfulness over his flock, drew him away from his Patristic studies, to which he never could return with the thoroughness made possible for him during the years at Belmont. Nevertheless those studies remained with him in their fruit and were in good measure the power of his after life.

The Bishop's busy life continued, but at the request of those to whom he could not but listen with respect, he took upon himself new labours. Dr. Ward felt compelled to resign the editorship of *The Dublin Review*, and Bishop Hedley was urged to take the vacant position. The work was one after his own heart; he had won the ear of the Catholic public by the ability and knowledge and power of expression manifested in his contributions to the *Review*, he was young in years and full of energy, and he would wish to take his place in the forefront of the battle in the Church's interest. But he was now a Bishop and it was difficult to decide whether the editorship of a Catholic review would interfere with his obligations towards the diocese. After mature deliberation he consented to undertake the burden and

he retained it until he felt that the strain was more than he could rightly put upon his life with its episcopal responsibilities.

To be chosen editor of a standard review was a great compliment to his intellectual powers. The men who edited the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh Review* were men of fame and wide influence and grave responsibility. It is scarcely possible for a professedly Catholic review to have a circulation and an influence equal to the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*, but *The Dublin Review* was, and is, a great periodical and its editors have borne a great responsibility. The "historic" *Dublin* has had a long life; it is approaching its centenary (1936), and all through these years it has made a gallant and successful struggle against great odds. The idea of a Catholic quarterly was first conceived by Michael Quin, a learned Irishman from Tipperary, and he was the first editor. With him were joined The Liberator, O'Connell, and Cardinal Wiseman. The latter has been called the father of *The Dublin Review*. It was his pet child. Through all the first series he fostered it, brought fame to it by his learned contributions, and made it his aim to uphold its lofty ideals. After a time, when *The Review* was fairly launched, Mr. H. R. Bagshawe became permanent editor till 1863, when the second series began under the editorship of Dr. W. G. Ward. Anybody looking back upon this first series, with its variety of subjects, its profound learning, and its distinction of style, will recognize in it a publication of high standing.

Besides Wiseman, there were many noted contributors, and, as the Cardinal discovered, the *Review* had a wider influence than at first seemed likely. Not long before his death he wrote in *The Dublin* an article entitled "Our Responsibility." We find in it these words: "From the very first number of this *Review* every article has been written or revised under the sense of the most solemn responsibility to the Church and to the Lord . . . from first to last this *Review* has been guided by principles fixed and unalterable . . . however long may be its duration, and under whatever auspices, we are sure that the same deep, earnest and religious sense will pervade its pages and animate its conductors . . . their occupation is a sacred one."

These are dignified and serious words, and no one who undertook the editorship could help feeling that he took upon himself an onerous task. After the death of Wiseman, Dr. W. G. Ward became both proprietor and editor, with an able coadjutor, Cashel Hoey, as sub-editor. This began the second series; which may be called the "W. G. Ward" series, for it was dominated, in measure at least, by the personality of its editor. Father Newman had uttered a warning against *The Review* becoming narrow; perhaps the warning needed repeating. Ward's powerful intellect and his bent for metaphysical dialectics pervaded its pages. Critics, moreover, found it preponderatingly theological in matter, and overbearing in tone. The editor defended himself with spirit from these charges, and we

must remember that he was supported by a brilliant staff of contributors. Moreover, the industry of Dr. Ward, his great intellectual gifts, and his most generous loyalty must not be minimized. The late Bishop Casartelli of Salford put the question : " If you were condemned to pass your life on a solitary island, what books would you take for company if you were allowed a choice ? " ; and replied : " I am not at all sure that my choice would not be the volumes of *The Dublin Review*." It is enough to make us grateful to that periodical when we remember how the sixth article of the thirteenth quarterly issue, written by Cardinal Wiseman, on the Donatist heresy, was a powerful instrument in bringing Newman to recognize the untenableness of his position as an Anglican, and in leading him towards the Catholic Church. Dr. W. G. Ward, now in failing health, resigned the editorship in 1878, and Bishop Hedley succeeded to his office, but he did not become the proprietor of *The Review* as Ward had been. Bishop Herbert Vaughan of Salford took over this responsibility, and the editor was freed from what would have been a great personal anxiety. It seems to have been with the recommendation of Cardinal Manning, and with the approval of the bench of Bishops, together with the goodwill of most of the old staff, that the new editor entered on his work.

A letter or two which Bishop Vaughan put into Bishop Hedley's hands might suggest that the proprietor intended at first to keep the editor-

ship himself. Dr. Smith of Edinburgh writes to Dr. Vaughan, saying: "In the meantime, allow me to say how glad I am that Dr. Ward has found your lordship so willing and able to relieve him of the great responsibilities both as editor and proprietor." Again, it is Bishop Vaughan to whom the Marquis of Ripon makes this humble reply when asked to become a contributor: "I found your letter on the 20th of September awaiting me on my return from Scotland last night, and I have no small difficulty in replying to it, because while on the one hand I should always be anxious to comply with any request of yours, I am, on the other hand, so destitute in experience of writing, and write with so much difficulty, that I feel myself quite unfit to undertake the task of writing an article for *The Dublin Review*. I hope that you will not think that this is only an excuse for declining to write; it is a simple statement of fact; I write very slowly and have no power of composition; I have scarcely written ten pages of printed matter in my life; and I know that if I were to promise to provide an article, even on subjects such as those you mention and of which I know something, the engagement would weigh heavily upon me, and would be very poorly fulfilled. All, therefore, that I can say is, that if I feel at any time moved to write on any subject suitable to *The Dublin Review*, I will avail myself of your present invitation and will offer you my lucubration to be admitted only if you deem it not unworthy to find a place in such a periodical."

But these letters meant only that Dr. Vaughan was giving a helping hand to his editor, and with the latter's concurrence was appealing to one or two personal friends to join the list of writers. After he had handed over the literary management to Bishop Hedley, he refrained from interference.

Under the new editor began the third series of *The Dublin Review*. The announcement of it was printed in the last volume of the second series, and it is interesting to quote from this introductory page, which sufficiently outlines its aim: "The 'historic' *Dublin*, now in the forty-second year of its existence (1878), has been made over by Mr. W. G. Ward to His Lordship the Bishop of Salford. On January 1st the first of a new, or third, series will appear under the editorship of the Rt. Revd. Bishop Hedley. While faithfully adhering to the great Catholic principles, for the maintenance of which it came into existence, *The Dublin Review* will now undergo certain modifications calculated to render it more wholly popular. *The Review* in its third series will aim at maintaining its traditional high standard of theological and metaphysical science; in its historical, literary, and political articles it will endeavour to combine solidity with brilliancy of treatment; and each number will contain a summary of the contents of foreign Catholic contemporary periodicals. . . . Its motto, as that of all Catholic journals, must be Truth, Culture, and Conciliation."

The words of this introductory notice clearly

hint that in the second series *The Review* had tended to become unpopular. The reason is made plain, as we shall presently see, in some of the letters received by the new editor.

Moreover, there were rivals in the field—*The Rambler* and its successor *The Home and Foreign Review*. Both periodicals were brilliantly written, and their respective editors, Richard Simpson and Lord Acton, were noted men. They stood out in opposition to what some might term the dogmatism and stolidity of *The Dublin*, and though they were both meant to support the Catholic cause, their ways were divergent from those of the earlier periodical. They aimed at popularity and influence by publishing tentative and daring articles, and there was a want of restraint and a certain assertiveness in controversial matters which led these writers to outpace the safer if slower-footed guidance of the Church. Ecclesiastical authority intervened, and they ceased to be. Bishop Hedley in earlier days had been fond of *The Rambler* and greatly interested in its career ; he sympathized with its able but ill-advised editor, and was distressed at its disappearance. He never, however, seemed to feel the same sympathy towards Lord Acton, the most erudite historical writer in the English literary world, and though he never questioned the sincerity of his adhesion to the Church or the good intentions of *The Home and Foreign Review*, he never asked its editor to contribute to *The Dublin*. Among Bishop Hedley's papers is a letter from Lord Acton to Bishop Brown which the editor

of *The Dublin* would cherish as a full and courteous expression of loyalty to authority. The reference is evidently to *The Home and Foreign Review.*

"I sincerely trust that whenever you have leisure to look into its pages you will find reason to be satisfied with its tendency. Nobody can be more fully aware of its practical deficiencies than myself. If at any time your Lordship should be disposed to communicate your impressions and suggestions to me, I should deem it a real kindness, as well as an honour for which I should be most grateful. It is my most earnest wish to obtain the concurrence of those who are in authority over the Church in England, and the kindness of your letter gives me an opportunity of assuring you of the importance I attach to it, as a necessary condition of our being able to perform the good service we have in view in commencing the new periodical."

The editor of *The Dublin* would no doubt have wished to transfer the brilliancy and the wide interests and the popularity of these able periodicals to his own *Review*, but he would not depart one hair's breadth from the hallowed tradition which bound it to the loyal support of the Catholic Church and made it the safe guide for English-speaking Catholics. There is an allurement in adventure which cannot be bought without peril, and it was not for the Bishop to vie with rivals at such a price. Moreover, the tone of *The Rambler* and *The Home and Foreign Review* had already set the previous editor, Dr. Ward, fiercely against

them. Their freedom had emphasized his dogmatism, and the spirit of *agere contra* had been made acute. Newman's sympathy towards them had provoked an attack on him. Ward asserts that, of his own personal knowledge, Newman was always praising *The Home and Foreign Review*, that Simpson claimed him as on their side, and, says Ward, "I am sure he was right." As a matter of fact, though Newman declared that both they and *The Dublin* were indefensibly violent and inconsiderate, he emphatically concurred in the condemnation of the former publications. The differences on this matter between Ward and Newman found an echo in the resentful letter of Dr. Newman (1867), published in Wilfrid Ward's *Life*. It was written "In Memoriam" as a protest. Perhaps that is why at some later date Cardinal Newman sent to the new editor of *The Dublin* a rough draft of it which he had carefully preserved among his papers.

Nearly every Catholic man of letters was invited by Bishop Hedley to become a contributor, and, in addition to English writers, some notable foreign ecclesiastics and laymen, Lamy, Reichensperger, Gustave Masson, and others, promised to send articles. In most of the answers to the invitations there is a warm compliment to the new editor, and in some it was stated that the necessity of a change was overdue. Dr. Northcote, who sends the earliest reply, says: "I am delighted to hear that your Lordship is going to edit *The Dublin*, if this means (as I know from

experience it *must* mean) that we shall have the pleasure of reading there again articles of your own writing." Dr. Wenham writes: "I was rejoiced to hear that *The Dublin* was undertaken by your Lordship. It has for some years been the (unintentional) cause of offending and disuniting many and doing harm to the great cause the editor has at heart." Bishop Clifford replies: "I am very glad to hear that you have undertaken the work"; and Bishop Ullathorne follows in the same strain: "I am very glad to see that *The Dublin Review* has come into your hands. It is high time it became a Catholic instead of a party review. What an influence it had under its first management, when it interpreted the Tractarians to themselves, and let nothing of moment pass in the world of letters that struck at the Faith without an attractive reply! when, also, we had pleasant articles that suited the general reader, and secured it a place on the drawing-room table; and when we looked to its notices of books as a guide and a security against purchasing rubbish!" Bishop Moran, afterwards Cardinal, promises to contribute an occasional article, adding that, "for the past, I have often heard it stated that the articles were too heavy and that none but professed philosophers would be able to wade through them." Cardinal Cullen remarks in similar fashion that "Dr. Ward's philosophical discussions were sometimes so obscure that they prevented many persons from reading any article." He promises to do all he can to promote the circulation of *The Review*,

and to encourage the clergy to read it. Father Ryder and Dr. W. Barry gladly offer to write.

There is, for the most part, the same amiability and expressions of congratulation even in the letters of those who are unable, or decline, to allow their names to be included in the list of contributors. The Jesuit Provincial, Father Jones, cannot promise any help from his subjects—they have the *Month* to support—but he wishes *The Review* well. Two writers made difficulty about the scantiness of the payment to contributors. T. W. Allies writes : " It would give me pleasure to be able to contribute to the new series of *The Dublin* under your editorship." " It is a current opinion," he continues, " that Dr. Ward supplied out of his own pocket part of the payment for the contributors. I should regret if the change of management draws with it a reduction of payment for the contributors, because I think the actual payment, if it be, as I believe, 6s. 8d. a page, is too little. It is not a thing that has touched me, because for the last ten years I have not contributed to *The Dublin*. But I see around a lamentable disposition to feed Catholic brains upon bread and water. Now it is notorious that this does not suit brains. There is more than one man to be found in the Catholic body who, if it were pointed out to him how important a thing it is to have an able organ of Catholic interests among the quarterly reviews, and that such a result can only be obtained by fair payment, would follow what I am supposing to have been Mr. Ward's generous example, otherwise the

circulation is so limited that there is no prospect of its paying of and by itself."

Another writer, Frank Hugh O'Donnell, puts the matter more bluntly : " I am much honoured by the invitation to write in *The Dublin Review*, and would be happy to do so. To speak frankly, however, I fear I am not sufficiently wealthy to afford to contribute to Catholic periodicals. My engagements are onerous, my time is limited, and when I have the opportunity of working I must seek work which is fairly remunerative."

The new editor was greatly comforted and encouraged by the many promises of help, and most probably he felt no displeasure with the two who wanted exceptional or higher payment. They had only stated what unfortunately was true, and their demands were reasonable in their individual cases. Mr. Ward had in many cases supplemented the low rate of payment per page, and out of his own pocket had made good any deficit incurred in the conducting of *The Review*. His business principle in running it was a simple one—to do the best he could for the Catholic cause no matter what it cost him. The complaint of Allies and Hugh O'Donnell brings back the cry raised at the very start of the periodical, when Mr. Quin, whom Wiseman credits with the inception of *The Dublin*, wrote to O'Connell that he could no longer continue to be editor or to contribute his articles at the present rate of remuneration. He had already lost £300 and his publishers were in the same plight. A guarantee fund was then started as

Mr. Allies suggested that one should be started now. Catholic journalism evidently could not be run as a commercial speculation and did not profess, outside the office staff at least, to be an employer of labour in the strict meaning of the phrase. Its appeal was to cultured men and women who were believed to have the Catholic cause at heart, and in their leisure time, at least, could give efficient help to religion. They might not be able to make a living by it ; they would be giving much and receiving little ; but they would be doing good. The Catholic editor —and Bishop Hedley was no exception—always finds it difficult to command the best work, because he is never able to pay the best prices for it. He cannot compromise with his principles, but sometimes he must with his ideals and aims.

The third series of *The Dublin* opened under happy auspices. There was an article by the new editor, " Catholicism and Culture " ; one by Cardinal Manning, " Work and Wants of the Church of England " ; one by Bishop Vaughan, " The Evangelization of Africa." In a later series Cardinal Manning continued his contributions. Cardinal Moran wrote for it, and there were many other illustrious names among the list of writers. The outlook was encouraging. The first number was well, we might almost say enthusiastically, received by the public. The Bishop's article, " Catholicism and Culture," was instructive and attractive, gracefully written and bearing the deep impress of the author's

personality. " A grand article," was the verdict of the old staff of *The Dublin Review.*

A brief analysis of it will give us the spirit in which he entered upon his editorship : The writer appeals to Catholic authors of ability and culture to use their gifts in the cause of Catholicism in order to counteract the influence of non-Catholic and anti-Catholic writers. There is a flood of literature treating of science and philosophy, polished and powerful, as in Huxley and Spencer, but ignoring Christianity. It captures the ear of the public, not only because of its quantity, but also because of its excellence of expression. To meet this, " What is wanted is a series of books written in English, in which the great mysteries of Faith shall be set forth nobly and feelingly ; books between the scholastic treatise and the catechetical manual ; books in which the great formulas and words of the deposit of faith are never lost sight of, but in which the current aspirations and current difficulties are made use of, as the limestone is poured into the iron furnace, to make the truth flow more purely, and the rich stream come out more fully and freely. We have more than enough of catechisms, of manuals, of controversies, and of didactic sermons. What should be revived is the art that seems almost lost since the days of the great Frenchmen of the seventeenth century—the art of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Thomassin, of writing stately and vibrating prose on the mysteries of the Christian religion. . . . If theology cannot be talked and written about in phrase similar to

that which is used by the fairly serious and earnest portion of the non-believing majority, theology will remain a secret craft, and those who know theology will be a class apart. There is no more pressing occupation, therefore, for a cultured Catholic mind than to compare the forms and phrases of actual thought with the formularies of Divine truth."

The Bishop complains that English Catholic literature is remarkably deficient in attractive books on the great revealed doctrines. "Doubtless," he says, "Father Faber, in the well-known series in which he has poured out the learning of a theologian in the prose of a poet, has come nearest to giving this generation Catholic theology which could compete with popular literature. Father Faber's exposition has wrought a great effect. It has filled the hearts of a generation with a detailed appreciative knowledge of their Faith; to him, in great measure, we owe a piety rooted in dogma, a piety which is most useful against worldliness on the one hand and Jansenistic strictness on the other." But the Bishop does not think that Father Faber's books advance Catholic culture as fully as our needs require. We need books to aim directly at Catholic culture. The spirituality which Father Faber's books directly inculcate is more important than culture, but the very fact that they are primarily "spiritual" "tends to dilute the masterly exposition in which they abound." Further, he says that the powerful imaginativeness of Faber's genius and his exuberant fancy, in its very brilliancy and beauty

unrestrained, create a literary falsehood, so that in fact his very gifts prevent him from being a successful teacher. Again, he has a mannerism that is a " repetition of traits and strokes too trivial and slight to be able to bear repetition." " At the same time," he says, " let us not forget, nor for a moment depreciate, Father Faber's splendid services in the exposition and analysis of Catholic dogma."

This is high praise of Faber, with a just and discriminating criticism, and it needed courage to express it, for this outspoken eulogy of Faber ran counter to a common opinion amongst leading Catholics and, in particular, helped to make the relations between Bishop Brown and his Auxiliary somewhat less cordial. If Bishop Brown had one very pronounced prejudice and aversion, it was against Father Faber's works. Nor was he alone in his dislike. Many good and holy priests of the school of Bishops Challoner and Hay could not read them with pleasure, and turned from them as unhealthy and unprofitable. Bishop Ullathorne did not approve of them. In an answer to a letter written by Bishop Brown, voicing his own dislike and inviting Ullathorne's opinion, the latter writes (Aug. 15, 1855) :

" As to Faber's books, I got several things altered in the *All for Jesus* after the first edition and even after the second. But I did not make a regular criticism of the entire work. On *Growth in Holiness* I wrote to congratulate him on having so rectified the principles of the former work as to have established the doctrine of the fear of God. And I quoted a saying of one of

my priests—that in *All for Jesus* the bass notes were wanting, which I am glad to see rectified in the *Growth in Holiness*. I had in view mainly to influence him on the most salient points. But respecting the work on the *Blessed Sacrament* I have never written a word, because I was so much struck with the radical faults, that of bringing out so many theological theories and conjectures and treating them like dogmas, and pushing them to extreme conclusions. This is so woven with the texture of the book that it would be both delicate and impracticable to suggest corrections. I have thus kept silence. I think it very serious and shall be glad to see anything done that will bring a remedy. Father Faber has another book in hand. And it would be most desirable that he should be induced to submit his works to a censorship before publication; for the want of a thorough theological course and of theological caution is apparent throughout his writings."

It is interesting to recall the austere (shall we call it Jansenistic) criticism of Father Faber by the older school and set beside it the more modern and popular, and surely juster, estimate of his works given by Bishop Hedley. Throughout this article the Bishop's appeal is for Catholic thought and Catholic culture to meet a new thought and culture which has sprung up around us. He believed that this new thought and culture would grow to the detriment of Catholicism unless the latter claimed and secured for itself a footing in the literary world.

Dr. W. G. Ward, when he was in part restored to health, very handsomely gave all the help and support he could to his successor. He became a frequent correspondent and always

wrote words of encouragement and goodwill; sometimes proffering advice, sometimes asking it; taking up subjects at the editor's suggestion; discussing, health of mind and body permitting, what he has done or what he is doing; and submitting all—work and ideas of work—to the editor's judgement. In every way he could, indirectly even with his purse, he was anxious to be obliging and helpful to the Bishop in his task. On philosophical subjects he knew that the Bishop was not always in agreement with his views, and Ward tells his Lordship on one occasion that he holds himself bound by "quite a special duty" to do what he can towards bringing his article into clear contact with the Bishop's views; if, however, perfect agreement be not possible, "I shall have no kind of objection," he says, "to your liberating your own soul by a vigorous editorial protest on the subject. In fact, on no point shall I ever object at all to any personal *caveat* you may think right to put in, as regards any of my articles."

The spirit thus expressed by Dr. Ward was gratifying to Bishop Hedley, and it was only just, for the editor was ultimately responsible. It was the new editor's wish to have an official censor for *The Review*. When he assumed the editorship, he asked Bishop Vaughan, the proprietor, to arrange for the appointment of one. He seems to have suggested a Jesuit theologian, for there is a letter from Bishop Vaughan (Oct. 14, 1878), saying that Father Jones, the Provincial, had refused him a censor. How far any

independent censorship was exercised in the case of *The Dublin* we do not know, but no doubt Bishop Hedley took Ward at his word, and restrained the ebullient vigour of that powerful controversialist. Dr. Ward had a polemical mind and delighted in combat with an adversary he deemed worthy of his steel. Coming back into the old arena he began, or wished to begin, to take up old quarrels with his old antagonists. Almost at once he accepted a challenge from Professor Bain. Eagerly and confidently writing of it to Bishop Hedley he said: "I am very desirous that God may continue my intellectual vigour—that I may do justice to myself, in the opening now offered to me. If He does, I shall smash old Bain to smithereens." This controversy was well enough, but it was happily transferred from the pages of *The Dublin* to those of *Mind*. Again it was difficult to restrain him from throwing down the glove once again to Newman in his retirement. In a second letter in connection with a proposed article, he wrote to the new editor: "My humble judgement leads me very strongly to follow J. H. Newman and Kleutgen in placing first among the (word unintelligible) for Theistic principles a man's innate sense of *right or wrong;* what Newman seems to call 'conscience.'" A letter that follows begins: "*Ecce iterum Crispinus*. This time I write a line to supplement my paper about J.H.N. I have been reading the *Apologia*, and have come upon this in regard to 'conscience.' You may remember my allegation was that he uses the

word 'conscience' in a sense different from the Catholic *conscientia;* and then applies to the word in *his* sense what theologians say of it in *theirs*. I alleged that he used the word 'conscience' to signify man's natural powers of discerning right and wrong; something not altogether unlike what Catholics call 'synteresis' or 'synderesis.' In the *Apologia* (p. 148) he says he was long kept back from the R.C. Church because 'she,' as he then thought, 'suffers honours to be paid to the Blessed Virgin, which *in my conscience* I thought to be incompatible,' etc. What does he mean by conscience? He speaks expressly on p. 151, of 'that conscience of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, of what is decorous, consistent, and noble, which our Creator has made *part of our original nature*'?" This proposed article in which Newman was again to be made the subject of comment and criticism did not appear. The ex-editor and the present editor agreed admirably on many topics, but there was a wide disagreement in their appreciation of Newman. Instead of Ward's attack there appeared an article by the Bishop himself, written on the occasion of the conferring of the Cardinalate on Newman by Pope Leo XIII. His analysis, in an abbreviated form, of the genius of the Cardinal, is as follows:

There can be no question, he says, that the root and substance of Newman's influence over his contemporaries is his singular gift of speech; in him it is nothing less than the embodiment of genius. It is a thing of growth. Whatever was excellent and

worthy in his style grew more excellent as he wrote more, while the defects seemed to wane and disappear. His style seemed to be no 'style.' There is nothing to seize upon in its character, no brilliant excess, or splendid fault, or grand eccentricity. Like Demosthenes or Bossuet or George Eliot he wears his style like a robe measured to his height and movement as by the ministry of some deity. As Newman's mental analysis grew every year more rapid and finished, so the form of expression grew more absolute and pure in outline. It is easy to read, as nature is easy, and as the eye easily follows the outlines and the colours of hill and plain, trees and water on a bright morning in summer. It is exhilarating, because there is always exhilaration in the series of slight mental shocks caused by fertile analysis, unexpected comparison, happily found relation, exactly fitting epithet. Genius is in nothing shown so distinctly as in the power of a mind to leap across great chasms and join together in some common synthesis ideas which ordinary minds have never compared. It is this combination of far-seeing insight and wide reading which makes the historical views of Cardinal Newman so new, so interesting, and so inspiring. There is no branch of speech which calls for originality of view so loudly as history. There are historians who are original at the expense of truth, but the real historic temper is that of him who directs the mental view of the reader to points and combinations and symmetrical arrangements in the completed and monumental facts which he would not have discovered for himself. Such is Newman in history. But he is almost equally as great in his analysis of questions half literary and half metaphysical, such as he treats in the 'University' series, and in that mingling of wide view, sententious thought, and tender grace with which all the world is familiar in his sermons. It is certain that it counts for the chief among the forces which make him what he has been and what he is.

The Bishop in this analysis makes clear to us how great a gift speech is, when it rises to the height of genius. He further illustrates it when he points out, speaking of Anglicanism, that the country might long have endured the interminable Patristic learning of Pusey and enjoyed Keble's fanciful Anglicanism, but when a voice clear and sonorous, when 'Speech' in word, in letter, in pamphlet, was heard from the lips and pen of Newman—then Anglicanism became a living movement. Newman in those days had for his audience the *élite* of England ; he put the mighty weapon of his speech to the proof and whilst he himself looked only to the victory of Truth, he drew after him by the magic of his word the best minds and hearts of his generation.

The article goes on to show how Newman robed numberless subjects of Catholic doctrine in the power and beauty of his gift of speech. This was something new, for too often in sermons and writings the exposition of Catholic Truth had been cramped by Latinized expressions or foreign idioms. There had been exceptions, Challoner, Milner, the two Butlers, particularly Lingard, and later Wiseman. Now one had taken the lead, powerful above them all, more excellent than all in an age when literary excellence had become, in style and technical perfection, a possession common to many. Bishop Hedley regrets that though Newman had done so much in this way, yet comparatively it was so little. "We long," he says, "for some elaborated treatises," since "the presentment of God's Holy

Truth, calmly, strongly and beautifully laid before the heart, without the hurry of periodical writing, or the heat of controversy, is one of the most effective means of strengthening the faith." But it could not be helped. The great Newman " has had, over and over again, to leave off building the walls of Sion, in order to sally out against some Sanballat and his marauders. Therefore for what we have we are thankful."

Thus with great love and loyalty did the writer speak of his hero. Yet a line or two prepares us for a certain disagreement. He confesses that there are those who have not always quite agreed with a phrase or a paragraph ; they have been aware, as by some subtle instinct, that the great Oratorian has feelings as quick as his intellect is deep, and they have felt that occasionally nerves and antipathies have become articulate and judgement has been overlooked ; but he claims that this is valuable, because it proves that he truly is, to the very bottom, what he utters.

This disagreement went deeper than this paragraph suggests. The influence of Cardinal Newman's writings on Bishop Hedley was marked, but it would be a mistake to read into it a sympathetic agreement in fundamental philosophical outlook. In an appreciation of Bishop Hedley, written after his death, Wilfrid Ward, in *The Dublin Review* for January, 1916, remarks : " The especial interest attaching to his work arises largely from his antecedents. He was intellectually a remarkable blend. Trained in the conservative Benedictine school, a born

Catholic, he had the regular scholastic education. Yet, as we read his writings, nothing is more evident than the influence on his mind and on his style, of Cardinal Newman. He adopted and developed many of Newman's characteristic trains of reasoning and he assimilated them to older methods of thought and expression. Moreover, I trace largely to the influence of Newman the great openness of mind which is rare in the case of one whose education has been on the entirely technical lines of scholastic philosophy and theology. There are pages in his sermons showing a keen sensitiveness to modern ways of thought, and an understanding sympathy with the agnostic bent of mind (p. 3). . . . He takes the old problem of reason and authority. His general position is that reason is very valuable and effective in recognizing the channels of higher knowledge, but cannot compass that knowledge for itself. The attitude of meditation is effective for this purpose. It opens the mind to descry light from above. The attitude of mere discussion is ineffective. It concentrates on the argumentative processes and does not attend to indications of a higher knowledge beyond its full comprehension. Hence the philosopher who poses as an expert in the science of knowledge may be less successful than the plain man, because his efforts, however skilful, are in a wrong direction. . . . The true road to all religious knowledge . . . is that of teaching. Where a higher truth is taught, the human spirit responds to it by a kind of instinct, and

evidence for its truth is found largely in the response of the human mind and in the effect of what is taught in developing and enlarging it.

Again, Dr. Hedley insists with graphic force on the fact that revelation makes deep and clear and definite the lines which human reason may trace indeed faintly but may be unequal to tracing firmly. The earlier thought I have noted was that of Aquinas, this last thought was a favourite one with Cardinal Newman" (pp. 5, 7, and 8).

These passages certainly show the influence of Cardinal Newman on Bishop Hedley's treatment of philosophical thought, but the Bishop remained "scholastic" in his intellectual standpoint. In this same sermon, from which Mr. Ward quotes, we read: "Therefore, let us thank God that mankind is taught. It is easy to verify the credentials of a teacher. Expecting a teacher, as our reason obliges us to do, we have not to search the horizon long, before we can recognize him coming towards the souls to whom he is sent. God has spoken, and chiefly by Our Lord Jesus Christ. That Divine Teacher summed up all that had been taught before. But He did more than that; He left His Spirit in the world . . . therefore is the testimony of the Spirit always with us in the teaching of chosen men." In this same volume, *The Christian Inheritance*, p. 47, the Bishop tells us "Reason can lead us upwards out of the flats and the mists of terrestrial experience, and set us on a mountain-top, from which we can at least catch glimpses of a boundless ocean rolling, an ocean which dark

clouds and distance may almost veil from our most persistent efforts, but which we are very sure is there beyond us, clear and visible to powers stronger than our own" ; and again, p. 55, "There is proof, not from faith only or revelation, but from reason using the means of natural observation, that the Absolute and Infinite exists. . . . There is a science of God, and it is the greatest of all sciences."

Moreover, in the article on Cardinal Newman in *The Dublin*, the Bishop makes scarcely any reference to the philosophical side of Newman's writings. It was only after the Cardinal's death, when criticism could no longer hurt him, that we find the Bishop commenting adversely on the subject of Newman's underlying thought and the matter of his theories. In a review of Dr. W. Barry's *Life of Newman* in *The Ampleforth Journal* of July, 1904, he writes :

"I have never been able to accept Newman's main thesis in the Grammar of Assent. This I take to be that the real reasoning process by which men arrive at all their important convictions is not purely intellectual, but made up of imagination, association, probability, memory, instinct, feeling, popular persuasion and every kind of impression that the complexity of man's being is susceptible of. Doubtless, many minds do depend for their conviction on very mixed motives. But I should have thought it evident that no really intelligent mind would ever allow the validity of conviction until it had reviewed, by the great controlling faculty of reason, the multitudinous impressions with which it had to deal. The only power by which the mind can really 'infer,' is the

purely intellectual faculty. Feeling, associations, and personal character may incline a man to an inference; but until the intellectual faculty has reviewed, summed up and pronounced, there can be surely no inference. To say that there is an 'illative' sense, other than the intellect proper, is only to say that Truth is subjective, which is intolerable. 'Feeling and imagination are seen to be modes of knowledge.' This is how Dr. Barry describes Newman's view. If that is so, then knowledge is a mere dissolving view. 'Action can demonstrate better than many syllogisms.' This seems to be merely playing with words. The part which the imagination, a faculty that registers and modifies sensible impressions, plays in the intellectual processes of the mind, is obscure, and must always be difficult to formulate in words. It may suggest possibilities, indicate misty heights or dark abysses, stimulate the mind to travel and explore. But, of itself, it can surely never get beyond conjecture or guess. If 'inference' means no more than this, it may 'infer'; but if inference means intellectual judgement or the convictions of a man using the sum total of his faculties, imagination, like sense, is a mere handmaid."

In the same article, Bishop Hedley has certain comments on Newman's *Development of Doctrine*, in which, while recognizing the usefulness of the book and the author's entire orthodoxy, and his carefulness in recognizing the need of an infallible *developing authority*, he protests against the exaggerated estimate of its value and points out that some uninstructed minds may draw from it false conclusions. He warns us that we are obliged to be careful and cautious on this subject. Development and evolution have been and still are too widely acclaimed as the key that

unlocks all knowledge. *The Athenæum*, in a review of Dr. Barry's work, pronounces that Newman's achievement, by its insistence on the need of development and the relativity even of the Creeds, carried in its bosom the method of the whole study of religious phenomena in the future, and the principle of characteristically modern religious thought, whether it be that of Catholic or Protestant, High Church or Liberal, of Loisy or Rashdall, or of Hort. This, of course, is not true, but it is the conclusion of the uninstructed. Again the Bishop warns us that Newman's theory of development was no novelty in the Church—novel perhaps to "wooden English Protestantism, to which the essay was addressed, it was perfectly familiar in the Schools." A great treatise, the Bishop admits, but although valuable and useful in the highest degree, it has not materially or substantially altered the methods of the Catholic schools. Modern textbooks, it is true, may have more scientifically analysed this idea of development, but they have done so without direct reference to Newman. The really theological part of the 'Development' is not of much importance. Dr. Barry considers that Newman's way of meeting the critical or historical demand of the age is becoming more widely accepted wherever the Catholic doctrine has come into close quarters with Bible studies, problems of science, etc., that on all these great and difficult subjects, the 'Development' will be consulted for its hints and seeds of thought during many years to

come and has an importance for the future, surpassing all its reviews of primitive Christianity. "This," replied the Bishop, "to me seems exaggerated. The process of development, like the changes of the Cosmos, is too slow to affect any generation very strongly."

In these criticisms we have sober judgement more worth listening to than the unrestrained utterances of an unbalanced admiration. Yet these quotations are from a brief review, not from a direct or lengthy study of these two works.

Bishop Hedley ceased to be editor of *The Dublin* at the close of 1884. Bishop Herbert Vaughan became the nominal editor ; but, to a great extent, Father Driffield, who had been an excellent sub-editor under Bishop Hedley, and whose name deserves to be recorded with due honour side by side with those of Bagshawe and Cashel Hoey, became the acting editor during the remaining years of the third series. Later on he became Bishop Hedley's secretary, lived with him at Llanishen, and made constant use of the wide experience and sympathetic help of the late editor in the arduous work that he had undertaken. When any question of public interest affecting the Church called for an authoritative pronouncement of Catholic teaching, recourse was had to the late editor, and in this context an unpleasant incident arose through the Bishop's connection with *The Dublin*—his controversy with Professor Mivart.

It was the more painful because Mivart was a personal friend of his, and one of those Catholics

who, he had hoped, would have used his Catholic culture and high scientific attainment and reputation to influence the public in their appreciation of Catholic doctrine. Mivart had published in *The Nineteenth Century* advanced scientific views out of harmony with Catholic teaching and spirit, and it was urged upon the Bishop, by those whom he felt bound to respect, that the representative Catholic Review should take the writer to task. As the ex-editor the Bishop was requested to do this, and an article appeared—" Dr. Mivart on Faith and Science "—which was accepted as a valuable, interesting, conclusive and considerate exposition of the right Catholic attitude towards Science. It was amiable in its personal references to Dr. Mivart, and conciliatory where possible. Mivart, in his answer, expresses his satisfaction and gratitude for certain things the Bishop points out ; especially was it a satisfaction to him to find how far his own views and principles had the advantage of being in harmony with the views of the Bishop. He ignores the fact that the Bishop characterizes some of his views and principles as theologically wrong, erroneous and mischievous, censurable, if the right authority chooses to take notice of them. Mivart declares that he will make only an explanatory statement and be as little controversial as possible. " Controversy between a Catholic layman and a Bishop," he writes, " is unseemly and necessarily unsatisfactory. It is a contest in which one of the combatants is bound to fight with the gloves on. In the present instance, however, I must

avow my grateful sense of the kindness of my censor, who far from taking advantage of his distinguished position to strike the harder, has shown me consideration and courtesy." But the Bishop was in no way inviting controversy. As he said, he was pointing out some mistakes, and whilst he was a censor, warning the professor and his readers, he remained personally courteous to Mivart and freed him from the suspicion of any disloyal intent.

What the Bishop desired and expected from Dr. Mivart was that he should submit and retract anything that was unorthodox, or else give such explanation as would show that censure was undeserved. But Mivart made no retractation. Though he answered respectfully, he practically reasserted his views, more gently perhaps in tone and modified in phrase. Bishop Hedley was distressed at the effect of his interference, and still more pained, when somewhat later, a private correspondence had no better result. The position of Dr. Mivart and the very theme he discussed in *The Nineteenth Century* made it difficult for him to submit, and the necessarily authoritative utterance of his censor did not smooth the path. When the Bishop spoke afterwards of this incident he expressed his deep regret, but could not blame himself for it. He had tried to be helpful, and had failed. It was not on his own initiative that he had undertaken the task, nor was it of his own choice that he had attempted to set the Professor right by means of a *Dublin Review* article. He had small

faith in public controversy, and this was the first and the only time that he took part in one. He shrank from public and personal discussions. Writing about "Religious Controversy," he held up to his readers the methods of St. Francis of Sales, quoting these words of the Saint: "Our Lord taught the truth kindly and gently, I cannot be wrong in imitating Him. I have never used a stinging retort, or used a harsh expression, without being sorry for it afterwards. Men are won by love better than by severity. We should always be kind, nay, extraordinarily kind. The true policy is to spare their pride and avoid humiliating them. The very worst thing an apostolic man can do is to arouse in his hearers the spirit of combat and antagonism." With the best will in the world and with his eyes open to the evil of it, the Bishop had aroused in Professor Mivart the spirit of combat and antagonism. The final result everyone knows. The Bishop was grieved at it, but he was not to blame. He had been assured that to write the article was a public necessity. It would have been a misfortune for Catholic Truth if the Professor's dogmatic assertions had been passed over without criticism and his attitude to authority unrebuked.

Some years later, in the October issue, 1898, the Bishop wrote the article on the Rev. Dr. Zahm's book on *Evolution and Dogma*. It is entitled "Physical Science and Faith"; his praise of Zahm is tempered by criticism and a desire for more explicit expression on certain points. The Bishop contends that, whatever be

the assertions and generalizations of unbelieving philosophers, there is nothing in the theory of evolution, or proved by fact, that is really antagonistic to Catholic Faith in a personal Creator and His Providence, and that the theory leaves it open to theists to insist, as they must, that a creative interference of a special sort has intervened at least in the instance of the rational soul, and also, as seems most probable, when animal life first appeared and when the body of the first man was formed. Then he examines the current evolutionary views and finds that, on scientific grounds alone, not mechanical adjustment and accidental environment, but some inherent impulse is required to account for evolution. If we consider the ever-recurring discussion of the question it will be seen that the movement of scientific thought in the last thirty years has done nothing to impair Bishop Hedley's statement of the theological teaching of the Church.

In the July issue of the year 1888, the Bishop contributes an article entitled "Can the Scriptures Err?" Certain views on Biblical inspiration were "threatening to take root in the present generation of English-speaking Catholics," and the Bishop set himself to give the Catholic view on Inspiration. In particular he singles out for comment Dr. Mivart's article in *The Nineteenth Century* on "The Catholic Church and Biblical Criticism." The Bishop traverses the whole problem in a masterly way and shows a remarkable anticipation of the principles laid down by Pope Leo XIII in the Encyclical *Providentissimus*

Deus, issued some five years later. One or two extracts will convey his teaching.

"The grand rule of all Biblical interpretation in matters that belong to science and to concrete fact generally, is that the writers of the Bible describe *phenomena*, and do not attempt to theorize or define. As St. Thomas briefly says (S.T., I. q. 70, art. 1, ad 3), they 'go by what appears outwardly.' This rule explains almost every contradiction that can be alleged. No one is so foolish as to say that when a man speaks of the *rising* or the *setting* of the sun, he must be held to assert that the sun moves. The whole physical system of the Bible is merely the statement or transcription of phenomena" (p. 161). And again, "Spiritual edification is the primary purpose of Holy Scripture. This does not mean that the literal historic meaning falls outside of inspiration, but it means that this literal meaning is, in Holy Scripture, as in any history, left in great measure to be found out by ordinary methods of interpretation, in such sort that it may be hard to find out, that it may be at times wrongly understood, and that there may be disagreement and obscurity to the end" (p. 159).

Finally, "the unanimous voice of Catholic tradition and the unanimous interpretation of the Fathers are rules that are binding only in matters of faith and morality. . . . Cardinal Bellarmine's words are very striking (Hist. Conc. Trid. VI. 15, No. 3): 'Although in questions of faith and morals it is wrong to reject the interpretation which the universal body of the

Fathers have adopted, yet there is still a very wide field indeed for the exercise of the mind in Biblical commentary, for there is no reason why the opinions of the Fathers should be followed in matters which do not affect faith and morals, such as history, natural history, and other things of a similar nature.' At the Council of the Vatican an attempt was made to have the restrictive words omitted. It seemed to some of the Bishops that they allowed too much liberty. But the answer of the eminent theologian in charge of the Constitution was that, in the case of historical interpretations, they were either against the dogma of the complete inspiration of Holy Scripture, or they were not ; if the first, they came under the Church's power and ban ; if the second, they were a matter of free discussion" (pp. 162–163).

After the issue of the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus*, the Bishop gave a more popular presentation of the above principles in the *Franciscan Annals*. This was the occasion of an interesting letter from Friedrich von Hügel to his "good friend of a quarter of a century's standing" (May 27, 1894) : "I take, my Lord, a passage in your article in the *Franciscan Annals*, if not to aim specially at me, at least to be intended to include me. You say, 'Even among loyal and pious Catholics there has not been wanting a kind of uncertainty as to how far the inspiration of Holy Scripture extended . . . some Catholic writers had contrived to say, or suggest, that Inspiration was confined to matters

of Faith and Morals, and the larger and broader historical issues which embodied God's dispensations, but that, in unimportant facts, which had no bearing on the Divine purpose, mistakes were possible.'

"Now this, my Lord, I take to be a very accurate account of the *obiter dicta* theory as held, *e.g.* by Cardinal Newman, and quite recently by Mgr. d'Hulst and others, but I deny that I ever held it myself. If you will again look at my letter to Father Ryder (Vol. 2 of W. G. Ward's *Life*), you will see, I think, that I would have no exemption of any part or subject-matter of the Bible from Inspiration and its effects, and again that everything in the Bible, *qua part and parcel of it, and as part of at least the economy of its local and temporal adaptation*, infallibly effected the Divine purpose. I should have added very emphatically what I know I held then, what I now hold to be of strict obligation—that we may not talk of the Bible, as such, containing error. . . ." The letter proceeds to give his reasons for thinking that the Encyclical does not demand more than this, and he considers that the Pope's use of the phrase, *communis sermo*, explains and limits the meaning of Inerrancy, and that Catholics are under an obligation "to ward off from Scripture even such relativities as, taken out of their place and time and from their accommodating function in the Bible and changed from simple opinions into formal convictions and systems, would rightly be called error." He concludes: "Taking all in all then, and knowing besides full well that

there are not a few Bishops and several Archbishops and Cardinals with special knowledge of the subject who fully share my view, I feel—in this very difficult matter where I am more and more assured it is abundantly easy to go too far to the right as well as to the left—that I am doing and holding as much as, so far at least, loyalty demands and prudence permits." It would have been interesting to read Bishop Hedley's reply to the apologia of his learned friend, who was ever a devout son of the Church, but unfortunately the letter is not forthcoming. Baron Friedrich's later theological tendencies did not always meet with the approval of the Bishop, but the personal relations between the Bishop and the members of the von Hügel family were scarcely less close than those with the Vaughans of Courtfield.*

The last article that the Bishop wrote for *The Dublin* is in the July issue of 1911, and the subject is "Bishop Hay," the Vicar-Apostolic of the lowlands of Scotland from 1769 to 1811. The hundredth anniversary of his death was to be commemorated at Fort Augustus in the coming October, and the Bishop takes the opportunity of reminding "English-speaking Catholics of the work and character of one of the greatest pastors and staunchest confessors of Scotland or of all Britain, in the eighteenth century." He sketches the history of Scotland, its bearing on Catholic life in the eighteenth century. "At that time (1758), the number of Catholics

* In a letter written not long before his death (1928) Baron Anatole said that he was looking forward to 'the beloved Bishop's life' and regretted that he could not search for letters that might be of help.

amounted to not more than 18,000, two-thirds of whom were in the Highlands. There were sixteen secular priests in the country, thirteen fathers of the Society of Jesus, and one Benedictine, a member of the Scottish Benedictine Abbey of Ratisbon."

Bishop Hay was a native of Edinburgh, born of parents who were non-jurors. At the age of nineteen he became a Catholic, and on the advice of Bishop Challoner he went to the Scots College at Rome. "It was the time of Benedict XIV, perhaps the most learned of all the Popes. But neither theology, nor scholastic philosophy, was very strong in Italy during the eighteenth century, and the only name of note with which Bishop Hay can be connected is that of Boscovich. But Boscovich, though a genius, was rather a physical student than a leader in metaphysics or divinity. . . . Bishop Hay himself may have been somewhat impatient of the subtleties of mental science. It is probable that he never studied the scholastic or Thomist philosophy. We find him, in after life, accepting the philosophy of the mind and of common sense of Doctors Reid and Beattie. On their principles "he proceeds to explain what the Catholic Church teaches in Transubstantiation. His explanation proves that he does not understand the Thomist doctrine of Matter and Form." In spite of this somewhat casual training, he wrote admirable books, "and has left innumerable pastorals, discussions, and instructions . . . which indicated the mind of a well-read student."

He held the view that too much trouble was taken at seminaries with speculative theology and too little with spiritual training. Certainly Bishop Hay was a spiritual man ; the virtue that distinguishes him is his fervent attachment to the holy will of God. In the appalling difficulties which he had to face his favourite aspiration was *Sicut fuerit voluntas in coelo sic fiat*, which comes as a refrain at the end of many a painful story of failure.

A picture is given of the journeyings on foot of the good Bishop through his Vicariate—a district covering 600 miles as he walked it. He never relaxed his labours, and both clergy and laity found that the Vicariate had in him a man of business who was as trustworthy as he was self-sacrificing—but he was rather a St. Charles Borromeo than a St. Francis of Sales. He had a wide outlook on the Church and the world, and his correspondence with the Holy See is a precious source of Catholic history. His efforts on behalf of his fellow Scottish Catholics were rewarded at last, by the Scottish Relief Act of A.D. 1793.

" It is as a missionary, a pastor, an apostle, and a lover of souls that George Hay is best known to the present generation . . . and it is in this character that he did his most distinguished work. . . . His sermons were marked by two characteristics, lucid arrangement and a marvellous knowledge of Holy Scripture . . . and he preached with considerable warmth and use of gesture. . . . The well-known books that he left to the world . . . are his sufficient monument. His greatest work, *The Scripture Doctrine of Miracles* . . . (a) most able and learned treatise,

should be better known than it is. . . . The great power of the book lies not so much in its philosophical argument on behalf of miracles as in its vindication of the place and office of a miracle in the system of revealed religion . . . the book reads like an *apologia* of the Kingdom of God. . . . *The Sincere Christian*, the *Devout Christian* and the *Pious Christian* are the works by which the Bishop is best known . . . the first well merits the description that Bishop Ullathorne used to apply to it—that it was a 'layman's course of theology.' . . . The *Devout Christian* . . . sets forth the whole duty of a Catholic. It is characterised by the same attractive lucidity and the same fulness of Scriptural illustrations. . . . The *Pious Christian* . . . a manual of prayers and exercises . . . is a very admirable book . . . the Bishop's prayers are long, but they are really very simple and beautiful."

The last five years of Bishop Hay's life were spent at Aquhorties, near Inverness, where a Catholic school had been opened. Here he not only ruled but "he heard the boys their catechism; he has left long and laborious extracts, made from classical authors, for the use of his scholars, and he held classes in the philosophy of Dr. Reid." The end came as the result of a stroke of paralysis on St. Teresa's day, 1811, in the eighty-third year of his age.

"When we look back on that life of work, of struggle, of little hope and difficult achievement, it is impossible not to be touched by the spectacle of a man who has never relaxed his prayer and asceticism, never wavered in his Catholic principles, and never ceased to labour, adoring the will of God, and leaving the results to the providence of Him whom he served."

Thus touchingly does Bishop Hedley describe the main incidents of the Scottish Bishop's life. In a number of points his own experience was paralleled in that of Bishop Hay, and the last lines he wrote, in this his last article in *The Dublin*, contain perhaps his reflections on his own episcopal career.

A complete list of the Bishop's contributions to *The Dublin* cannot be given as many of them are not signed, but the following are certainly from his pen.

1864–1869

1864. Christian Schools of Alexandria.
1865. Origen I.
1866. Origen II. Origen at Cæsarea.
1867. St. Cyril and the Tumults of Alexandria.
1868. St. Cyprian.
1868. The Case of St. Liberius.
1869. St. John Damascene.

1870–1879

1870. Fra Paolo Sarpi.
1871. Lacordaire.
1871. St. Thomas of Aquin. I.
1871. Evolution and Faith.
1873. St. Thomas of Aquin. II.
1876. Sancta Sophia.
1879. Catholicism and Culture.
1879. Catholicism and W. H. Mallock.
1879. Cardinal Newman.

1880–1911

1880. Textbooks of Philosophy.
1881. Everlasting Punishment.
1882. The Canonizations of the 8th of December.
1883. "Beginnings."
1884. Pope Leo and the Freemasons.

1884. The Holy See and the Clergy of Ireland.
1885. Mr. Henry George and the Land.
1886. Catholic Union and Catholic Parties.
1886. The Letters of the Popes.
1887. Dr. Mivart on Faith and Science.
1888. Dr. Mivart's Letter and the Bishop's Reply.
1888. Can the Scriptures Err?
1898. Physical Science and Faith.
1903. The Pontifical Jubilee of Leo XIII.
1911. Bishop Hay.

We are told that a year or two before his death, at the persistent request of many old admirers and friends, he made active preparation for the issue of a first volume of his collected essays, contributed to *The Dublin Review*, or read as lectures on important public occasions. We find some of them freshly typewritten: *Catholicism and Culture; Origen* (2); *Evolution and Faith; Sancta Sophia; St. Thomas of Aquin;* and *Lacordaire;* next to these a typewritten article on *Religious Instruction in our Schools;* a typed paper written for the Catholic Congress in Australia on *The Incarnation;* and a typed article called *Thoughts on Controversy*.

Chapter VII

CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION

BISHOP HEDLEY had not had the advantage of membership of one of our universities, but his mind was in the tradition of those homes of learning, and his bent inclined him towards the classical culture of the English public schools and universities. At the same time his writings show that he in no wise ostracized science or any other branch of learning. He sought his inspiration in this matter from the Greek culture, and took his stand upon its teaching. On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the main collegiate buildings of his Alma Mater, he delivered an address, and his mind on this subject of education may be brought before us in a few brief extracts.

He points out that the theory of the Greeks was that liberal education was a general training of mind, body, and taste, to fit a man to be a warrior, a judge, a governor, an arbiter of taste in beauty, and a cultured man ; that for this, three things were required : the avoiding of premature specialization, the pursuit of mental training of a wide and fundamental kind, and six or seven calm and peaceful years. They considered, moreover, that a refined sensibility was a great help to wide and noble thought. "A gross and boorish character can never take in the highest and more exquisite conception of wisdom, justice, and purity. . . . That is as true now as in the age of Pericles . . . that Poetry, Art, and Music are powerful means to refine is as true now as it was in ancient Greece. . . . The elevating

effect (of music) sought for by the Greeks I should most certainly find in the music of the Church—of the Mass, of the Vespers, of the hymns. The liturgical chant, when it becomes familiar, has an extraordinary power of moving, a power far exceeding that of modern music. . . . (It) is calculated to produce upon a boy's nature a 'purification,' as Aristotle would call it, a refinement, an elevation, happy memories, and an abiding attachment to holy things, which are a most powerful means of forming character." Another side of education was needed, so the Greeks thought, to form the perfect man, namely, athletics. But as now, so then, these began to be used to excess, and the wise men railed against them. Xenophanes complains: "If a man wins a victory at Olympia by speed of foot . . . people will look up to him with admiration, he has a front seat in the theatre, he has a presentation. Yet he is not as worthy as I. My wisdom is better than his strength."

The Bishop was fond of speaking in this vein. Education was a theme on which he loved to dwell, whenever young people were assembled together, and he had an opportunity of speaking to them. He valued higher education, not merely as a thing by the way, an adornment of life, but as a serious asset to life and to religion. In his article in *The Dublin Review*, "Catholicism and Culture," January, 1879, referred to previously, the Bishop deals with the theme that Cardinal Newman elaborated in his *Dublin* lectures. "Culture,"

he says, " is as various as our faculties are various. There is intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture. There is scientific, philosophical, linguistic, musical culture—but such is partial culture, not Catholic culture." Partial culture cannot entitle a man to be called a cultured man. " Catholic culture embraces wide views on the principal matters of Revelation, and Revelation consists of fundamental subjects of human thought ; there can be no culture in the best sense of the word which does not mean a widely extended acquaintance with Theology. Special arts may form the culture of special faculties, but the culture of *man* can be only in the things in which lies man's substantial perfection—his beginning, his end, his highest art, and his supreme content."

On the other hand, Catholicism is helped by culture, and Catholics who cannot plead the defence of culture require two precautions, the Bishop tells us. In the first place, they must be kept from knowledge that will do them harm. This precaution has been productive of much good among the simple masses of Christian people in many centuries, but it is not adequate now. The masses of the people, though poorly educated, are within reach of all kinds of knowledge, if only through newspapers, reviews, and lectures. Their minds are stimulated to think, if only second-hand thoughts. Therefore there must be a second precaution—a fuller and deeper instruction. Catholics must be persuaded to understand, penetrate and vivify to their thought the knowledge which is for their healing and

saving, since it is not enough in our own day to present the faithful with a short Catechism and then burn their bad books, and forbid them to take their rationalistic newspaper. If they are shut out from the gardens of Armida, they must have groves of their own to wander in ; if they are warned off from the camp of the devil, they must be made free of the City of God. In a word, if they are prevented from perilling their souls by culture, falsely so called, they must be made cultured Catholics. This culture, he goes on to say, should begin with childhood. Boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen years of age require more than the Catechism of Christian doctrine : they need the arousing of their spiritual consciousness. They should have something given to them in the shape of great dogmatic sermons rather than chapters of Catechism. Why, he asks, have not the upper classes in our colleges a course of such readings as Bourdaloue's *Sermons sur les Mystères?* So with the growth of age and the development of our intelligence, Catholic culture will mean not only the mingling of theological truth with our actual mental life, but also the elevation of our mental views by the high and solemn influence of the same Divine truth.

For many years Bishop Hedley addressed his readers or his hearers both on secular and religious education. The person best qualified to speak on education is not the technically instructed, nor the mere teacher, but rather the man who has found for himself what education is, who realizes what the development of the soul's faculties

means, who understands how to adjust his appreciations and enlarge his sympathies, and how to bring culture into the life of growing youth. The Bishop was eminently fitted by his trained cultured mind to put before us what true education is, and to point out the path towards its fulfilment.

A speaker at the Newman dinner, held at Oxford, 1912, said that Catholics of to-day owed the free enjoyment of the advantages of Oxford and Cambridge more to Bishop Hedley than to anyone else except Cardinal Newman. The time and place rightly suggested to him that their meeting together that night, and all that it implied, was due in very great measure to the man whom his speech so highly complimented. In the prolonged discussion of the question whether Catholics should be allowed to attend the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge the influence of Bishop Hedley was of the greatest weight. It was well known that he had always felt keen sympathy with the desire of Catholics to find further opportunities for a higher culture than our Catholic colleges could provide for them. This handicap on education he himself had felt. Once he was heard to say: "I would have given anything to be permitted to go to Oxford." And again, when someone suggested to him that he was preparing some great and fundamental work, he said simply enough, "I could not do it! If the advantages, which these young Oxford men have, had fallen to my lot, I might perhaps have been able to do something."

OXFORD, FROM MAGDALEN TOWER

The Bishop became an advocate of university education for Catholics from the time when, having passed through his own collegiate course, he had wished for, and vainly looked for, a possibility of extending and finishing and polishing that too brief scholastic training. After Shakespeare, the intellectual hero of his younger days, and for long afterwards, was John Henry Newman, the complete university scholar and gentleman. It was the Bishop's ambition to find his life sheltered by the same ancient walls, to meditate in the same meadows, to breathe that same atmosphere which had cast its spell over Newman. He did not undervalue that excellent but unfinished education which our Catholic colleges gave ; much less did he underestimate that prolonged and deeper culture extended to himself in his religious life ; but he was not willing that our Catholic youth should remain content with means so scanty, and so far removed from the attainment of complete and finished scholarship. He would have been deeply grateful for any arrangement which could enable Catholics to attend the universities without compromising their piety and religion.

The history of the aspirations and struggles of the Catholic laity for opportunities of culture equal to their Protestant fellow-countrymen has been repeatedly told. It began long before John Cuthbert Hedley was Bishop, or in any position to bring his influence to bear upon the question. The matter had a very chequered career ; hopes and disappointments, keen

arguments, then quiescence, with at least one sad fiasco in the Kensington foundation, make the record.

The earliest moment in which Bishop Hedley intervened in this question of university education for the Catholic laity was at the beginning of the year 1867, when he was Canon of Newport and Menevia and resident Professor at Belmont. His Prior, Roger Bede Vaughan, strongly opposed the movement for opening the universities to Catholics, but from his letters it is clear that Canon Hedley had Bishop Brown's confidence in this matter, and it would seem that he was successful in persuading that prelate to uphold the cause of university education, at least to the extent of his writing a letter of encouragement to Dr. Newman. It was at the time when Newman was prepared to found the Oratory at Oxford and undertake the mission (though not in person). The direct occasion was an answer to a circular letter sent round begging for subscriptions to help this undertaking. Bishop Brown's letter runs as follows :

"February 2, 1867.

I congratulate Oxford, your diocese, and the Catholics of England, on the important undertaking you have resolved upon at Oxford. If I were other than an administrator of moneys and contributions for the support of religion in the most destitute diocese in our Province, I would gladly add my subscription to the list before me.

As Catholic parents are resolved to send their sons to Oxford, I never could understand on what principle those youths were to be refused such means of

preservation as religion could provide. Now there can be no doubt in my mind that these preservatory means will best be provided in a house and church of the Oratory at Oxford. With every best wish and sincere regards,

I remain, etc. . . ."

No one could question Bishop Brown's assertion, that in spite of pastoral letters and ecclesiastical denunciations, Catholic parents were persisting in sending their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. The reason set forth in these documents why Catholics should not frequent the universities was that to do so would be a dangerous occasion of sin. This opened the way to exceptions. Each one could ask himself, is it a dangerous occasion to me? If not, do I fall under the ecclesiastical ban? An opening was made for argument, and parents would make up their minds that for their sons it was not a dangerous occasion of sin; certainly not more grave or dangerous than that which would beset them in any professional or commercial career on which they might eventually be bound to enter. The ecclesiastical authorities, however, would not sanction residence at the universities, and Newman's scheme fell through. It was thought that his contemplated foundation would encourage Catholics to go to Oxford, and that therefore it was better to leave the comparatively few who persisted in seeking this higher education, to continue without the means of help they might have had, than by furnishing those means to encourage Catholics to go in greater numbers.

For a time matters remained as they were, then there was a recrudescence of the discussion—from the very nature of the problem it could not be otherwise—and the agitation continued. Only five years had passed since Newman's proposal had been discouraged and withdrawn, when the Holy See found it advisable to reopen the question, and again to ask the English bishops for their advice. Canon Hedley wrote on the subject of the Bishops' conference in a letter to Father Bede Prest, the Prior of Ampleforth :

"I have seen Bishop Brown since his return from London. He says that the Bishops have entertained the proposal to establish a College or Hall at Oxford—at least to the extent of ordering an exact report to be made as to how far such a scheme is supported by the chief Catholics, clerical and lay, with a view to sending such report to Rome. At first the Bishops, with the single exception of Dr. Brown himself, were unanimous in considering that the question was already closed by the previous instruction received from Rome a year or two ago, but after sleeping on it, they seem to have received a fresh illumination; for, on the ground that circumstances were now different, they readily came into the course of action I have just mentioned. Of the five of the Committee, Dr. Northcote and Father Purbrick are strongly in favour of the Oxford scheme; so is Dr. Sweeney, though not so strongly; Mr. Hutton, I understand, also favours it; whilst Mr. Wilkinson, on behalf of Ushaw, strongly opposes it."

For the first time the question of Catholic colleges at the universities obtained a favourable hearing. The discussion here referred to led to no other result than the Kensington scheme, the

history of which is written elsewhere, and of which we have already spoken. It ended in failure in 1878.

The next occasion on which we hear of the university question in connection with Bishop Hedley is the interview he had on the matter with Pope Leo XIII, in company with H. de la Garde Grissell and Lord Braye on April 13, 1882. Cardinal Newman had written a letter to Lord Braye encouraging the project of visiting the Holy Father and of fully expressing his and their views to him. The whole subject was discussed in this interview, and it was brought up again at the meeting of the Bishops in Low Week, and again referred to Rome. The result was a Roman letter dated August 17, 1882, asking that not only should Propaganda be informed of "the principles on which the English Bishops are agreed," but also of "the separate opinions of each one of them, on matters in which they disagreed, and which find no expression in resolutions arrived at by taking the votes." These opinions were to be made known to him (Cardinal Simeoni) by each one in private, briefly but clearly, and with the utmost candour, and without conferring with the other Bishops. (*Clare et candide omnino, et quin cum aliis episcopis de eadem re pertractet.*)

The draft (in English) of Bishop Hedley's *votum* is in these words :

"To the Letter of your Eminence dated the 17th of August last, directing me to express my opinion as to the question of English Catholic youth frequenting

the National Universities, I have the honour to reply as follows:

My opinion is, 1st: That a tacit permission should be given to English Catholic young men to reside at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. 2nd: That a strong Catholic mission should be established in each of these towns. I proceed to state my reasons for this two-fold opinion.

The question concerns those Catholic youths who, about the age of 18, have finished their humanities or 'Grammatica' at one of our Catholic Colleges. These young men may be divided into three classes: (*a*) those who are intended for the priesthood; (*b*) those who are to enter into trade, or into one of the learned professions of law or medicine; (*c*) those who belong to the nobility and gentry of the country, or who are sufficiently rich to be able to look forward to a life of leisure. It is of this last class only that it is here necessary to speak. The clergy have their seminaries. Those who wish to enter a profession must apply themselves in great measure to special education; and whilst on the one hand an academical degree in law or medicine may be taken at Oxford or Cambridge, on the other hand the Universities are not generally resorted to for such degrees and there is no necessity for residence at those Universities, or for residence at any University, to enable a candidate to take such degrees. The question regards, almost exclusively, the rich, the noble, and the leisured class. The number of such Catholic young men between 18 and 26 is no doubt small in England. I calculate, however, that there would be at least 200, if not more. As a class, they are very important because on them, in great measure, depends, in each generation, the social and political status of the Catholic Church in the country, and to their wealth and capabilities the Church has to look for a very great part of her material progress. That for these young men a higher education

should be provided is not denied by any one. For my own part, there is nothing I should desire more earnestly than a Catholic University in England, in which not only this particular class but others of our Catholic youth should meet together and learn without danger. But a Catholic University is said to be impossible. And the disastrous failure of the recent attempt to begin such an institution proves at least that nothing can be done at this moment. In the meantime, it is an ascertained fact that many of our best Catholic young men, in default of any opportunity of University education, enter the Army and Navy, attach themselves informally to our colleges of young boys, where they in great measure lose their time, or spend those previous years in idleness either in the country or (what is worse) in London.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are an aggregate of Houses or Colleges. The student enters some College, Hall (Aula), or House, where he has rooms, and the President of which (with the Tutors) is to some extent responsible for his good behaviour. No test of, or profession of, a religious nature is required in the greater number of the Houses. The University, *qua* University, confers degrees, and also provides a large number of Professors who give lectures; but a great part of the instruction or tuition is given by the Tutors of the various Colleges or Houses. It must, however, be observed that residence in any College or House is not obligatory.

The great majority of the best youth of England enter one or other of these two Universities, attach themselves to some College, and spend there about three years, or rather a part of three years, for the vacations are long. There is ample opportunity for study, and it is thought to be disgraceful to fail in taking an academical degree. It is here that young men meet celebrated scholars, and are fired with enthusiasm for culture; it is here they meet one another and form

friendships which endure for life; and it is here that the whole genius of the place—the professors, the students, the libraries, the examinations, and the recreations—unites to give to the English gentleman that tone or character which his class easily recognize. It is easy, therefore, to understand why many English Catholics consider it almost necessary to send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge.

That such institutions are dangerous to Catholic faith or morals cannot be denied. I would prefer, with all my heart, a Catholic University. But I advocate the permission for Catholics to reside there as an alternative that is less dangerous than the allowing of the young men to be idle, or to find themselves outside their own class in society. It is notorious that at this moment young English Catholics of the higher classes are the most ignorant, the most frivolous, and the least serious of their class. A very large proportion of those who, in my own experience, have attended our Catholic Gymnasia, do not now practise religion or approach the Sacraments. The truth is, the danger to faith and morality is quite as great in London or in the country as it is in Oxford or Cambridge; and the young man, having only the education of a child and not of a man, is utterly unprepared to meet it. It is true that there is much infidelity and rationalism among the professors and students of the national Universities. But rationalism is not aggressive; a young man may belong to a "set" (society or sodality) where he hears nothing of it; there is a very large amount of religious seriousness, especially at Oxford; and no one is mocked or insulted for religious opinions. Moreover, as there is at Oxford and Cambridge a large and preponderating class of learned and serious Anglicans, the existence of Rationalism has turned their attention on the Evidences of Christianity, and the peculiar errors of Anglicanism or Protestantism are little heard of in the presence of the battle which is

now raging between Christianity and Unbelief. Thus, there is no danger to Catholics from Protestantism; and, besides, Catholics are furnished with excellent arguments against those worse errors which they will inevitably have to meet during their career in the world.

I would not advocate the establishment of a Catholic House. The young Catholics who would go to Oxford or Cambridge belong to various ranks of the higher class, and to assemble all under one roof would be inconvenient. Besides, the whole tone of English society makes it certain that the more free the young Catholic of the age of which we speak is left from mechanical safeguards, and the more he is left to his honour and conscience, the more robust his religious spirit will be.

But the most important thing must here be added. There must be, in each of the Universities, a strong body of Catholic priests, who may be able by their preaching, their private influence and their learning, to hold the young Catholics firm in the understanding, the love and the practice of their holy faith. In fact, whether Catholic youth go to these Universities or do not go, it is imperatively required in the interests of the Church that there should be a strong and numerous body of clergy in each University town. In Oxford especially, there is a very great spirit of earnestness, of inquiry, and even of Catholicism. There is now, since the death of Dr. Pusey, no leader of the 'High Church' party, and there is a great opportunity for conversions.

Such, most Eminent Cardinal, is my opinion, which with great diffidence and humility, in the fear of God, I submit to you and to the Holy See."

It seems clear that on this question Bishop Hedley and Bishop Ullathorne, if not in full agreement, were working hand in hand. After

both had sent in their vota, the latter wrote to his confrère in the following terms :

" Oscott, Birmingham.
Sept. 5, 1883.

My Dear Lord,

The letter received by me from Propaganda says we are to write without communication with each other. I think, however, that I may venture to state the line I took in my letter, sent off last week. First, I state the line of argument which I took at our meeting against the Bishop of Clifton's proposition, that we, the bishops, should ask for the question to be reopened."

Then the writer goes on to emphasize some of the same points mentioned by Bishop Hedley. He pointed out that he saw no way to provide what the Catholic laity desired. What they wanted could be provided only at the universities. He further declared that the going to the universities or the abstaining from them was merely a choice of dangers. There were dangers equally formidable to faith and morals in the public offices, the mercantile offices, in the schools of preparation for the army, the navy, the career of the engineer. The young men had to associate with " those who are either freethinkers, or skilled in the resorts of vice or in the dispositions of it." " I then state," he says, " that there are ten Catholic students in Oxford at this moment, a Frenchman, a South American, three Irish, one recently converted in the University, the rest English. They attend Mass on Sunday, and occasionally, most of them, the Sacraments. One has been in danger of losing his Faith ; it is

hoped he is coming right. I then leave the conclusion to the Holy See."

It is clear from this that Bishop Ullathorne's views on the substance of the question were not opposed to Bishop Hedley's, but he differed in this, that he voted against making a petition to the Holy See to reopen the matter. Nor did he become an open advocate for allowing Catholics to frequent the universities.

We do not know what was the tone of the other vota, but the decision of the Sacred Congregation was against the reopening of the question. The following letter was sent to Cardinal Manning :

Rome, January 30, 1885.

My Lord Cardinal,

I have received your Eminence's letter of the 20th of last month, and have learnt from it with pain that by some families little account is made of the admonitions of the Holy See as to sending their sons to the Protestant Universities. The letter points out that this arises, not so much from a want of good will as from their supposing that what they do is tolerated by the Holy See. To guard, therefore, the higher education of the Catholic youth of your country from this danger of perversion, I request that you will make known to the faithful that no change whatever has taken place in respect to the instructions upon this matter which were sent by my predecessor, Cardinal Barnabo, to the English Bishops on August 6, 1867, and were afterwards inserted in the Provincial Synods of Westminster. For this purpose I should think it opportune to suggest to the Bishops of England to recall the said instructions to the remembrance of their flocks.

Your Eminence's humble and devoted Servant,

John Cardinal Simeoni.

As long as Cardinal Manning lived there seemed to be no hope of any relaxation of the rule forbidding residence at the university to Catholic young men. His opinion on the point was decided and unshakeable, his influence in the episcopal council paramount, and his wish accepted by the Sacred Congregation as authoritative in most English affairs. It is generally supposed that Cardinal Manning's influence weighed more with Rome than that of any other person in this controversy, and it must be owned that the objections he brought forward against opening the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to Catholics were forcible and supported by considerable evidence.

Bishop Hedley admitted their great force. To use his own words on this point: "When opinions were asked in 1871, several university men (converts) of high standing, declared that to send young men to Oxford would be to shake the very foundations of their belief. One well-known convert thought that 'those Catholics who are now being educated at Oxford would be among the most violent aggressors on the Church's interests, through the violently un-Catholic tendency of their intellectual training and habits.' A priest, who had been more than two years on the Oxford Mission, said that a very large proportion of the Catholic undergraduates gave up by degrees the practice of their religion. The Headmaster of a school from which several boys had passed to Oxford, said that one and all of them suffered something from the

deficient provision for carrying on their religious instruction. A convert clergyman residing in Oxford stated that the worldliness of the place and its un-Catholic and anti-Catholic life had the effect of making Catholic undergraduates neglect their religion. The Superiors of Ushaw expressed their conviction that the general result, even of a Catholic college there, would be a coldness and indifference to the Faith, a critical and even contemptuous tone of mind in relation to things Catholic and to ecclesiastical authority, and plenty of that spurious liberalism which stands aloof from every object with which Catholics naturally sympathize, and shows an interest in nothing but what Protestant respectability would approve."*

In spite of all this testimony, Bishop Hedley remained unmoved in his position. His opponent perhaps would term him the Advocatus Diaboli ! In face of it all it was his firm conviction that the ultimate solution of the question must be the withdrawal of the ecclesiastical ban on Catholics frequenting the universities. It speaks much for his independence of character, his trust in his own judgement, his deep and lengthy consideration of the subject, and the wide range of his natural sympathies.

Cardinal Manning died January 14, 1892, and he was succeeded at Westminster by Bishop Herbert Vaughan, of Salford. The latter had in the past sided with the Cardinal on the question of higher education, but once Manning's

* *The Ampleforth Journal*, July, 1896.

influence was removed he leant more on Bishop Hedley, and now he consulted him on the possibility of founding a Catholic university. This seemed, however, unpractical. The Kensington affair had been a warning, and in January, 1895, the Bishops determined to reopen with the Holy See the question of the universities. Their views, accompanied by a memorial from the laity, were laid before the Sacred Congregation in the spring of that year. A few weeks later it was decided that, "in consideration of certain fresh evidence, and of certain precautions proposed," residence at Oxford and Cambridge might henceforth be tolerated.

The decree of April 17, 1895, which proclaimed this decision, committed the proposed precautions to the care of the English bench of Bishops, sitting in Council, and ordained that a Standing Committee be formed, whose business it would be to collect money for the payment of professors and others who should be invited to lecture or to give conferences on subjects selected and determined by them, and generally to make provision for anything needful for the purpose—their deliberations and propositions needing always the formal approbation of the Bishops before any action was taken. When this Committee of bishops, priests, and distinguished laymen was formed, Bishop Hedley was appointed its first president or chairman. He remained at that post till his death. Only when bedridden did he fail to attend the committee meetings. He gave personal study and active superintendence

to every detail of this university administration. He voluntarily undertook the first series of Conferences in the year 1898. His correspondence on university matters was voluminous and exacting, and he dealt with it most carefully as a serious duty. The success or failure of this university scheme was to him not only a matter of Catholic policy, but also of conscience and personal responsibility. Though with accustomed reserve and humility he never spoke of it as a measure devised or introduced or carried through by his own particular genius and effort, he must have recognized, notwithstanding the support of others like the Bishop of Clifton, that he was chiefly responsible for the passing of the measure.

Owing to the urgency of his representation at Rome, and in the Council of the Bishops, and to his repeated assurance to the reluctant and sceptical authorities, that not merely was it a necessity but that much good and little harm would result, he felt himself pledged to watch over the project as though it was entrusted by God to his care. His anxiety in the earlier days was far greater than he cared to admit. It seemed almost impossible to bring together at the universities that " strong body of priests " who, by their influence and learning, would keep the young Catholic firm in the understanding, love, and practice of his Faith. In course of time this desideratum which he valued as the chiefest safeguard, has indeed been found—though perhaps in a way he could not, at the moment, have

surmised—directly by the appointment of chaplains to the undergraduates, and indirectly by the establishment of clerical and religious halls and houses of study at the universities.

It is difficult to judge the effect of this Catholic immigration, but we may say that Catholicism at Oxford and Cambridge is no longer treated with contempt ; and a Catholic is admitted and welcomed into the circle of university fellowship as readily as any others. There is no doubt that the presence of Catholics in the universities has led to a number of individual conversions. How many individual perversions it may be answerable for it is impossible to say.

The aspirations and desires of the Catholic laity were gratified, and the prolonged controversy was set at rest by this decision from Rome. Catholics could now go to Oxford and Cambridge without fear of ecclesiastical censure. After so long and strenuous a struggle it was natural to consider the decision in the light of a victory, and to resent almost as an injury the long delay, caused by a retrogressive policy of those in power. Naturally, too, people forgot and forget that there is no unqualified approval of this settlement. It is not an ideal state of things, and sanction was given only because the way to any more desirable goal remained in the dark. Bishop Hedley was aware of all this and held up a signal of warning. He was not the man to boast of a victory or to pass criticism on those who had opposed his views, much less on the authorities at Rome. He took pains to point out that Catholic prin-

ciples in this matter of education are unchanging. He called to mind the letter of Pius IX to the Archbishop of Fribourg, and summed up its instructions in a brief abstract : " All teaching that is kept apart and separated from the Catholic Faith and from the authority of the Church is pernicious to man and to society, whether in elementary schools or in those of a higher class." This principle, he says, must be applied to Oxford and Cambridge, although under present circumstances the Holy See has *tolerated* the presence there of Catholics. He emphasized the fact that in no adequate sense of the word could the universities be designated as open to Catholics—residence there was only tolerated. The state of things was not to be considered perfect ; nor were we to suppose that it had no drawbacks. He also urged on those concerned a serious admonition, that the young men going to the universities should be well prepared beforehand at our colleges by an efficient course of Catholic doctrine, and that in this wider and deeper religious grounding they should learn to love their religion as they learn to love their Alma Mater (*Ampleforth Journal*, July, 1896).

At the same time, the Bishop felt a sincere gratification at this settlement and looked forward to its fruits with every hope. He lived to see the safeguards on which he laid most stress fully secured. There was, first, the presence of permanent Chaplains,* well-informed and tactful

* At Oxford, Canon (later Mgr.) Kennard, and at Cambridge, Father Edmond (later Mgr.) Nolan were the first chaplains appointed by the Board.

priests, whose sympathy would win the confidence of the undergraduates, and whose influence would guide and uphold them in their difficulties. Secondly, there were the Conferences given on Sundays by capable lecturers. These two excellent provisions have been faithfully held to, and still continue, and Bishop Hedley's confidence that our Catholic young men would use these safeguards, and find great help in them, has been confirmed.

Since those first days there has been a steady increase of Catholicism in Oxford and Cambridge, not only in the number of Catholic graduates and undergraduates in the colleges, but in the growth of specifically Catholic centres. At Oxford, in 1896, the Jesuits obtained the necessary university licence and opened a house of studies as a Private Hall, under the name of its first Master, Clarke's Hall. Successively it became Pope's Hall, Plater's Hall, and finally, with a new status, Campion Hall. In 1897 the Ampleforth Benedictines took up their residence at the University ; the little community consisted of Father Edmund Matthews—now (1929) Abbot of Ampleforth—and three younger men. A difficulty arose about their status because there was no Ampleforth monk with the necessary Oxford academic degree, to be the Head. The goodwill of the University found a temporary solution, and a year later, through the kindness of the Abbot of Fort Augustus and Father O. Hunter-Blair, M.A., the Ampleforth foundation was opened with the ordinary licence as Hunter-

ST. BENET'S HALL, OXFORD

Blair's Hall, successively becoming Parker's Hall, and the permanent St. Benet's Hall. This revived the medieval connection between the Benedictine Abbeys and Oxford, and Father E. Matthews had the distinction of being the first Benedictine since the Reformation to take his degree at the University.

In addition to these earlier foundations, the Franciscans, Dominicans, and the Secular clergy have opened houses of study in Oxford. Moreover, the Order of the Holy Child has established a house in connection with the Cherwell Edge convent for Catholic women students.

Catholic activity has shown itself in the founding of the Newman Society, at which the Catholic members of the University meet regularly for the reading of papers and literary discussion, and provision has been made for a residence for the Chaplain, for a chapel, a library, and meeting room for the undergraduates. At present a movement is on foot to build a permanent church. The Catholic members of the University number more than 200, and they include several Fellows of various colleges.

A corresponding development has taken place at Cambridge, where in September, 1896, were inaugurated the House for the Secular clergy under the name of St. Edmund's House, and Benet House under the Benedictines of St. Gregory's, Downside. The former was started from Old Hall by Mgr. Bernard Ward, later Bishop of Brentwood. It was financed by the Duke of Norfolk, who purchased a large private

hostel for the purpose. Father Sutcliffe, a Cambridge M.A., was its first Head. Father Cuthbert Butler of Downside was appointed lecturer by the Catholic University Board, and gave the lectures or conferences for two years. There were three or four seminarists at St. Edmund's House, three monks at Benet House, and about fifteen lay Catholic undergraduates at the various colleges. The welcome given to the Catholics by the University was most cordial. Trinity College and Christ's College took the lead and smoothed the way for them. No doubt this cordial reception was in great measure due to the influence of Baron Anatole von Hügel, an eminent scientist and Curator of the Museum of Anthropology. He was a staunch Catholic, and from boyhood upwards a close friend of Bishop Hedley.

Since the war there have been great developments. There are now about 150 Catholic undergraduates who take their full share both in the schools and in athletics. Besides this, the Fisher Society plays the same part in Cambridge as the Newman at Oxford. Three years ago (1926) a commodious building was purchased in the very centre of the town and colleges, to be the residence of the Chaplain, and to provide adequate chapel and meeting rooms for the Society. There are several Catholic Fellows in the colleges, and within the past two or three years two former Downside boys have been elected Fellows of Trinity College.

A further development was suggested by

Cardinal Bourne at the Catholic Congress at Birmingham in 1923, and to it he made allusion when speaking at a meeting of the Lingard Society in October, 1926, namely, to establish in connection with our national universities a Catholic Faculty in Theology, Philosophy, and Canon Law, which should be open not only to the clergy but also to laymen. The outcome of this idea remains for the future to develop.

From this record it is clear that Catholics owe a deep debt of gratitude to Bishop Hedley for his strenuous advocacy of their claim to membership of the older universities. It required no little courage to oppose the views of such prominent leaders of our body as Cardinal Manning and the Bishop of Salford, but although experience has shown that many of the fears that were genuinely felt have proved to be unsubstantial, we need not concur in the reproach that is sometimes made, that the advantages of thirty years of university education were lost to Catholics by the narrow intransigeance of Cardinal Manning. It was a conflict of principles, not of personalities, nor of mere prejudice. Manning knew Oxford from within as few Catholics did, and in the Oxford of his day it is not unlikely that the Faith would have suffered. The thirty years' delay brought home to the Catholic body the problems that had to be faced and secured the provision of means adequate to meet them. Moreover, in the stand that he made Manning showed that he was doing violence to his love of Oxford in defence of a principle. In 1883, he wrote to Herbert

Vaughan: "I have read your article in *The Dublin Review* with great assent. It is direct, to the point, and very well done. How I thank God that neither you nor I have ever wavered! How easily you *might have been* deceived, and how easily I might have been blinded and biased by my love of Oxford and England." (*Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, Vol. I, p. 469.)

What Manning probably failed to realize was that the tone of the universities had grown less dangerous for the religious views of Catholics, that the whole moral and religious atmosphere was more inclined at least to tolerance of the Catholic point of view. Bishop Hedley saw this, as is clear from his votum. Writing in *The Ampleforth Journal* (April, 1898), in a review of Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Wiseman*, he says: "Whatever Cardinal Newman thought or Mr. Ward thinks, it is most certain that at the time (1864), it would have been very rash on the part of the Catholic body to establish an Oxford College." With the anti-Catholic barrier removed, he felt confidence in the inherent strength of the Catholic Faith to hold its own amidst conflicting religious views, and he went forward on the venture of faith. In this he showed his powers of leadership, and it is for his courageous decision at this critical moment that Catholics should be ever grateful to Bishop Hedley.

Chapter VIII

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

EVERY Bishop is 'constituted in a state of perfection' which raises him above the state of his religious profession whatever be the Order to which he belongs. He is transferred to the Hierarchy and his place is among the successors of the Apostles. His cares and responsibilities transcend those of his monastery or his Congregation. But Bishop Hedley, once clothed with the Benedictine habit, never laid it aside. The garb of the black monk, not the purple of the Hierarchy, was his choice. He never forgot the day when he vowed himself to God before the altar of St. Lawrence, nor the years he had spent in that monastery, and in the monastery of St. Michael's, Belmont. Indeed, his love of the Benedictine life was always a marked trait in him. During his years as Auxiliary Bishop to the Diocese of Newport and Menevia his outward circumstances still kept him in close touch with the cloister, for his residence was within a walk of his old Belmont home and near his old friends and companions, Prior Raynal, Canon Woods, and the community of St. Michael's. When he was appointed Ordinary of the diocese, and went to live at Cardiff, he still had his former monastic church for his pro-Cathedral and the Prior and Chapter were appointed from his own Benedictine brethren.

Even when death approached, these same brethren gathered round his bed and received his last profession of Faith. All through the years of

his episcopal career he kept closely in touch not only with his Alma Mater, but with all the English Benedictine houses. A frequent visitor and honoured guest, he found himself at home in them. He was on terms of a certain intimacy and friendship with very many of his brethren, not only of the older, but also of the younger generation. He showed a personal interest and remembrance which is far from common. The Benedictine convents, too, were to him a special thought and care. He knew them and their communities. When he was disengaged, he put himself at their service. He gave their Retreats, he paid visits to them, took interest in their progress, made himself acquainted with their characteristics, and kept in touch not only with their Superiors, but often with members of the communities.

Moreover, he was keenly alive to matters which affected the English Benedictine Congregation as a whole. In his public utterances we find no expression of his opinions on the affairs of the Congregation. He was isolated from them by his episcopal rank, had neither an active nor passive voice in their assemblies, and he did not presume to offer any responsible or official view. He spoke only when urged by duty or request ; then he spoke clearly and straightforwardly.

The years before 1900 were a time of conflicting opinions, and change of policy among the English Benedictines which perturbed many among them. The way was being prepared for a renewal of the abbatial system of pre-Reformation

days. The constitutions were to be revised. The dual system, by which the monastery was ruled by one Superior and the missions in England by a different one, was to be done away with. The missions were to be divided proportionately among the three existing families of St. Gregory's, Downside, St. Lawrence's, Ampleforth, and St. Edmund's, Douai, and each monastery with its Superior was to take charge of those missions allotted to it. Furthermore, the oath to go on the mission was no longer to be required. The authorities in Rome, about the year 1887, wished to know Bishop Hedley's opinion on these changes and he sent in a "Votum," written in Latin. A copy of this, written in English, was forwarded to the Benedictine Fathers of General Chapter of 1888. Naturally he had a great reverence for, and attachment to, the old constitutions which had the traditions of centuries behind them, and had been his inspiration in his early monastic years. There was a time when he talked of writing and printing a brief essay on their origin, their wise and broadminded spirit, and he intended to relate how Benjamin Franklin procured a copy of them for study and use when the American political Constitution was under discussion. He had an admiration for the sterling religious qualities and laborious service of the old fathers on the missions, and in general he leant to the old order of things. It will be of interest to give the Bishop's Votum sent to General Chapter—part of it at least in his own words. It is as follows :

"Is it expedient to annex the missions to the monasteries under the claustral superiors?

I am of opinion that it is not.

My view is that in a missionary congregation, the majority of whose priests must be missioners, not conventuals, it is expedient that such missioners should have an ordinary superior distinct from the claustral superior.

That it is missionary—and that principally—seems implied in this, that all take the oath to go on the mission, and the Constitutions, studies, and arrangements are directed towards preparation for the mission. Some have proposed that this oath be not compulsory, but since it is not proposed to give up the missions, the missionary oath should still be taken.

If the English Benedictines gave up the missions or concentrated them in a few missionary priories of at least twelve monks each, there would be less objection to abolishing the oath. But I am one who holds that missions of three, two, and one member are not only allowable to English Benedictines, but are praiseworthy, necessary in the present state of the country, and capable of promoting in the soul of the missioner the most complete religious perfection.

The object of having a distinct ordinary Superior for the missioners is in every case greater nearness of observation, greater interest on the Superior's part, and greater facilities for giving to the subjects one's whole time and attention.

It is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the monastery is one interest and the mission another. No one loves the cloistered life more than myself, and I should be delighted to go back to it at any moment. Regular hours, choral office, minute obedience, the exclusion of externs, and the refraining from taking part in works of charity and devotion outside the monastery—such is the cloistered life. The mission, on the other hand, means absolute devotedness to the

care of souls; constant interviews, constant interruptions, perpetual readiness to hear, to address, to help, to direct, even to amuse, the flock and especially the poor and the ignorant. The two lives have one and the same perfection, namely, the love of God above all things; and they have, to a certain extent, identical means to that end, namely, prayer, the Holy Sacrifice, the Sacraments and the Vows. But in all accidentals or non-essentials they are utterly different, although both most holy. It seems better, if possible, that a body of men like our missioners should be directed by a man who can devote himself to sanctifying them under their peculiar conditions rather than by one who is necessarily taken up by the life of the cloister. He can go more frequently among them. He will take a special interest in them and he will devote himself to them."

The Bishop goes on to point out the difficulty in his opinion of having one Superior only, with supreme control, for, biased by special interest or urged by immediate need, he will be tempted to transfer monks from monastery to mission, from mission to monastery with a certain capriciousness because there will be no means of checking his judgement or inclination.

The missions will suffer on the one hand, the monastery on the other. There must be a stability in the work of either and to interfere with this would be very harmful. He further urges that the Abbot, if he looks to the missions as he ought, will have to be much away from home, and it is a serious loss for the community to see his stall in the choir empty and to miss his presence from their midst.

"If the missions," he goes on, "are quite few in number and lie around the monastery, I can conceive the convenience of their living under the Abbot, but our missions are so numerous, so distant, so widely scattered, and, I will add, so important and so exacting in their demands for due and sensible supervision, that no Abbot can attend to them and at the same time to his community and college.

I will leave to others the task of showing the results of dividing the missions among the three 'families.' It is obvious to say that it will, to a great extent, break up the unity of the congregation. The choice, too, of men suitable for special work is curtailed, and this is a disadvantage."

He closes this letter to the General Chapter with these words:

"I would not like to let it be supposed that I am satisfied with actual observance as it exists, on the mission. I say there is a "mission observance" as there is a "claustral observance." It is only on the hypothesis that both are adequately attended to that I maintain the necessity, the laudableness, and the holiness of Benedictine missionary life.

Wherefore, though I am ready to bow to wiser judgement, it seems to me that the Anglo-Benedictine missions should be governed still as they have been governed in the past."

It is characteristic of the Bishop's sense of obedience and submission to the decisions of the Holy See that when the question was decided adversely to his expressed opinion he wrote at once, accepting the judgement without reservation. We have a letter to him from the Abbot Primate, saying: "Your kind message proved

a great comfort to me, both on account of your judgement concerning the results arrived at in the English Congregation affairs, and of your appreciation of the part I took in the matter. It has always been my conviction, ever since I knew your venerable Congregation, that if opinions widely different had their supporters, in consequence of the various circumstances in which the body was placed and obliged to work, there was yet but one feeling of submission towards the Holy See, prevailing throughout the whole of the English branch of the Benedictine Order. Your Lordship's letter is an eloquent and new proof of this, in my opinion. . . . I have no doubt, my dear Lord, that the great authority you wield amongst the English brethren on account of your position, your learning, and your merit will go far towards smoothing down and even removing altogether any slight difficulty which might creep in before the revised Constitutions be framed and approved of."

There is no need to discuss at length the merits of the change, but it is undoubtedly true to say that many of his brethren were of the same mind as the Bishop, and of those who remember the old régime there are not wanting those who look back with some regret on its passing. They think that in the Provincial system more scope was afforded for a combined interest in missionary activities, and for an established form of apostolic life, in itself more individual and permanent, and less likely to be submerged by the direct interests of the monastic houses. On the other

hand, everyone must see the great advantages embodied in the new system. There is unity of control over each familia. The one Superior has the interest of and responsibility for monastery and mission. The whole of his resources are under his eye, and in his own authority rests the harmonizing of the divers calls made upon them. Moreover, the arrangement better fulfils the Benedictine ideal of a foundation complete in itself, with its own novitiate, its own training and its own spirit.

After the Bishop had known these changes in operation, we find no expression or criticism of his that qualified his acquiescence. His interest and sympathy were in no way diverted from their old channels ; the generosity of his congratulations, and his encouragement never slackened. After all, the changes dealt rather with the external government of the Congregation ; they did not alter its fundamental character. This he had sketched in an address on the 25th anniversary of the opening of the new college at Ampleforth, 1887.

". . . The religious orders in this country during the last three hundred and fifty years have had a varied and romantic history. But no quarter of a century during that period has had such a deep and remarkable influence upon them as the twenty-five years which ended in 1882. Of the Orders and Congregations now established in England, the Anglo-Benedictines alone, I suppose, can claim a strict continuity with the period before the great religious revolution. The others have renewed themselves from abroad, or they have come into the country in the freshness of their youth.

But the old English Benedictine Congregation has never altogether died out. Next Sunday (Nov. 21) is with us a 'dies memorabilis'—the anniversary of the day in 1607 when the last monk of Westminster Abbey passed on the religious habit to those who founded the present Congregation. And the English Benedictines have, in many respects, gone through the hardest times of any. Other orders had been outcasts from their native land, and had suffered and bled for the faith; other orders had struggled to keep up their nurseries upon the Continent. But the Benedictines were peculiar in this, that, having been driven to establish their homes abroad because they were Catholics, they were also driven back to England because they were Englishmen. The great French Revolution, which destroyed so much, uprooted the English Benedictine mother homes in France and Lorraine, and eventually in Prussia; the members of St. Gregory's, St. Lawrence's, St. Edmund's, and Lambspring had to flee for protection to the very land which had exiled them. It will be readily understood that they fled in disorder. For many years the two communities of St. Gregory's and St. Lawrence's lived together under the roof of a Catholic baronet in Shropshire. Then St. Lawrence's wandered from spot to spot in Lancashire, until at last they settled—now eighty-four years ago—here in Yorkshire, in the small presbytery or lodge which forms the centre of the present monastery. Community life in its essentials has been carried on from that day to this. The divine office has never ceased; the succession of Priors has been kept up; discipline has been maintained; the holy Rule and the Constitutions have been observed. But the country was very Protestant; it was impossible at first even to wear the habit. The resources of the community were small; church, chapter-house, refectory, cloister, existed only in name, and the complete monastic circle of observance, on which so much of the

monk's happiness and progress depend, necessarily remained for many years incomplete. Then those members who were labouring in missions throughout the country were naturally a good deal left to themselves. The English Benedictines naturally cling to their missionary charge and responsibility which the Holy See, first by the mouth of Pope St. Gregory the Great, and since by other Popes down to Urban VIII, has laid upon them for the benefit of their native land. They take, in addition to their monastic vows, a missionary oath. The monk who has to live on the mission, sometimes solitary, sometimes amid the solicitudes of a great town, carries with him to his mission-house, not the walls of his cell or the lines of his enclosure, but the union with God, the asceticism and the self-sacrifice, which are the spirit and essence of the monastic profession. And I know of many missions in England and Wales where the priest, be he religious or be he secular, is living in a poverty and a self-denial which need raise no scruples in the strictest Franciscan or Trappist. Up to the establishment of the Hierarchy in 1850, the whole country was, in some sense, one vast mission, in which, as to many things, the missioners followed their own devices; in which a thousand things were unsettled, because they had never arisen, and where true zeal was more important than Canon Law. But the time quickly came when Canon Law had to be taken into account. The English Church held its four Synods. As regards the regulars, it was of course the Holy See alone which could decide the questions which the increasing numbers of that Church brought to the surface. It is not thirty-two years since the decree "Regulari Disciplina" made important changes in the mode of admission to habit and vows, and established a triennium of simple vows. And it is only four years since the Constitution, 'Romanos Pontifices,' traversed the whole ground of the relations

between the regular bodies and the possessors of the ordinary jurisdiction of the country. These two dates are the beginning and the end of a series of quiet and progressive changes, both in the interior of each institute and in its relations with the Hierarchy. And it may be claimed for the English Benedictines that they have initiated most of these changes or improvements themselves, and accepted every one with unfailing loyalty."

At a later date, in a sermon preached at St. Peter's, Liverpool, on the Feast of All Monks,* 1897, he eloquently unfolded his idea, and in a reply to criticism of his contention he wrote: "My view is that the conversion of England was brought about chiefly by the multiplication of the Benedictine monasteries and cells; that as the country became settled and Christian, the missionary or pastoral work of the monks diminished by degrees, that in the Ages of Faith it ceased altogether technically, but virtually continued in the influence, direct and indirect, which the monasteries exerted in the religious life of the country—influences which were peculiar to the Benedictines, and that when the country once more became a missionary country, as it still is, the monks resumed their missionary office, and now continue it. It is plain that in this view there could never be laid down any hard and fast line as to a monk's being kept within his cloister. . . . The Rule was to be *adapted* to what England required." (*The English Benedictines: A Reply.*)

The Bishop had based his statement on the commission that St. Gregory the Great gave to

* All Saints of the Benedictine Order.

St. Augustine when he sent him with forty monks as a community or congregation for the special purpose of preaching the Gospel to the English people. The discourse delivered on All Monks was meant to illustrate the development of St. Augustine's work. St. Gregory had written to St. Augustine in answer to a question which the latter asked the Pope about the division of stipends —" Since your Fraternity hath been brought up in the monastic rule, and ought not therefore to live separate from your clergy, you must establish in that Church of the English, which by God's Grace hath but just now been brought to the Faith, the mode of life followed by our fathers in the days of the early church, when no one called anything which he possessed his own, but all things were in common." Bishop Hedley accepted the traditional interpretation of these words of St. Gregory : That since you are a monk, and your clerics are monks, the question of dividing the Church stipends does not arise.

St. Bede, when justifying St. Cuthbert's manner of life at Lindisfarne, speaks of him as a bishop living as a monk among monks, who whether they be priests, deacons, cantors, lectors, or in other ecclesiastical Orders, keep in all things the monastic rule with the Bishop himself. This manner of life the Blessed Pope Gregory showed that he greatly loved when he answered to Augustine 'Your Fraternity,' etc. (*Vita Sti Cuthberti*, c. 16). Again, in the days of Lanfranc, the Secular clergy decided to eject the monks who in some Sees occupied the cathedrals from

ancient times. Lanfranc appealed to Alexander II, who ordered a search into the privileges of those monastic churches, and the above quotation from St. Gregory's letter was brought forward and interpreted in the traditional way. (Migne, CXLIV, p. 1415.) Finally, we find Pope Leo XIII clearly and emphatically expressing the same interpretation in the Apostolic Letter, *Religiosus Ordo.* The Pontiff, after saying in the words of Mabillon, that St. Augustine, in obedience to St. Gregory's command, " appointed that the ministers (or missionaries) should be no other than monks," further adds that from that monastery (Canterbury) depended all the government connected with the exercise of the offices relating to the salvation of souls, because St. Gregory had given directions that the Benedictines were to be at the same time apostles and monks; that the Abbots were to administer the churches which the monks (for there were no other clergy in the country) would build. The Letter goes on to say " under this system the Congregation continued to prosper more and more."

In face of the tradition it is not surprising that Bishop Hedley should hold that the clerics of whom St. Gregory speaks, were monks and missionaries. " It was exactly intended," he says, " that the clergy of the nascent Church should be the monks of the monastery." Moreover, as circumstances imply, and the words of the *Religiosus Ordo* assert, in this country, " but just now brought into the Faith," there were no other clergy.

These statements called forth comment and criticism, and one writer of note, Mr. Edmund Bishop, vehemently protested against the historical sketch and the interpretation of St. Gregory's letter. The Bishop, however, did not consider that his critics had advanced any argument of sufficient weight to disturb so authoritative an interpretation. He admitted that in his historical summary a phrase or statement about the extent and character of pastoral work done by the monks might have given rise to wrong impressions, and that he had used the term "congregation" in a somewhat loose sense, but in general outline he upheld his view of the monastic order sent by St. Gregory to England, that "its distinguishing character was a cloistered life combined with missionary work; missionary work which should allow the monastic life to be practised, in its substance and essentials, unimpaired."*

We need not delay over this controversy, but rather let us pass on to consider the Bishop's deep appreciation of and abiding affection for the cloister.

* Bishop Hedley's main contention receives sufficient support from the words of a writer who is regarded by Abbot Butler (*Benedictine Monachism*, p. 82) as one who "accurately represents the attitude of modern historical criticism." Speaking of St. Augustine's mission to England, F. H. Dudden writes: "It is remarkable as the only great mission to the heathen organized and originated at Rome during this period, of which we have any account; . . . It is also remarkable for the fact that it was entirely composed of monks. It might have seemed that men whose object was to isolate themselves from the world, and whose time was to be given mainly to prayer and contemplation, were scarcely the most fit to be chosen for a long and dangerous journey, and for active work in a foreign land. But Gregory had experience of the monastery, and he knew that within the cloister walls more than anywhere else he might hope to find the qualities which were absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of so difficult a task—courage, patience, discipline and self-devotion.' (*Gregory the Great*, Vol. ii, p. 104–5.)

This appreciation is found well and summarily expressed in the discourse of "A Spiritual Retreat for Priests," entitled *The Monastic Promise* (*for Benedictines*).

"The monastic State is a great word, full of grand associations. . . . We bear the name and habit of the greatest days of monasticism. If we are honest we find in our hearts two sentiments; first, we are proud of the past; second, we are somewhat impatient of the present. . . . A man who has made vows, if there is anything in him at all, appreciates them more and more the longer he lives. . . . No doubt most of us from our youthful beginnings had within us, deep in our breasts, more of the monastic spirit than we were conscious of. But the chief reason why a man grows more of a monk the longer he lives is that he has the sense to recognize, with increased clearness, how great a blessing it is, and has the grace to follow out such convictions. The mere lengthening of his life may tend to produce this feeling; the maturing of one's intelligence, the seriousness of life, the approach of death. I have known many, on the confines of old age, when they were still strong but no longer young —sound-headed, upright and straight men—express their consolation and joy in these holy vows and the bonds that bound them to St. Benedict."

Abbot Butler, in his work entitled *Benedictine Monachism*, refers to Bishop Hedley as "a great English Benedictine bishop who has left writings replete with the truest and best Benedictine teaching" (*Benedictine Monachism*, p. 120). The Bishop made it clear in various of his utterances, that monasticism, as taught and nurtured by St. Benedict, is something more radical, more deeply possessing the life of the monk than any activities

that may occupy him. He writes in *The Ampleforth Journal*, 1896: "Every Benedictine monastery is, and ought to be, a home. Whatever the external work to which a monk may find himself called, the *normal* thing must always be to live in his own monastery. It would be a mistake to encourage anyone to profess himself a Benedictine unless he could look forward with pleasure to live 'for better, for worse,' till death itself, in the house of his profession under the Rule, and in the daily work of the choir." The end and scope of the external works of our life must not detach us from the growth and progress of our life itself. In his preface to Canon Woods' translation of Abbot Tosti's *Life of St. Benedict*, he writes: "Perhaps the less a monk thinks about converting the world, and the more he thinks about converting himself (*conversio morum meorum*) the more likely will it be that the world will be converted."

In his Retreats and in many passages of his writings the Bishop inculcates the Benedictine spirit. To him this spirit embraced the activities of the apostolate and interior personal sanctification; but it has another operation which is neither directly of the apostolate nor of the individual attainment of virtue. In his sermon preached on the occasion of the Blessing of the choir of the abbey church, Downside, he dwells lovingly on this special work—the *Opus Dei*:

"The world, the great universe of intelligent man, the kingdoms, the races, the generation of thinking,

seeking, aspiring, and achieving humanity—the rational world—has no more immediate or more noble duty than to give its Creator the perpetual homage of its praise and its prayer. . . . There has been always, and always will be, in every generation, a choir of faithful hearts to love and worship the Creator of all, . . . sanctifying each century, as the centuries go on, expiating the indifference of the multitude, and awakening, even in the most silent places, echoes of a song which should be heard over all the universe . . . the Divine Office, as it is called, whilst it surrounds, adorns and enforces even the Mass itself, spreads itself out in a great organization of worship, praise, thanksgiving and petition. . . .

The Divine Office is the answer of earth to the immutable law which enjoins man's essential duty to his Sovereign Creator. That duty is the duty of every single soul, of every individual heart. The Church's great ritual does not include all mankind; but it is at least a notable . . . representation, . . . never silenced, which may well be said to speak in the name of humanity. . . . Every Cathedral and monastic choir is only a part of the great choir led by Christ. These walls and vaults are to-day incorporated first in the great Catholic Church, and secondly in the Church's wide sanctuary, next to the holy of holies, where her singers stand in their order to the end of time.

. . . The monks began, in the early days, without official recognition. Their assemblies trusted to Christ for the blessing of His presence, which He has promised wherever two or three are gathered together in His Name. In the beginning, the Divine Office was not part of their obligation. But in the solitudes of the Nile Valley and the Syrian deserts—nay, from the very Apostolic days, around the churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch—the servants of God joined in the Psalms of David, day and night. From their rude cells or huts, where, either alone or perhaps with

a single companion, they laboured and fasted, they assembled at the set of sun, and at midnight or early morning in scores and hundreds, to sing the common praises of Almighty God. In humble churches of posts and reeds, sometimes within the dismantled temples of the heathen, or even on the desert sands under the sky, they sat on the low seats whilst the reader intoned the Psalm, responding in Antiphon and *Gloria*. In some places it was only on Sundays that these assemblies were held, in others three or four times a week, and in others again the Laus Perennis went on all through the twenty-four hours, choir succeeding choir. By the end of the fourth century, whilst the deserts were still peopled by those who had fled from the decaying Paganism of the great cities, monasticism had spread to the West; the canonical hours began to take shape; the antiphonal recitation of the Psalms, from choir to choir, became common; and just as the great Cathedrals, such as Milan, began to impose the Divine Office upon the clerics as a part of their daily duty, so wherever monasticism showed stability and regular observance, the monks took up the same sacred task, and divided their psalmody into seven distinct hours, with lessons and with prayers. And presently St. Benedict, with wide outlook and deliberation partly adopting what he found, partly using his own happy and inspired discretion, laid down the great lines of the monastic Office of the Western Church, in the early years of the sixth century.

Then began to appear in Europe the great and imposing realization of the monastic choir. It first grew in hidden places, and then it spread and flourished everywhere side by side with the Cathedral and diocesan choral office of the Western Church. We venerate its cradle amid the rocks of Subiaco. There our holy Father St. Benedict first set up what he humbly called the 'Oratorium' of his little flock. We can guess that, at first, that Oratory was a rude shed of rough

stones, leaning against the bare hillside. But wherever he set up his house, there was one enclosure set apart and kept sacred from every profane use. It was the Oratory. There the brethren at stated hours were called to do the *Opus Dei*—the work of God. There they stood in their ranks, attentive and devout as in the sight of the choirs of Heaven. There they lifted up their voices in the psalm, whilst their hearts were in unison with their tongues. There they sat hooded and silent whilst the reader read the homily and the lessons. There they rose up to sing the measured hymns of St. Ambrose or the Roman Church. There the Abbot intoned the *Pater Noster* of the Lord, and with raised hands, invoked upon his family the blessing of God. For many a score of years, as the monks spread over Europe, the Oratory was poor enough, as all the rest of the monastic dwelling was poor and lowly. But it was the very centre of the busy and widely spreading convent. There the lamp of prayer never went out. And even in the fields, the brethren who were there at the hour of prayer, and could not get back in time, stood still in the midst of their furrow and their harvest, and discharged under the sky their great work of prayer and praise.

The hour of splendour came; and as the Ages of Faith ran their course, the choir of the Benedictine Minster showed, like other works of Faith, the sacrifices and devotion of the faithful. The innumerable national abbeys of the Black Monks, the international bodies of Cluny and Clairvaux and other lesser congregations, covered the soil of Europe with the Divine Office of the Benedictine Rule. And wherever you find them you also find the evidence of their choir—that long, spacious, stalled, and vaulted choir, which is the symbol of the spirit they professed. You find the remains of it in their venerable ruins; you read in their chronicles how they have raised it and loved it; you behold it in faded glory in the

hands of the aliens who have taken it; and if any ancient site or new spot of the earth has the happy fate to be reoccupied or freshly settled by a Benedictine family, there must the choir again be built up on its ancient foundation, or newly raised with holy efforts—once again to be the scene of that never-ceasing worship which it is the proudest Benedictine tradition to keep up. . . ."

Again he recognized another fruitfulness emanating from the very existence of monachism through the long centuries of its life. It taught the lesson of perfect Christianity and showed practically that the Gospel was what Christ promised it would be. He briefly expresses himself in a sermon preached at St. John's Church, Bath, in the year 1900. He took the paradox of St. Paul (2 Cor. vi): "As dying and behold we live; as sorrowful yet always rejoicing; as having nothing yet possessing all things." The monastic state of restraint, hardship, and poverty may yet be a life of happiness, of affluence and of ability. It points its warning finger to admonish us that the world's ideals are false, that in renunciation, in discipline, is true liberty found: that beneath the sombre habit is found a light heart; that in the confines of the cloister there is a spaciousness of which the world cannot boast. Finally, as its history shows, in its poverty it has wherewith to enrich many.

Thus the Bishop on very many occasions loved to draw from that deep well of Benedictine memories which filled his soul and to let them overflow in his discourse.

In his letters, a simple and quite private corre-

spondence, we still find testimony to his love for the monastic life. These letters were written chiefly to his young Benedictine friends at East Bergholt and Oulton, whom he had known from childhood. In them are many references which show how his thoughts were familiar with memories of the cloister, how interested he was in it and deeply attached to its life. There are many incidental expressions of his intimate feelings. He writes to Dame Laurentia (Ward), of Oulton, July, 1892 :

" . . . I often think of the Community, and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to know that you are continuing in that happy and uninterrupted service of God, and love of one another which I have had the privilege of witnessing in your house. I hope your postulant may persevere and do credit to her Northumbrian descent. Give her my affectionate blessing and assure her of my prayers. . . . I have just been reading the *Letters of Bishop Ullathorne*. I see that in his last moments he rested his claims to God's mercy on his having taken care of His nuns. I assure you Bishops think a great deal of nuns—so make the Community pray for me."

He congratulates Sister M. Felix (Vaughan) on her profession among the Poor Clares.

" You are young, but how good it is to feel that you have never given any of your years to the world. You have the happiness like so many of the holy women of the cloister, of presenting yourself in the Temple at the very first moment when that was possible. No one prays more constantly than I do that our Lord may fully and lovingly receive you. Do not expect me for the 25th. It would certainly be a delight to see your

dear face when you are going through the sacred espousals you have chosen for your irrevocable portion. Pray for me if you have any memory left for your friends in the hour of your vows. The 17th is the Anniversary of my taking the habit myself—I even now recall the feeling of the wide sleeves and the skirts!"

He sends words of encouragement to Sister Assumpta (Vaughan), who had just entered the Benedictine Convent at East Bergholt:

"I hope you are growing in the solid Benedictine spirit, drawing always nearer to God by obedience, contemplation, and the holy liturgy."

Again he writes to her:

"I wonder if you have learnt Latin yet? The more you understand and enter into the Divine Office, the more you will feel what it is to be a Benedictine, and what the Benedictine Rule can do for you. There is nothing that teaches us Our Lord's great secret—to pray always—so easily and so happily as entering thoroughly into the choir's Office, with its regular recurrence, its form, and its ceremonial."

Speaking of manual labour, he tells her:

"There is nothing so sweet as monastic labour—and the humbler the sweeter! It is when you have to use your head, that you begin to feel the currents of worldliness, and the hot air of trouble, making their way into the cloister. Still even a nun must learn to use her head—and a Benedictine nun especially. But obedience will be your guide and safety. Pray for me who has no obedience to be his constant help, and who must walk bare-foot on the pricks of all sorts of troubles, or be unfaithful! Remember me on Nov. 10th, which was the day I made my solemn Vows (1855)."

And later :

" I kept two Feasts of St. Benedict lately at Downside, and felt happy at being once more in choir."

To the same, January 4, 1902 :

" I hope to offer the Holy Sacrifice for you on St. Maurus' day. He will pray for you. He came to our Holy Father without knowing what the world was . . . and he had the spirit of simple obedience combined with common sense which distinguished the great working Saints of our Order. I commend you to God, our Order and our Father. Remember me at the moment of your vows."

The year after, he writes again :

" I remember that to-morrow is the anniversary of your holy profession. Be sure of my earnest prayers for every blessing I hope and believe you are in the peace of God, and happy in your obedience and labour and mortification. By this time you will know by experience that monastic life has its trials and hardships, but it is just this experience that gradually calls out our generosity, strengthens the will and draws us near to Christ."

In answer to a letter she had written to him on the anniversary of his profession, he writes :

" I was consoled by your prayers for the 10th. I lived eighteen years in the monastery after that day and I have been out of it for thirty-three years. I hope the eighteen were strong enough in effect to keep me steady to the end. The Benedictine nuns who are among the canonized Saints are not very many, but they are very illustrious, and let us hope there are plenty of whom we know nothing.

As infirmarian you will be able to attend to your

poor little soul, while you attend to the bodies of your charges. St. Dorotheus told St. Dositheus (was it?) that he was a good infirmarian, but it was not so clear that he was a good religious. This was in the downright fashion of the old days. Far be it from me even to hint it about yourself."

Writing for an anniversary of her profession, he says :

"May the anniversary bring you nothing but happiness, increased self-sacrifice and greater devotion to the Holy Rule."

These letters are the touching echoes of the constant thoughts that welled up from his soul.

Many a time, too, in his letters to these young Religious, he refers to the monastic chant, which he had heard so often, and, in former years, had taught his brethren. It was always a subject of fresh interest to him.

"How is the Plain Chant getting on?" he asks Dame Assumpta. "Have you learnt to accompany it? I wonder if you take the pleasure that I used to do in building harmonies under the Gregorian themes?"

"I am sending the Organ Accompaniment (Vesperale) by to-night's post. Will you ask the Lady Abbess to accept it with my kindest regards and prayers, and to let you have the use of it for exercises in the liturgical Chant?"

"I hope your Plain Chant is advancing in plenitude and efficiency. It will be a pleasure and a distraction (which I fear I shall put away) to hear you when I once more get into the wilds of East Bergholt. I shall listen for the wrong basses and the consecutive fifths. . . ."

Another time he recounts his experiences :

" The Solesmes Plain Chant was sung at Southwark Cathedral (March, 1904) better than I have ever heard it. There was a rhythm, a rise and fall of volume and a phrasing which were very noticeable. I suppose Dom Gatard of Farnborough had taught them, but if that is the way it ought to be sung we shall all want special trainers."

On the occasion of his Golden Jubilee Celebration at St. Anne's, Edgehill, Liverpool, he writes that the best thing he went through was the High Mass, where fifty English Benedictine priests formed the choir and joined in the " Te Deum."

There are many other references in these letters which reflect his daily familiarity with the religious life. Sometimes they show his affectionate esteem ; sometimes they show a playful humour pointed at its foibles.

To Dame Assumpta :

" Llanishen.

Feb., 1902.

Your letter was long and sweet, and it gives me great pleasure to think of you as a pensive nun. . . . From Courtfield I went to St. Benedict's Priory, Colwich, where I sometimes preach at this time of the year (and tell them how far they fall short of Bergholt). I shall remember you and Lady Abbess and the community (please God) on Monday when I offer Mass for all Benedictine nuns."

To the same :

" Llanishen.

July 15, 1902.

I have some vague idea that your birthday occurs to-morrow. Never mind if it doesn't. I will remember

you all the same, and I wish you many happy returns. It is a long time since you broke your admirable claustral silence to send me a line or a message. I expect you are getting full-fledged as a Benedictine nun. This generally brings with it a whiff of conceit. I shall therefore look out for a more consequential tone in the letters which I am fondly hoping you will address to me in the future. I shall not mind it! Are you writing a book yet?

Affectionately in Xt,

Yours &c."

He corresponded not only with Oulton and East Bergholt, but he was interested in and corresponded with other Benedictine convents, Princethorpe, Atherstone, Colwich, Stanbrook —they all had known him as a friend. Of the last-named he wrote to Dame Assumpta who had just returned to her own convent from a visit there: "It is an interesting community, and no doubt one learns things in such a visit. But I dare say you are happy to get back to the nest where God has placed you to serve Him and help your sisters."

He valued these convents as the shelter of souls nurtured in the spirit of St. Benedict, and devoted to the chanting of that "Divine Office," the care of which had been his heart's desire.

There are many other letters written to his religious friends in the same simple, affectionate and familiar strain as those we have quoted.

To a priest whom ill-health had forced to retire from work, he writes: "I am glad you are back within the cloister and that in time for the feast of All Monks. I wish I were with you!"

Another time he writes : " I hope you are well and happy, and finding out daily more and more how much there is in being a Benedictine." Then he laments, as it were, how he himself has been out of the Benedictine sphere lately : " I have not even been at Belmont very much. But I hope to visit Downside for the ' Exhibition.' "

Nor were his interests confined to his friends in Benedictine communities. In his Father's religious house there were many mansions, and he wrote to their members in the same simple familiar style that he used to his Benedictine sisters. One of the convents in his diocese particularly in the Bishop's thoughts and care was that of the Poor Clares at Bullingham, Hereford. It was founded in 1880, whilst he was Vicar-Capitular of the vacant diocese, and from then until his death a series of many letters and many visits gave proof of his solicitude, his reliance on the power of prayer and suffering, and his deep sense of the value of such a convent to the diocese. The extracts which follow are from letters written to the first Mother Abbess, who died in 1912, but the series was continued uninterruptedly to her successor.

In the earliest days of their foundation the Bishop writes familiarly his thanks for a small present :

" St. Andrew's Crescent,
Cardiff.
June 30, 1881.

It was a very agreeable and affectionate idea to send me a hamper of your garden produce—the first fruits. They are certainly very fine and worthy of the

'holy ground' where they are grown. I pray God to bless your labours and yourselves in every way.

You will have heard that Lord and Lady Bute have a son and heir—the fruit of many prayers. Do not forget to thank Almighty God for a blessing which will, I trust, be productive of much good to holy religion in this diocese.

I hope to be near Bullingham in about ten days' time and to see you.

P.S.—Put lime or salt round your plants against slugs."

In 1884 the great difficulties of their position seriously threatened the continuance of the convent at Bullingham, and the Bishop wrote on September 24th:

"Dorlin,

Salen,

Loch Senart, N.B.

On no account will I ever consent to your leaving the diocese. I hope you will simply and at once make up your mind to stay. I am prepared to make all possible sacrifices that you may be well and securely established, and I shall be very sorry if an apparently better chance should tempt you to leave me. I am starting for home to-morrow."

The crisis happily passed, and a few years later the Bishop wrote:

"Llanishen,

October 21, 1890.

"You need not be apprehensive about the interest on the debt. I am quite content to take only what you can really spare at the end of each year. I am quite as

badly off for a Bishop as you are for Poor Clares; and we must share and share alike.

As for support, continue to write systematically and daily to your friends and to others. And always let me know if you are ever really in want of necessaries. Your present destitution I take to be an infallible sign that you will obtain many graces from God for yourselves and for the diocese."

And again a few days later:

"In reply to Sister Clare's letter of yesterday I beg of you to dismiss all anxiety about the debt of £3000. I do not know that it is in my power to *renounce* claim whether to principal or to interest, but you must only pay either interest or principal when you are *well able* to do it. Meanwhile you are not to have any anxiety; you are to spend on the community all that shall be reasonably necessary for their comfort and convenience; and you are never to mention either debt or interest in your begging letters. If ever the times comes when you are *well able* to pay off the money, it will be a duty to pay it—but not till then. Let the debt lie and have no scruples. Have the garden attended to and the piece of wall built as you propose.

In an undated letter he says:

"It is extraordinarily kind of you to send this £500. I will use it as you desire, and it will come in most providentially as I have large sums to provide just now for church extension. By all means make use of all the privileges accorded in the Apostolic Brief. I have no doubt it is quite authentic, but I will take care to ascertain, as I am bound to do.

I hope you are all well. I have been quite well myself for some time. I have not been able to do much this past Christmas, and have been disappointed in not coming to Hereford. I hope I may come for Feb. 2nd."

Each year the Bishop wrote for the Feast of St. Clare, promising his Mass for the community. The following are extracts from some of these, and from other letters :

" I must not forget to wish you and the community a very happy feast. May the holy mother, St. Clare, keep you all fervent and united. I hope the last year has brought you many proofs of her maternal care of you. You have indeed much to be grateful for. But if the year has brought you also some troubles and anxieties, be all the more glad, for these are the proofs that the house is being solidly established. Every one should be solicitous not to bring or cause such troubles by her own conduct, but for those who have to bear and put up with them, especially superiors, there ought to be great consolation because it is by this kind of suffering in union with Our Blessed Lord, that all blessings come, whether to monasteries or to individual souls.

I cannot but think that one or two providential events which have somewhat lightened my own anxiety have been brought about by the prayers of the community. I mean, first, the victory which after four years' struggle we have gained in getting the grant for Barry School, and next, an order from the Local Government Board protecting the faith of the poor children at Swansea. If you could now only manage to get me about £1000, I should be satisfied, for a time.

But, in truth, we never know what blessings we receive from intercessory prayer, so that even if no results seem visible, we should never lose one atom of confidence."

" April 15, 1887.

I am exceedingly grateful for your letter, and for all the kind prayers which you and the community have offered and are offering for me. I know that you continually pray for me, and I want no other return for any little interest I show in you.

Accept also my best thanks for the missal-cover, which is very beautiful, and which is a great addition to my chapel."

"August 11, 1893.

As St. Clare has been specially loving and maternal to you during the past twelve months, I am sure you will all keep her feast to-morrow with more than usual fervour and holy joy. At the same time you must not forget that when St. Clare, by the order of the Pope, blessed the table, every loaf of bread was found to be marked with the Cross. Whatever benedictions may be given you—and I have confidence that God and St. Clare will send you many more—they are sure to come marked with the Cross. You are having a share in the Cross at this moment, and Our Lord's purpose in sending it is to turn you all more closely to Himself in humble sorrow for sin and in loving trust.

I propose, with the permission of God, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice for you and your sisters in London to-morrow."

"June 28, 1895.

You have my best prayers for the blessing of God during your fresh term of office. I pray also that He may bless all the new office-bearers, and the whole community, and fill you all with the spirit of humility, sacrifice, and sisterly love.

You have my permission to do as you propose in regard to decorating the chapel.

I recommend to your prayers a young Catholic gentleman who is sorely tempted to marry in the Protestant Church.

Also the welfare of Llandrindod where we are trying to start a mission. It is in Radnorshire, and that county has no mission at present.

Between this and Christmas I have got to find at least £1000 for enlarging and repairing a school."

"August 11, 1895.

I pray that you and the community may have a happy feast of your holy mother, with all the blessings of God. I hope to offer the Holy Sacrifice for you to-morrow and I shall offer it specially that God, through the intercession of St. Clare, may give you all the spirit of confidence in his fatherly love. That spirit will draw you to leave all things to His Providence. It will help you not to be discouraged at small beginnings, at difficulties, at losses, and even at your own sins and deficiencies. It will also make your prayers efficacious and powerful, bringing with it the assurance that they are all quite certain to be heard, in the way that God wills and at His hour. We have just been saying in the Introit of this Sunday's Mass 'Cast thy care upon the Lord.'

I have delayed a long time about the Rule, but I I hope to get it examined now and sent back. Continue to pray for my intentions."

"Jan. 1, 1899.

I beg to acknowledge your kind cheque for £20, safely received. I am much obliged for your kind expressions and prayers. I firmly believe in the efficacy of the prayers of yourself and the community, and I am the more sure of it, the more I see how *persistently*, if I may use the expression reverently, Our dear Lord afflicts you. I trust, however, that you are not always so suffering as you seem to have been lately. . . .

Wish the community from me a most happy New Year with every blessing, and all peace, patience, and perseverance. Their prayers are of more consequence than they will ever know, until the newest of all New Years dawns upon each."

"Ampleforth Abbey,
August 11, 1899.

I am here giving a retreat, and I have only time to send you my best wishes for a happy feast. I pray that

the intercession of your holy Mother may draw down upon the community now and always every blessing of Almighty God. Be faithful to her spirit, and you may be sure of her protection. I will ask you to remember to help me in returning thanks to Almighty God for the graces of this retreat and not to forget me in other ways. I hope to offer the Holy Sacrifice for you all to-morrow."

"August 11, 1901.

You and the community have my kindest wishes and prayers for the feast of your holy Mother. I hope to offer my Mass for you all that God may bless and protect you through St. Clare's intercession, and may make you worthy daughters of her to whom God gave so great a grace of poverty, obedience, and purity. You are a little flock, and little known to the world. But in the sight of God you are precious, and He cherishes you as children who are specially devoted to Him. But it is only by the individual and personal efforts of each member of the community that these holy relations can be maintained in their full perfection between yourselves and your heavenly Father. Therefore I exhort each and all to take courage and renew their goodwill and generosity, so that Our Lord may find among you neither tepidity, nor murmuring nor unkindness.

Asking always your prayers for myself and the diocese, etc."

"S. Benedict's,
Maxwelltown,
Dumfries,
August 11, 1903.

I wish you all a most happy feast with all the graces and benedictions which such a feast ought to bring with it. You will have my prayers to-morrow, for I

propose with the help of God to offer my Mass for you. Nothing gives me greater consolation than to think you all are tranquilly and peacefully serving our Lord in holy austerity, spiritual prayers, and sisterly affection.

I am giving a retreat here to some Benedictine nuns of a teaching order, who keep a quiet perpetual Adoration. . . . I am the guest of the Bishop of Galloway who occupies the chaplain's house and performs his duties. I am sure you will find a corner in your prayers for my retreat.

On Sunday I had a telegram from Cardinal Rampolla (in reply to mine of the day of the Holy Father's election) sending the Pope's thanks with a 'cordial benediction' to the Bishop, clergy, and flock of the diocese. This is, I suppose, the first blessing of the new Pope sent to England."

"Nazareth House,
Cardiff,
August 11, 1905.

I send a line to wish you and and the sisters a very happy feast with every blessing from God. . . . I hope to offer Mass for the community to-morrow. Tell them to take courage in their holy vocation and to think of the innumerable Poor Clares in heaven, headed by your holy Mother herself. Tell them to strive to be kind and loyal one to another, each suppressing herself and helping her sister to be perfect, for in a convent of Poor Clares it is difficult to live a perfect life if even one sister makes herself troublesome and inconsiderate.

I heard all particulars from Bergholt. I feel sure that your sister's * life of sacrifice will bring them many blessings. I am giving a retreat here till the 15th; for which please continue to pray a little. I may be in your neighbourhood about Sept. 4 if all be well."

* Dame Catherine Parker, the Abbess of Bergholt.

" Belmont,

Oct. 12, 1905.

" I am very sorry and disappointed. I started from home yesterday with a determination to be at your celebration all through to-day, but I am unable to do anything, and indeed I ought not to have left home. You would have the Mass, and as for my share in the celebration, we shall have to wait for another occasion. Meanwhile you have my prayers and blessing. You must all begin the new quarter century with gratitude to God and resolution to be more faithful than in the past to your holy vocation. For my own part, I thank God every day for having sent you to the diocese."

" August 11, 1908.

I send my kindest wishes for the feast of your holy Mother, and pray God through her intercession to grant every grace and blessing to the community. I hope to offer my Mass for all of you to-morrow, please God, and I hope that you will not only be filled with spiritual joy at the feast but will humbly thank Almighty God and St. Francis and St. Clare for fostering and protecting you during the past quarter of a century. The monastery has experienced many dangers and difficulties both from without and from within, and we can see, on looking back, how evidently the providence of God has watched over you. This thought should fill you all with gratitude, and with a humble longing that Our Lord and your holy Patrons may find in you that devoted love of holy observance, and sincere union with the Sacred Heart which may merit the continuance of the benedictions of the past.

I daresay you will have read of the centenary celebration at Ushaw. I was in the North about a fortnight altogether, and I feel now fairly myself again, except for the year of the Lord.

Tell M. Vicaress I talked with her brother, the secular priest, at Ushaw."

The last letter to be quoted, written in August, 1911, begins as so many others, with good wishes and promise of his Mass, and then goes on :

" I hope that you are not suffering more than usual, and that the sisters are all well. I am sure that you all remember the diocese in your prayers to God. We opened a new Church at Cardiff a month ago, and are preparing to erect chapels or mission rooms at Caerphilly, Ferndale, and in the Cathays suburb of Cardiff. There are three or four other missions where new churches or enlargements are wanted, and I forgot to say that on Sunday next, the 13th, I am to open an iron church at Abersychen. So we want your prayers. I always like to think that the Poor Clares do most of the work in the diocese. Your first thought, as I need not say, must always be your union with your heavenly Spouse which should grow more intimate each year through your prayers and observance. But no doubt God has also established you where you are that you may sustain the efforts of His priests in the salvation of souls, and it should fill you with a holy joy that you are able to fulfil this purpose so effectively."

Another religious congregation, to name but one more, which received the Bishop's constant care was that of the nuns of Nazareth House. Their convent and home in Cardiff was frequently visited and helped by him. " His Lordship was to us a real father and friend," writes the present Superior-General.

The daughter of an old friend and helper in diocesan work was clothed by the Bishop in the Carmelite habit, and the following year he wrote to her of his pleasure in knowing that she had persevered, and promising her his Mass on the

day of her Profession. A little later she offered him her congratulations on his Sacerdotal Jubilee, and it was characteristic of him that his reply was written by return of post. In his letter he referred to the wonderful growth of her Order with these words, "The world could not have too many Carmelites."

Chapter IX

HIS INNER LIFE

THE inner life of a monk-bishop must be intimately bound up with his religious life, and this chapter may be regarded as a pendant to the last one.

> Yourself are with yourself the sole consortress,
> In that unleaguerable fortress ;
> It knows you not its portress.
>
> Its keys are at the cincture hung of God ;
> Its gates are trepidant to His nod ;
> By Him its floors are trod.

We have seen how Bishop Hedley has drawn a cloak of reserve about himself, shutting out not only the outsider, but even, it would seem, himself. Even in his letters there are only scanty traces of self-revelation. Nor, so far as we are in a position to speak, did he ever unfold his inner life fully to others in conversation. Only once did he dedicate a book to a friend ; his prefaces, when he wrote any, reveal no personal aim. In this trait of character the contrast with those who have left a fuller record of their inner life has been noted, and it helps us to depict the man even by his silence—shall we call it the silence of the cloister thrown around his heart ? The chapter of the Rule of St. Benedict, *de Taciturnitate*, had been his youthful study. We might say, perhaps, in modern phrase, that his inner life was subconscious, was so mingled with the fibre of his being that it was no more felt than the pulse which beat in his veins, or the atmosphere which filled his lungs. The result of this reserve was a certain aloofness—not due to haughtiness

or indifference—for he was keenly interested in men and things, his eyes sparkled, his lips twitched with humour and enjoyment, appreciation was visible in every feature—but he was never carried away, never dissipated. The play, the concert, the conversation came to an end, and the Bishop at once fell back into his habitual aloofness. He seemed to withdraw into an interior dwelling of his soul, amid great and supernatural thoughts, which fell round about his spirit, clothing it as the darkness clothes the earth and sky when the sun has set. This was his inner or spiritual life, which had its root in that great virtue of monastic discipline, the elimination of self which rises from a deep humility.

The Bishop in his article in *The Dublin Review* on "Sancta Sophia," speaks in an eloquent, interesting passage of Father Baker's description of *custodia cordis*, and he quotes: "It consists in not pouring our affections inordinately upon creatures . . . it is a chariness over our interior, to keep it as much in quietness as we can. In cases of suffering it is patience, in occasions of fear and disquiet it is the practice of resignation. It is in effect, abstraction; for it requireth that we restrain ourselves from meddling with what doth not appertain unto us, and in what does not belong to us to do; it requireth a reservedness of our loves and affections for God to whom they are only due. . . . It is, in effect, solitude. . . . It is a passing over all creatures with a farther tendence to God." Is there not contained in this a description of the characteristic which we

have attributed to him? How then shall we pierce this *custodia cordis?* How shall we penetrate this shrouding of his inner life and make it reveal itself to us in clearer lines and more distinct colours? Naturally we shall look to the spiritual writings he has left. But how far do a man's writings or sayings reflect himself? How truly do the poignant rhapsodies of the poet, Francis Thompson, represent his own life? It is not easy to say. But sometimes we are not left in doubt, as when that other Francis, of Assisi, cried out through the livelong night "*Deus Meus et Omnia.*"

So with the Bishop his discourses are the echoes of his life. He could not write merely objectively for others' sake. His very character, the form and fashion of his writings, convince us that it could not be so. They are too persistently in the one channel, they are too meditative, too absorbed in their subject-matter. The writer must have lived his days in their rare atmosphere, at once of mystery and of revelation of God the Father, absolute and infinite, yet kind and tender, majestic in the lofty heights, yet condescending to every being He has created, and of God the Son, Jesus Christ, who became our brother and our friend. Many pages speak to us, again and again, of the loving intercourse of Jesus Christ with man, with that rich unfolding of His gifts. Surely this personal friendship was his own. In the same strain he discourses of the Holy Spirit, the Source of life and light, of knowledge and piety, who bathes the world in harmony and suffuses the

soul with the beauty of holiness. He dwells lovingly on the picture of the Mother of God, that sweet figure which stands always by, to soften yet to express the wonders of the Incarnation ; of the kingdom of the Angels and of the Saints. It may be asked, have not others preached and written in similar language ? Yes, but it would be difficult to find a parallel to these discourses in their continuousness and their unique style. The Fathers and the Saints have written thus, and in his inner life the Bishop followed after the ways of the Fathers and the Saints.

Nor is it easy from his writings to estimate or delineate the special virtues which enriched Bishop Hedley's life, but some insight into them may be gained from the themes that he elaborates when he deals with the spiritual life. " It is very wonderful how little we know of ourselves ; I do not mean our faults, or our capabilities, but our nature, destiny, position. We mostly look out of windows all our life " (*Retreat*, p. 15). Let us venture to look through the windows of his soul.

I. Obedience.—He had begun his religious training under St. Benedict's Rule, and had learnt early to enter into the battle of life under the discipline of obedience. He valued it exceedingly and he touchingly echoes St. Gregory's lament that the episcopate had removed him from the sweet yoke of obedience and " now his unguided way led his bleeding feet to stumble amid the thorns and sharp shards that beset his steps." He regarded the vow of obedience as the chief

and essential vow of the Religious State. On obedience depends our religious spirit and on our religious spirit depends life everlasting. Having cultivated obedience, both in act and in spirit, in his cloistered days, he always inculcated it as necessary not only for religious people, but, in fact, for every Christian soul. He expected his priests to recognize it as a fundamental virtue, and to manifest it outwardly and inwardly in their daily life. His treatment of obedience in his *Retreat* is perhaps a little uncommon. He calls it the *mystery* of obedience, and the root of it is humility, which is the spirit of truthfulness by which we recognize our entire dependence on Almighty God. This will manifest itself in obedience—the first degree of humility is obedience, says St. Benedict—obedience to God, which involves obedience to His commands and to His ministers. The back is bowed by acts of obedience, and they bend the spirit also. This virtue regulates the attitude of the soul in accord with truth, and checks self-complacency, vanity, and pride; it is the sovereign secret of devout humility. With it comes the fruitfulness of sacrifice, by it we wish to give all that we have to God. It is not only for beginners. The spiritual heart as it grows more enlightened will long with greater fervour for the continuous touch of that sovereign force which has power to transmute its service into deeper and purer acts of union with its God. So obedience and humility, these two fundamental virtues, find a deep place in the Bishop's soul.

It can never be justly said of him that he was eager to take the lead, to speak, or to address an assembly. If he spoke it was because an opportunity offered itself, or because he had something of worth to say, and would wish to say it, but there is no sign that he had any craving to appear. In fact often he was too backward in taking the lead, too slow to make his power and influence felt. Nor was he beset with that "last infirmity of noble mind"—ambition. Once, if not twice, when his name was the most favoured by the Hierarchy as successor to the See of Westminster, he certainly put forward no claim. He was neither moved by the honour, nor even by the distant view of the Cardinalate. At once, and effectively, he stepped back and relinquished all hope of this high place. One of his prayers runs: "Give me, O Light of my life, the grace to take up what is low as heartily as what is dignified, and what is flattering as simply as what is humbling, and to see Thee beneath it all, and Thee alone."

The barrier of the Welsh hills, the isolation of his diocese in part enshrouded his life. It was symbolic of the hidden life which he loved, and called the "strong and fruitful life." "The hidden life inclines the servant of God to be, if possible, actually hidden . . . the Saints and those enlightened by the secret of Jesus have always loved to be, as far as they could, really unknown" (*Retreat*, p. 145). There are one or two expressions in letters of his, simple enough, which for a moment pierce the reserve of his

nature. His long life led him to celebrate various jubilees. He writes of "my poor jubilee," more than once. It describes the echoes of his heart, "the record of many years too poorly spent." Again, writing of people's kindness in speech and gift, he declares that it makes him "feel like an impostor."

II. Poverty.—These same jubilee gifts remind us that along with the spirit of obedience the spirit of the early discipline of cloistered poverty remained with him in the larger world. While expressing himself grateful for the kind generosity which brought to him some large sums of money, he declares how he hates "this matter of the money." He made it all over to the diocese. He spent little money on himself. Not long before his death, when he was obliged to go to London for the Bishops' annual meeting, his Vicar asked him how much money he would require. "Just my fare," he said. The Vicar gave him £5, but a friend at the station presented him with a return ticket, and afterwards when he came home the money was found intact. His sister, Mrs. Humble, gave him each year a present of £50 for himself, but he always handed it over to the poor missions of the diocese. "O my Jesus," he writes in the *Retreat* (p. 231), "make me fear to trifle with my vow of Poverty! It is heavy, heavy and painful, but that is what Thou hast ordained, that so it may draw me to Thee. . . . My brethren in the world may moderately enjoy their possessions, but not so with Thy vowed servants. The act of renunciation

overshadows them every moment and it either lifts them up or casts them miserably down."

III. Renunciation.—It might seem that there was little austerity in the Bishop's life. Yet in that reserve and solitude of spirit which we have noted there is room for much mortification. How much in his own life he practised bodily mortification is not revealed to us, but he has said enough for us to gather something of his views on the point, and these will have found their place in his own life. He would not readily prescribe bodily austerities; he would not urge the will to do violence to the shrinking flesh. Not that he under-valued the traditions of such austerities, and he pointed to our Saviour's physical pains. "As when a dark cloud breaks and the rains stream upon the earth, suffering from that day (of the crucifixion) has fallen on men and women, in every age and over all the world, and every drop has been full of the fragrance of the Cross" (*Retreat*, p. 166). But he recognized a practical difficulty in this question, and hesitated to lay down stringent rules. Guidance should be sought in the promptings of the Holy Spirit acting on a temperament that was likely to profit by bodily penances. Certainly the leading note in his advice is always to emphasize renunciation; recognition of pain as ordained by a wise Providence, and its cheerful acceptance, rather than the active search for it. He dwells again and again on the value of sacrifice, the complete submission to God's will, and the drawing near to God by love. "The mystery of the Cross is

this, that without the smart and the anguish of pain, willingly accepted, the best acts of love and union must be wanting in a certain intensity and efficacy " (*The Light of Life*, p. 336).

The Bishop's mind on this and kindred spiritual matters is well seen in a series of letters to Miss O'Fallon Pope—a lady in the world—whom he had known from her earliest years. His friendship with and direction of this soul is a revelation of the man worth setting before the reader, and although we can give only a broken and disjointed account, we shall find expressed many beautiful sentiments. Moreover, there are found in it glimpses—though few—of his personal and intimate reflections. He wrote the following letter to her, after some complaint of despondency, from which she often suffered.

" St. Francis Xavier's,

Hereford.

Sept. 2, 1879.

This is to cheer you up. I have been thinking about you since yesterday afternoon, and hoping that you are going on as well as we all want you. I don't know that I feel very sorry for you. You have so many blessings (if you know them well enough), and you are, when you think of it, so happy that I am not going to fret for you. Only be sure you bring yourself up to the point of habitual love of God's holy Will—I don't say merely resignation—that is too cold a word—but a sort of longing and loving wish that God would dispose of you, and of all you have, and of all your life, just as He may please, and this habitually, by dint of thinking it over and making ' acts ' of it."

This is the first letter in which he seriously addresses himself to the guidance of his young friend, with whom he kept in close touch, patiently and affectionately, up to her death, urging her to make good use of her life.

He writes again a few years later :

" You seem busy with the conversion of all sorts of fair unbelievers. I wish I could help you. If you could only get your cousin to pray, much could be done. A book like Archbishop Vaughan's is useful, but you can do so much good yourself by an earnest and serious life and by letting it be seen that *you* live for another world ; and this without preaching or posing."

Again, sympathizing with the same lady on the death of her sister, at which he was present, but for whose funeral he could not stay, he writes :

" I am with you all in spirit to-day. You will have a renewal of all the sadness of Saturday. I pray that God may give you strength and comfort. I said my Mass this morning for my dear Alice. Somehow or other I cannot feel that she is any further away. In truth she is in many ways ever so much nearer.

I feel it has been a great grace to me to be present with you all at this death and mourning. May it help me to prepare for death myself ! And I am also very glad to have been able to do some little to help and comfort you. I only know one way of doing it, and that is by turning you more and more to your Father in Heaven. Meanwhile affection is not forbidden, and I am not likely to sympathize the less with you for these days that we have lately passed so near together. Be sure of my love and prayers. May God bless you.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

J.C. Bishop of Newp. & Men.

Another letter follows, advising and encouraging :

" Tell me how you are trying to turn this visitation to profit. You no doubt, my dear child, are remembering what we agreed on, namely, that you were to accept with your whole heart the office and duty (in connection with your mother) which our Lord has now placed on you. Do not have any misgivings. You will be happier yet than ever you have been ; with a graver and more thoughtful happiness perhaps, but with that true rest and hope that one can only have in giving one's self wholly to the will and love of God. Resolve to do with a courageous heart the work which each day and each hour demand from you —and leave the future to our Lord."

Again, in answer to a " very mournful letter," he replies :

" I am afraid your fears about your health are preying upon you. I told you that your only hope of complete peace on this head is in making an act of total resignation of your life and health into God's hands. Think how He is your best and only friend, whose Providence is arranging and ordaining everything in the most loving manner for your greater good ; and encourage yourself by degrees to consider that whatever He wills is sure to be the best. Often throw yourself with all the fervour of your heart into His arms. St. Catherine of Genoa says : ' I saw the sweet God taking such care of the soul, that no man, had he the whole world for his reward, would take such care.' You cannot have a truer view than this, and in proportion as you come to understand it by prayer and aspiration you will be happy.

Do not be distressed because you cannot make magnanimous resolutions for your future conduct.

What you have to do is, to do well the duty of the present day, as each day comes. Therefore steady yourself each morning by a brief glance through the coming day; take each duty or recreation as it comes, with inward lifting up of your heart to God; and at night examine in loving sorrow how far your weakness has made you selfish here, or impatient there, or slothful in some other case."

The depression continued to afflict his correspondent, and the Bishop prescribes:

"Cheerful society, good air, and perhaps a little tonic medicine." He recommends her, if it continues, to consult Dr. Andrew Clark, "who will be sure to give you a good practical and sensible opinion. As for spiritual remedies, the only one is to lean more and more on our Lord as knowing how dear you are to Him."

In another letter he touched on the subject of vanity. Miss Pope had evidently expressed to her director her fear that vanity was spoiling her spiritual life. He gives his advice in a few brief sentences.

"11 South St., S.W.

Nov. 3, 1882.

I can believe you have temptations to vanity—or rather that you are conscious of a sort of pleasure in being liked, or even in being admired. That is no sin so far; but you must not foster it, and must gently turn from it and turn to God. A great test of whether you give way to any fault in the matter is whether you do, say, or omit anything for no other reason than to attract attention or admiration. That is the point to examine. Interior feelings, apart from this, need not trouble you much."

As the months and years go by the Bishop's voice is ever urging and encouraging his friend to higher effort—not didactically, but in a simple, brief, informal way.

"Do not be afraid of 'pouring out' to me. It will do you good. You have quite enough of company manners and primness, and even to some extent of forced gaiety; you should talk quite freely to me. The more I think about you, the more I see clearly that you would make a good and brave servant of God if you can, by degrees, bring yourself to care nothing at all about yourself, about your health, feelings, wants, and troubles. 'Very easy advice!' you will say, 'but very hard doing.' Well, but look forward to some such aim as this. Habits are formed by the repetition of acts. A fine character is formed by daily acts, and daily restraints.

. . . I am full of troubles. I don't think I ever had so many troubles on hand—don't talk about what I say of this kind. . . . I do not want to complain, but it is pleasant to utter one's plaints to an affectionate and sympathizing ear; at least if not actually pleasant, it is a help. When I grow into the distant resemblance of a saint you will see how cold and silent I will be! God bless you, etc."

Thus we find this man, strong, self-reliant, and extremely reserved, just opening the door of his inner spirit and leaning a little the weight of his burden on the immature and younger woman friend. It recalls to our minds St. Francis of Sales, Fénélon, Lacordaire, and other holy souls.

On the anniversary of her sister's death he sends her his word of encouragement:

" Rotherwas.

Aug. 26, 1883.

I do not forget what anniversary this is. I did not write yesterday because I did not want you to give way too much to memories. I said Mass for Alice and we all prayed for her. Whatever God has in store for you in the future (and it will not all be unhappiness) these months of desolation will have taught you and fortified you. I see that very plainly.

Perhaps this is a blessing that the sister has prayed for."

He continues in the same strain :

Jan. 31, 1884.

" I am sure you try to offer yourself wholly to God and to be indifferent to health and sickness, happiness or suffering, life or death, provided you may belong to Him with your whole heart. Do not be afraid of trying and do not be disheartened, if you are sometimes weak and if you cannot altogether get rid of less elevated aspirations and views. You will grow nearer to God by degrees, as I trust you are doing."

And again :

" I feel very much for this special cross of yours. This recurring depression of spirits, I think, will gradually diminish in force, and more quickly if you find some new interest in life, which I expect you will. In the meantime you must remember that feeling changes nothing. The world is just as much (or as little) a blank and a desert whether one feels it or not. The human being has his immortal soul and his God, and if the rational spiritual will is right before God, the whole being is right and outward circumstances are right too. It is like having your room bright and warm while the sky outside is dark and the cold winds are blowing."

More directly he speaks to her of mortification and detachment, emphasizing as usual renunciation of will, and loving acceptance of all we have to bear :

" 11 Oct., 1884.

The Retreat has given you principles which are invaluable, but do not overdo your practice; and by this I mean that you ought not to scruple to take ordinary pleasure, amusement, recreation, and affection, offering all to God as a medicine which your weakness requires and as a help to draw you nearer to Him—a help which *by degrees*, as He gives you His light and the spirit of discretion, you will be able to do without."

And again :

" Keep up your heart; you must be learning by this time to be more or less indifferent, in the strictest Jesuit sense, to everything that may happen to you. The more I live and study my neighbours' lives (not to say my own) the more I become convinced that every vicissitude of our life is not only ordained by God (which is, of course) but will justify its purpose even to our own judgement in the long run. You are intended for something, and these repeated and trying attacks of weakness will be explained some day. I am growing more and more crippled. I wonder what that is providentially intended for? "

Some months later, when Miss Pope has partly recovered her good spirits, the Bishop opens out to her gently and sympathetically a theory of detachment for her, not too austere, yet such as will leave the way open for union with God.

"Nov. 24, 1885.

"I don't think I am wrong in putting down some of the good change in you to Kenelm's (her brother) visit. You *do* want (I won't say some one to love—that would be commonplace—but) someone to be interested in, to feel about, to admire, to learn from. This is quite right and natural; and now that you have (thanks to your Retreat) been through a sort of purification and elevation of natural liking, you need not, I should think, be afraid that experience of this kind will interfere with your union with God. Some people have the vocation which makes them find God best in solitude and bare walls. Others see Him better in rather highly coloured surroundings, and especially in good people who are warm-hearted, interesting, and responsive."

Finally, we will quote a letter sent to console and encourage her in resignation after a severe attack of weakness and depression—nearly ten years later.

"Llanishen.

Jan. 31, 1894.

I hope you are not fretting but peaceful and resigned. God never sends us anything except to draw us nearer to Him; and this is specially true of serious illness. Place yourself wholly in the hands of God. Imagine that you are actually stretched out on the Cross of Christ. You may reach by this practice a higher perfection in a week than in twenty years of ordinary life. Father Benedict Mackey has just sent me a new volume of his edition of St. Francis de Sales—I will quote a passage from it for you. 'Think how the bees when they are making honey support themselves on very bitter nourishment, and so with ourselves. We can only make the highest acts of gentleness and patience so long as we eat the bread of bitterness and are straitened round about by pain.'"

IV. Piety.—The word "piety" is sometimes treated slightingly, and there is a spurious piety which deserves censure. But piety is one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit; and if anyone judged Bishop Hedley, because of his brusqueness of manner and intellectual preoccupation, to be wanting in this virtue, he would do him an injustice.

The piety of the Bishop was not sentimental. Sentimentality was not a weakness of his; but sentiment* and feeling he certainly had. A view that recalled old memories, the recital on the organ of some well-remembered theme, the death of a friend—these things stirred him so that he was deeply affected. Piety, too, stirred the depths of his soul, but did not overflow in superficial emotion. Doctrine, the realization of God's love in the Incarnation, the beauty of the mother of God at Bethlehem, or on Calvary, the hidden life of Jesus Christ in the Tabernacle; these thoughts brought sorrow and joy and warmth to his heart. "True piety is the realization of our being's purpose. Piety is a tender and sensitive love of God, of our blessed Lord, of the mother of Jesus, of the saints, and of holy things. It springs from faith and it leads to self-denial" (*The Christian Inheritance*, p. 415).

This description of piety as the expression of a tender and sensitive love he manifested in simple ways. He had the devout practice of saying

* He writes to Father Cuthbert Pippet, O.S.B., on the occasion of his monastic jubilee, November 13, 1913: "You were always moderately sentimental and I could exhibit a touch of sentiment myself about our past if I gave the rein to thought."

the Litany of the Blessed Virgin whenever he started on a journey, even if it were only a drive from Llanishen into Cardiff. His devotion to the Sacred Heart was marked, and every first Friday of the month he lighted candles at the little shrine in his chapel, and recited the Litany of the Sacred Heart, before saying Mass. In the same way, on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, he lighted the candles before her statue and recited her Litany. The gift of piety was tenderly described by him in a sermon preached in the Birmingham Oratory on St. Philip's Day :

" When I read of St. Philip in his early youth at Florence, bright, charming, and modest, learning in the cloisters of San Marco, from Fra Angelico's inspired work, to love Jesus and Mary and the holy Angels, I feel what piety is. When I realize the picture of St. Philip saying Mass, of the look of his countenance, his tears, his visible trembling, his ever-throbbing heart, I know what piety can be. When I think of him in his old age, in his poor room in the Valicella, a beautiful old man, white as an ermine, with white transparent hands—trembling all over, when he utters one of his favourite ejaculations, his eyes filling with tears at the sight of a holy picture, or the relics of the Saints ; or alone with no light but what falls on his crucifix, praying through the night—then no words are wanted to define piety " (*Light of Life*, p. 69).

From the same sermon we have the theological groundwork of the virtue :

" It is not any exaggeration, then, but only the unadorned truth to say that piety rests on the Incarnation, and that any error, any shortcoming in the belief of

the Incarnation, is always detrimental to piety and may be fatal to piety" (p. 76).

V. PRAYER. (*a*) Public.—We have seen his love for the Liturgy and the Divine Office. The root of true love had been planted in the cloister and there had matured during many years.

In many passages of his writings there recurs his lifelong conviction that the spirit of praise belongs to the human race. Here is one of his similes :

"There are great rivers which flow through vast continents for a thousand miles, and ere they reach the ocean which they seek, they lose themselves in flats and swamps lying stagnant for many a mile; but others press right on to the sea—deep, swift, and straight, bearing ships on their waters and gladdening the hearts of men. Thus must the human spirit either waste itself on the earth or raise itself to know, love, and praise the earth's Maker and Lord" (*The Christian Inheritance*, p. 195. "Praise and Worship").

This sermon of his on "Praise and Worship" is aglow with his admiration of the Psalms, and the Divine Office as a *sacrifice* of praise. The singer of the Psalms speaks for the universal human spirit. The Hebrews call the Psalms the book of Praise. Inspired by the Holy Ghost it is the Divine warrant for man to praise God, and the divine exemplar of how it should be done. It is the speech of a soul to whom God is the first and the last. He calls upon all his powers to praise God, and he calls for understanding;

he lays his will and his desire at the feet of God.

The Christian Church raised its heart to God in the same Song of Praise, "in psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles singing in grace in your hearts to God" (Col. iii, 16).

The clergy as they surrounded the Pontiff at the altar chanted the song of praise ; the solitaries of the early centuries met in companies to sing in common the psalms of worship. At the signal for public prayer, the work was dropped, the cells deserted, contemplation and penance interrupted, and, as bees swarm back to the hive in the evening, the servants of God hurried to the *Opus Dei*—the Work of God. Then came St. Benedict and the monastic Orders. The Divine Office was organized ; Matins were chanted before the rising of the sun, and vespers at its setting. So the sacrifice of praise rose from earth to Heaven.

(*b*) Private : The Bishop treats also of private prayer, which he recognized as the most important duty in the individual spiritual life. It is the secret life of a man's relation to God. The onlooker cannot measure its heights or depths. We may catch glimpses of Bishop Hedley at prayer and it helps us a little to look into his soul. We read what he has said about prayer and find some reflection of his spirit. He has written at some length about prayer in its devotional and practical aspects, but we do not know that he has made any direct utterances which reveal to us the state of his own soul in its

intercourse with its Maker. His most elaborated and studied treatise on prayer will be found in a long essay on a new edition of Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia* or Holy Wisdom, prepared by the Very Rev. Dr. Sweeney, a monk of Downside Abbey, and at one time Cathedral Prior of Belmont. The Bishop's essay appeared in *The Dublin Review* in 1876. It was published again by the Catholic Truth Society in 1916, under the title *Prayer and Contemplation.* This publication was prepared by Abbot Butler and issued with a short preface. The Abbot writes of it: "The article is reprinted in the hope that these utterances of a Master on the deep questions of the spiritual life on prayer and contemplation may prove a source of instruction and inspiration to many." The teaching of this little treatise is that prayer is the most ordinary and natural impulse in the world once we grant human understanding and knowledge of a Supreme Being. Meritorious and sanctifying prayer—prayer rising from a soul in whom dwells the Holy Ghost—is a different matter, yet it, too, may be called ordinary, though in the supernatural order. But further, in this supernatural order, prayer may become miraculous or extraordinary when the Divine gift meets the soul with exceeding abundance ; and sometimes it manifests itself in ecstasies, raptures, and the like. Prayer is an art, and must be cultivated by long years of arduous endeavour, by a spiritual discipline of mortification and detachment, which gains for us liberty of spirit, removes obstacles

to grace, and opens the way to union with God. Set your feet upon this road—the way of contemplation—and with the help of God you may attain the goal. "Comparatively few," the Bishop quotes from Cassian, "have experience of this." And again from St. Bernard: "Many tend to contemplation all their lives and never arrive at it. And if they live piously and perseveringly do what in them lies, the instant they quit this body there is given to them that which in this life was inscrutably denied."

Therefore, practically, the art of prayer is seldom fully mastered and contemplation in its proper sense is a rare gift. Yet this we can always say, with St. Gregory the Great, that every class of person is open to receive it, be he priest, or religious, or layman.

The treatise continues on the ordinary lines of the mystic writers, though the mode of expression is individual. On the first step up the path towards perfect prayer, imagination ceases. The soul seems overshadowed "by a spreading silent sense as of something near at hand, vague in outline, colourless and dim, such a sense as might fall upon one who watches intently some dark curtain which hides an awful presence."

On the second step discourse or reason ceases. On the third comes intuition, flashing a revelation of God, "by which we gaze upon our last end, not in any abstract way but as here and now our complete joy and perfect bliss. . . . This is in itself merely the first resting-place of a mountain region in which height reaches beyond height

until human thought refuses to follow, yet it is a great and 'perfect' state of prayer." The act of contemplation in this life is not and cannot be a sustained and lasting act. It is, as St. Augustine calls it, *acies mentis*, a flash of the mind brought to the vision of God, though not to direct vision, for that would be the Beatific vision, and such is hardly granted here below—unless to St. Paul in his ecstasy. The state of contemplation is that perfect spiritual discipline, the result of the attainment of the art or virtue of prayer.

There is much more regarding method in this little work and elsewhere, but Bishop Hedley has nowhere exhaustively treated the subject of mysticism. He seemed to think that enough books had been written on the matter, for when a priest brought to him some volumes on the mystical life, and asked his advice about publishing them, he replied: "Is there not enough written on the subject?" But, though critical, he was kind, and the volumes appeared. In his writings he lays particular stress on the practice of meditation, properly so called, as creating a store-house to enrich the mind by a familiarity with God our Saviour and with all things supernatural, and securing for us more efficient help on the soul's upward path.

He was always most careful in the daily practice of prayer in his own life. He had his stated time for mental prayer, regular, unbroken, undistracted as far as possible. A remark of Cardinal Manning's to the effect that he found that he

preached best on a subject when it had been his morning's meditation, was once quoted to the Bishop. "No doubt it is good for the sermon," he replied, "but bad for the meditation." He was most regular, too, in the saying of the Divine Office. After tea, 4.30 p.m., he said Vespers and Compline, and Matins and Lauds for the following day. His custom was to walk up and down the little terrace in his garden at Llanishen, for the fresh air and exercise were valued by him notwithstanding the heavy limp caused by his lameness. He used to hold a crucifix in one hand, his breviary in the other—an absorbed and striking, if somewhat ungainly, figure. At the appointed hour he gathered his small household together for night prayers in the chapel.

No one who watched him in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, or when celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, could fail to be struck by his complete absorption in what he was doing. It was edifying to see his power of concentration, yet he paid a reverential and strict regard to rubrics and directions. He regularly used the *Pontificale* to make his thanksgiving after Mass, rather to the wonder of a fellow-Bishop, who knew the power of his mind and the richness of his thoughts. But Bishop Hedley realized that to follow the prayers of the Church was to sound the depths of union with God.

We get another outward glimpse of the Bishop at Llanishen which shows the light within. "When he took up his residence at Llanishen," writes one who lived with him, "he attended

sick calls, and indeed did all the work of a parish priest for the village, attending to the wants of a few humble Catholics on the mountain-side of Caerphilly and district. He would get together the little children and read them their Catechism, and prepare them for their first Confession and Communion." It brings to mind the beautiful picture of St. Francis de Sales teaching the little ones who crowded round him.

Chapter X

THE BISHOP'S BOOKS

THE books that he writes are the most enduring monument that a man leaves behind him after he himself has passed into the shadow of death, and in them the fruits of his industry and talent and piety are more manifest than in the spoken word or the influence of his presence. By his intimate friends Bishop Hedley was highly valued in his lifetime, and his friends were numerous. His influence on individuals and religious communities was widespread ; his power in the council of bishops was great ; his administration of his diocese was sound and effective ; his personality was distinctive and won respect from both Catholic and Protestant in the great city where he resided. But his writings are the chief work of his life, and the richest inheritance which his powerful mind and sanctified heart have left to us, and in them whatever claim he has to greatness will be found.

He was not a voluminous writer. Probably his standard of excellence was too high, and his critical faculty too fastidious to allow of this. Yet if we were to gather together his fugitive essays and addresses and add them to his longer works, there would be in them a very substantial intellectual achievement.

A list of his published volumes is easily made :

(1) Three volumes of sermons : (*a*) *Our Divine Saviour*, published in 1887. (*b*) *The Christian Inheritance* (1896). (*c*) *The Light of Life* (1899).

(2) A series of pastoral letters, collected under the title of *A Bishop and his Flock* (1903).

(3) *A Retreat* (1894). Two Retreats, *A Spiritual Retreat for Religious* and *A Spiritual Retreat for Priests* were published in 1918, after his death.

(4) *Lex Levitarum* (1905).

(5) *The Holy Eucharist* (1907).

Most of these works have been drawn upon for the substance of the preceding chapters, but a more detailed reference to their subject-matter is called for. Two of these volumes, *A Bishop and his Flock* and *Lex Levitarum*, have already been considered. A few words on the latter work may be added.

The *Lex Levitarum* is, to give the Bishop's own interpretation in an alternative title, a "Preparation for the Cure of Souls." It is founded on the "Regula Pastoralis" of St. Gregory the Great. The substance of its pages, as we are told in the preface, was given in the form of conferences to the students of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, about the year 1903. There is a short introduction in which the "Regula Pastoralis" is outlined, its popularity described, and its spirit defined as the elaboration of St. Gregory's dictum: *Ars artium est regimen animarum.* This is followed by a sketch of the life of St. Gregory, and two *sermons d'occasion* which make manifest the Bishop's constant love of and esteem for the great Pontiff.

An analysis of this work has been given in the chapter describing the Bishop's professorship

at Belmont. Its theme should prove most helpful not only to the young seminarist, but to every ecclesiastical student. It teaches wisely of vocation, of the piety and purity and zeal of a priest's life, and it treats very fully of the studies and training which will bring a priest's life to its highest efficiency. The text of the "Regula" is printed in Latin at the end of the volume. The Bishop's commentary occupies one hundred and sixty pages, apart from the introduction and the sketch of St. Gregory. The book is in its third edition.

Akin to the above in subject-matter is the theological treatise on *The Holy Eucharist.* It is a useful work, both for the clergy, who may not have the opportunity for deep and exhaustive study, or who may desire to recall the keen and fruitful reflections of their student days, and also for the laity, who need something more than a catechism of doctrine to furnish their minds with a defence against the atmosphere of a shallow scepticism, and to enrich them with a fuller knowledge of the power and beauty of the Catholic Faith. Moreover, it gives a remarkably lucid exposition of the learning of scholasticism without the bareness of its formulas. This doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist touches on views of matter and on theories of knowledge which are much discussed in the modern world, and in the Bishop's handling of the subject we find Catholic doctrine opening a way to the acquisition of a sane and clear philosophy.

With the spread of education, the number of

those who think and reflect is multiplied exceedingly. Their thoughts and reflections may not be very deep, but a disposition is created in them which is ready to be wrought upon by influences coming from whatever source. Hence arises the special importance of bringing the graces of the Blessed Eucharist more closely and more universally before men's minds.

"If we know how to use the Blessed Sacrament," writes the Bishop, "there is a great triumph prepared for it. If It is kept back the world will give itself up more and more to intellectual and spiritual evil." These words reflect the spirit of Pope Pius X, that holy pontiff of the Blessed Sacrament. It was Bishop Hedley's view, as he states in the preface, that now that the visible supports of Christ's kingdom, the organization of Christian states, and the royal pomp of public worship have failed us, and for three hundred years disintegration of Christian institutions has been amongst us, it is by the worship of the Blessed Eucharist, by the crowded congregations who adore at Holy Mass, by the multitudes who throng the Sanctuary rails to receive Holy Communion, that the visible kingdom of Christ shall assert itself, stand unshaken on its Divine foundation and hold possession of the world.

The subject is followed point by point, after the manner of a textbook of theology—the Institution, the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, the Holy Eucharist as a Sacrament, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Mass as a Liturgy, the Cultus of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Bibliography at the end of the volume shows the wide reading that had gone to the making of the book. Holy Scripture and the Fathers and Doctors of the Church are the foundation on which the Bishop builds, and references to the standard historical and theological works are frequent. Modern writers like Billot, Batiffol, Duchesne, Probst and Thurston are freely drawn upon. The book should find a place in the library of every priest.

The underlying idea is that the Blessed Sacrament is a sequel to or development of the Incarnation. It was meant to represent the Sacrifice of the Cross to all generations. This is proved from the anticipatory promise in the sixth chapter of St. John, and from the words of the Institution in the Synoptics and St. Paul. The statement that the Holy Eucharist is the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ under the outward appearances of bread and wine sufficed for plain people for a thousand years. Then men began to scrutinize its terms, to analyse and formulate statements about it, and we find the term Transubstantiation brought forward to express the nature of the change which takes place at the Consecration. Our Lord does not move from heaven, His Body is not brought to the altar, nor is It created, but simply the bread is changed into the Very Body now in the heavens. The words of consecration change the substance of the bread into the substance of Our Lord's Body, but they do not bring His dimensions or shape under the species. Our Lord's Body is not touched or circumscribed

or bounded by the species. It cannot be touched by the hand or seen by the eye. It cannot be broken or divided. It cannot be affected by injury from man, from animals, or from the elements.

But the species of bread lend their locality to the unlocalized Body of Our Lord, they are the determination of His external operation by God's will, and this was the purpose of the sacramental institution—to place Jesus on our altars, and in our hands and before our eyes, and to enable us to receive Him as our food. The species or accidents of the bread and wine remain solid, as Billuart says, without a subject to inhere in, by Divine power. But St. Thomas maintains that there is only one accident that is miraculously sustained, viz. dimensive quantity, and that the other accidents subsist in, and inhere in, the dimensive quantity. The Bishop considers this theory in the light of the modern view of molecular physics (p. 65), showing that the movement of thought has in no way raised serious objection to the fundamental teaching of Catholic philosophy.

We could dwell with profit on many other important subjects that arise in the development of the doctrine, but we must pass on to his treatment of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It is a time-honoured discussion amongst theologians to determine wherein the essential point of the Sacrifice lies and how a real immutation can take place and yet the Glorified Body of Christ be in no way physically affected. Bishop Hedley adopts, in general, the traditional view, though

his presentation of it is original—*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*

There are writers who seem to imply that no immolation can take place in Christ risen from the dead, and that we must look for the essence of the Sacrifice in the offering alone of the Victim once immolated on Calvary. But this leaves the Last Supper and the Mass without any completed sacrificial action. The Council of Trent (Sess. 22, cap. 1) teaches that Christ left Himself *sub signis visibilibus immolandum* (to be immolated under outward signs); and this implies that it is Christ in the Sacrament that is sacrificed, not Christ absolutely. This is real immolation, as the sacramental presence is a real presence, and is brought about by the action of the Mass. There is a double consecration or transubstantiation; the Body of Christ is the object of one, the Blood of Christ is the object of the other. Therefore there is a real sacramental immutation or immolation, wrought by the words of consecration. All this takes place, we may say, visibly, for it is effected under the *species*, different species. Under the species the Blood is separated from the Body, and in this is the representation of Calvary, so that very thing by which the Passion is represented carries in its inmost actuality the essentials of a true sacrifice. No one maintains

"that so much as a tremor of the most delicate of the nerves or tissues of His sacred flesh is caused by the words of consecration. It is sufficient that in His sacramental state, and as present under the species He should be the subject of some real occurrence

which should congruously represent the blow of the sacrificial knife. That our Lord's blood, at any time since the Resurrection, should flow afresh from His Body, would only be possible on the hypothesis of His being in the sacramental state, of His existing under species not His own. But given this unique and stupendous mode of existence, the Precious Blood is separated under the Sacrament; and if separated in the Sacrament, it is really, not figuratively, separated. For in the Sacrament the usual conditions of space are superseded. Therefore separation may really occur not only without visible removal, but without local removal either. It is no matter that our Blessed Lord is just as wholly under the species of wine as under the species of bread. The effect of the words of consecration is to transubstantiate the wine into the Blood. Whatever else happens, the wine is *transubstantiated* into nothing but the Blood, and the Sacred Blood continues (as long as the species lasts) to be the result—the *terminus ad quem*—of a marvellous operation which is not a creation or a substitution, but a change. . . . If there is one phrase in Christian antiquity which is universally used to express what happens in the Mass it is 'the mystical effusion' of the Blood of Jesus Christ. Let us recall the well-known words of St. Gregory Nazianzen: 'O holy worshipper of God,' he cries out to a priest, 'delay not to pray and to plead for us when by word thou drawest down the Word, when with *bloodless cutting* thou dividest the Body and Blood of the Lord, using thy voice as a sword.' (Ep. *ad Amphilochium*, 171.) The words ἀναίμακτος τομή (bloodless cutting) mean the mystical separation—the separation which takes place in the species only, or in Christ under the species. And although St. Thomas lived long before anyone had expressed the opinions of De Lugo, yet it is well to remember that he uses the following words: 'Inasmuch as in this Sacrament is represented the

Passion of Christ, it has the quality (*ratio*) of a sacrifice.' (III. Q. lxxix, a. 7.) St. Thomas, it need not be said, held the Mass to be more than a mere representation of the Passion, yet he places the *ratio*, or essential, of the Sacrifice in its representing the Passion. Obviously this can only mean that the *ratio*, or essential, of the Mass as a Sacrifice is found in that external significative action (with its results) which shows forth the blood-shedding, that is in the twofold consecration, resulting in a mystical yet visible division of the Blood from the Body" (pp. 163–5).

This is a happily phrased presentation of a difficult subject.

The last chapter of the book gives an historical survey of the cultus of the Blessed Sacrament. There is apparent absence of Eucharistic cultus in the early ages of Christianity. The belief in the Real Presence was absolute, but in spite of this belief there was, in the first five centuries, little of what is called Eucharistic cultus or worship. The world, in the early days, had to apprehend the Redemption, the mediatorial office, the Priesthood and the human example of Jesus Christ. The human side of Christ had to be realized before the Divine. "From about A.D. 500 to A.D. 1000 the Roman See perfected and imposed her Eucharistic Liturgy on the West . . . (it) began to spread over Europe, establishing itself in the cathedrals and parish churches which by degrees covered the land. . . . With the Carlovingian renaissance came a stirring up of the Eucharistic question and answer. . . . Between Charlemagne and the Council of Vienne (1311), after the restatement of the doctrine of the Real Presence in the terms of

Transubstantiation, the outward pomp and glory of the Blessed Sacrament became marked by the solemn elevation in the Mass, by processions, by the public carrying of the Host to the dying and by the institution of the Feast and Office of Corpus Christi. Between A.D. 1600 and A.D. 1900 was established the modern doctrine of frequent and daily Communion."

What, he asks, will be the special character of the days on which we are now about to enter? "Would it be rash to say that they will be illuminated with new light about the Mass? . . . Perhaps we need Saints and Pontiffs, human discussion and the light of the Holy Ghost, to enable us to lift more fully the veil that covers the act of sacrifice and to penetrate the obscurity in which its operation and its effects are still wrapped round" (pp. 257–8).

In a letter dated December 18, 1907, the Bishop says that he is profoundly dissatisfied with his book on the Holy Eucharist, that he is always discovering fresh deficiencies and further things that he ought to have said. In spite of this statement, may we not say that his book enables us in some measure to lift the veil and penetrate the obscurity that surrounds this great pledge of God's love for man?

The book is in its eighth impression and has been translated into Spanish.

We may next briefly review the published volumes of Sermons. The three volumes are made up of selected sermons preached at various times and on various occasions. The one

entitled *The Christian Inheritance*, perhaps the greatest and most valuable of his works, is no mere haphazard collection of sermons. There is in it a graduated sequence of thought, setting forth before us the rich inheritance of God's revelation and forming a most powerful volume of apologetic. In a sense it is not controversial, but rather an answer to many controversies, forestalling objections and disposing of them, while always the reasoned statement of the discourse progresses. He disliked the disturbing elements of controversy and the jarring din of argument. The convincing force of his writings is found in the elaboration of Christian doctrine. His delight was in the contemplation of God's revelation. He found neither pleasure nor interest in the reading of heresy or studying the heretical outlook. Addressing the seminarists at St. Edmund's on the Spirit of their patron he says, "What do we see in the labours of non-Catholics? Magazines of facts, views beyond number, historical research, and a leaven of religious error . . . our learning is really of another kind. We start from assured premises. We have the once-delivered Faith. To open out that Faith—that is our learning" (*The Light of Life*, p. 340). Fascinated by the beauty of God's revelation himself he would draw others into the allurement of its light. "Thy testimonies, O Lord, are wonderful, therefore my soul hath sought them. The declaration of Thy words giveth light, and giveth understanding to little ones" (Ps. cxviii, 129). With God's

certain truth before him, he pondered it ; his gaze was fixed by its wondrous illumination, his ears were filled with its melodious harmonies, whilst his mind was heedless of some seeming cloud or discord. The evidence of the whole was so enlightening, and the truth shone forth so fresh and deep, so powerful to convince, that he would not go aside to discuss perplexities, which became stumbling-blocks only because men turned to look on them alone and would not raise their eyes to that full revelation which he contemplated. Yet the scope of these sermons is wide and deep and all-embracing. We have the nature of man, our faculty for truth, the desires of our heart, the springs of our moral life, handled in masterly fashion. There is a light and colour and warmth of expression that carries with it at once the power of argument and a winning persuasiveness. His manner of discourse was like that of the great French preachers at whose feet he had sat. He wrote in the spirit and style of the Fathers of the Church, of whom he says : "The inestimable advantage of hearing our Religion put into words by a man with a personality, a style and a distinction of his own, and yet all the time of being secure that his distinctive character will not draw him into differing from the true tradition, nor his style disturb the safe truth, nor his personality push him into any mere advertisement of his private views of revelation—this you can have virtually nowhere except in the Fathers of the Church." Here, in his own words, the Bishop of Clifton says in his funeral oration,

we have himself described : " From those sources of Patristic learning he thus laid up in his mind, from the profound knowledge he thus acquired regarding the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Passion which alone can open the eyes of human nature to divine horizons and soften it to the personal service of a personal God ; from the insight he thus gained into the inner working of the Sacraments, which he delighted to regard as the touch of the life-giving humanity of Christ, he was able afterwards to draw and in those wondrous discourses of his to illuminate and adorn every subject of Catholic doctrine."

The first discourse of this volume is entitled " Revelation." He points out that this in its fulness is still our Christian inheritance, for when Christ ascended from Mount Olivet He did not shut out from us the light of His presence nor the voice of His teaching. But Revelation was also the inheritance of mankind before Christ came. God created man, but He never meant to leave him to grope his way in a strange world by the glimmering light of reason. He revealed Himself always and that Revelation was a greater fact than any law of nature or any event of history. If the Lord speaks and man can hear, then let other sounds be silent, and other voices be unregarded. Man has always, throughout the centuries, and throughout the earth, listened for the voice of God. From the time when He conversed with Adam in Paradise, East and West have listened to their oracles that they might hear the voice of God. Man is a spirit, and God is a spirit,

and spirit can communicate with spirit. The glory of God's being radiates more powerfully than any sun, and the human soul catches some ray, at least, of that divine illumination. But this is not sufficient. Since the human mind has activity to create a world of conceptions, views, and fancies, which spring up within us, like the green mantle which clothes the earth in the advancing days of spring, and since man mistakes his feelings for truth and his longings for realities, there is rooted in the human mind the ideas of God, conscience, responsibility, the sense of right and wrong. To pluck these up is to destroy the mind itself ; yet, placed as we are, the mind breeds fogs from which divergence, discord, and uncertainty arise. What is God ? What is Life ? Have I a spiritual soul ? Is there immortality ? In these fundamental questions we must have certainty, we need it practically, and before it is too late. Therefore, Revelation, a miraculous help from God, is necessary. What ! the non-Catholic philosopher exclaims, did God create a nature and was He then immediately obliged to supplement its deficiencies? The Bishop answers that if the nature is spiritual, nothing else could be expected to happen—a spiritual nature cannot stop within its nature. No man ever had a thought to which he could not add another and a deeper thought. Therefore some positive Revelation must be given us of God our Father —a perfect ideal—else would the heart of man be restless and ever querulous ; and so it would continue in the future if God had not

raised our nature to capacity for the Beatific Vision.

The discourse goes to the very heart of things in language that almost a child can understand. Compare his clarity and depth of thought with the superficial negations of modern sceptical philosophy and one realizes the power and excellence of Christian teaching when it touches on fundamental truth. Hear the impassioned soul of the preacher as it breaks forth: "Ah! my brethren, we know not what we are. We seem to belong to this valley of mortality, to this narrow region bounded by the earth and sky, by birth and the grave; but all the time our inheritance is—not the universe, for that is too small—but the infinite; space, light, joy, immortality, which can only come from one Fount of Being, and one Plenitude of Existence Who is at once our Maker, our Father and our Last End" (p. 9).

God could not have left us without Revelation, because He is God. He must speak with that voice of Revelation which shall give the humblest that sure and restful knowledge of Himself. "O Heavenly Father! O loving Father! pardon those who by false science are led to deny that Thou dost speak to us. Forgive them that make Thee a God afar off and not a God near at hand" (Jer. xxiii, 23). The conclusion follows that man cannot make a Religion for himself. He can become possessed of certain, clear and practical Religion only by the help of external teaching. This is true whether we consider the multitudes

of the toilers, or those who have more leisure, or even those who are ranked as the philosophers of the world. Socrates, one of the greatest, declared only a hesitating belief in immortality when he came to die. Learned books are launched upon the world but to deepen the darkness of poor humanity, to perplex more hopelessly than ever a generation unable to help itself.

The closing lines run as follows : " My spirit cannot realize itself until it hears a voice (the voice of Revelation). Like the eye of the eagle, it kindles in the beam of the rising sun. Like the plain, the forest and the ocean, it is only in its beauty when that sun has risen. How the earth answers the challenge of the sun ! The vast surface leaps to meet the beam, and shows its new life in a thousand changing tints ; the hills rejoice, the sea spreads out its royalty ; the leafy kingdoms tremble, the brown earth smiles, the deserts glow ; a thousand voices, dumb before, are heard ; a thousand fires are lighted up, a thousand rills and springs run lavishly. So it is with your heart and mind. They never live till the Spirit shines upon them. Science, skill, the stored knowledge of a hundred generations, the books of a thousand libraries—what are they ? Unless they are touched with the Revelation of God, they are poor, evanescent as the morning mist."

The second discourse speaks of Mystery. There must be mystery in Religion, for in Religion we are face to face with the spiritual, and the spiritual has no real horizon. We advance along the

pathways of mystery stretching out into the spaces before us, and they are not all darkness; we see whither they lead though we cannot see the end. Yet we have a true and positive knowledge of God. Further belief is urged upon us by the scrutiny of our own soul and all we find around, and conviction is sealed by Grace.

Thus the preacher proceeds, unfolding before us how we came to know the Word of God, how God knows us, and how Christ the Word made flesh knows us. Faith and Hope and Charity become the guides of life. We learn from Christ to praise and worship God. From Him we learn to love one another, and in our knowledge a great peace possesses us. The Kingdom of the Church, that divine society, becomes our safeguard and salvation, for there is help and the support of Mary, Mary ever Virgin, the Angels, and the Saints. And our own wayward nature is chastened and sanctified till it acquires that perfect liberty that belongs to the adopted Sons of God. One more quotation will close our consideration of this volume. It is from the sermon preached in the Catholic Church at Cambridge, entitled "The Obedience of Faith":

". . . And if we believe in these things—if we believe in prayer and sacramental ministration, in the duty of the love of God above all other things—then our beliefs must be deepened to-day; and as with men who have lived long hours in the sunshine, or have walked in the sound of the sea, this hour must set vibrating in our souls (which God has made) the feeling of the hidden world of the spirit, in whose mysterious spaces we draw our every breath. There are those here

present, the clergy and the flock, who will bear me out in this. And there are others, perhaps, who do not sympathize because they disagree in matters more remote, more radical, than altar and sacraments; whilst again there may be those who envy us—envy us, not indeed this noble church, but the faith which has offered it to God, the faith which now thanks God for its solemn consecration and the presence of Christ, and the faith which for many years to come, as we hope, will use it to approach nearer to God—to God the first and the last. I cannot find it in my heart, my brethren, to utter on this joyous morning anything that may taste of the bitterness of controversy. But you will allow me to speak of Faith, because it is the 'substance' of the things we hope for and the 'proof' of that which is not seen (Heb. xi, 1), and to speak of that aspect of faith which St. Paul has called in three places of the Epistle to the Romans (i, 5; x, 16; xvi, 26) the 'obedience' of faith. . . . Even if the limited faculties of men do not adequately comprehend what is presented, yet it is to be welcomed; for truth is mighty; and even truth which passes high above our heads, like some majestic tempest of a loftier sphere than ours, may be fringed with fertilizing showers, whilst the flashing of its dim lightnings and the roll of its mysterious thunder never fail to stir and awaken human hearts made by that same Lord and Ruler Who speaks in nature and in mystery, who schools His children by degrees to the unveiled truth of their eternal destiny. No reasonable man, then, can ask any further question than this—Has God revealed? For if God has revealed, then that revelation has to be embraced and held with thanksgivings. . . . O my God . . . where Thy finger pointeth I will follow; for Thou art God, and Thy Hand hath formed me, and my soul was made for Thee alone, to seek Thee, to adore Thee and to listen for the voice of Thy command" (pp. 152, 153, 166).

This book of sermons is in its fifth edition.

The sermons published under the title *The Light of Life*, were preached for the most part between 1894 and 1898. Their style and method resemble those of *The Christian Inheritance*. They set forth the gifts of the Creator, the divine illumination, which, in the growing darkness of the world's various periods, kept the soul of man in touch with God, secured for him the possession of the truth, and lighted up the ancient tradition of the Patriarchs and of the Mosaic dispensation. Its brightness culminated, when Christ came, in the fulness of the Christian Faith. The Bishop then unfolds the gift of Christian piety, the manifest expression of praise and worship, the union of God with men, the completion of man's happiness in everlasting life. He describes how the Divine Person is always with us to know and love, and teach us the way of Charity, and to support our steps. He shows how there is spread over all the earth a great Temple, the Christian Church, wherein is a shelter and a radiance and a warmth, and all the springs of life.

To complete the sequence of thought in the Bishop's exposition of the Christian Faith we may turn to the volume published under the title, *Our Divine Saviour and other Discourses*, though it belongs to an earlier date. The sermons were preached at Hereford, Swansea, and Cardiff, in the years 1874 and 1875, but they may be well ranked with his later works, though simpler

perhaps in statement and less ornate in style. The very title of this book, *Our Divine Saviour*, brings to mind a characteristic of the Bishop's writings, his ever-recurring reflections on Jesus Christ. There is in him a close famil arity with the Sacred Humanity, with the gracious figure of Jesus of Nazareth, the sound of our Lord's voice, the beauty of His Presence, and the tenderness of His heart, with the skies of Palestine, the hills of Judea, the lake of Galilee, the cave of Bethlehem, the carpenter's shop, the streets of Jerusalem, and the bleak desolation of Calvary. The picture of all this is repeated again and again: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

At His death His bodily presence was taken from us, but He left us His abiding Presence on the altar, to comfort and strengthen us until we see Him again face to face.

"The Sacrifice, then, which the Christian Priest offers in the person of His Lord and Master, is as mighty and august a Sacrifice as that of Calvary itself; for it is, in essence, the same. Its efficacy no human words can definitely measure. It is not an efficacy which is acquired by a new meritorious act of Jesus Christ; He merited in the 'days of His flesh'; He merits now no longer. The fountain is full; in the Mass it simply overflows. It overflows like the river of the earthly Paradise, in four floods to the four quarters of the world. The first flood is the Glory of the Supreme God; the second is the thanksgiving of man to his Creator; the third is the grace of penance and remission of sins and sin's punishment; the fourth, the gifts of grace and the blessings of this life and the next. Two of these torrents of abundance fall upon mankind; upon the whole world, the just and

the unjust; more plentifully upon those who are present, or who are the occasion of the Mass being said, still more largely on those for whom it is specially offered; and most copiously of all upon the soul of the happy and favoured Minister of Jesus Christ, whose privilege it is—a privilege which Angels might envy—to handle and 'dispense the Mysteries' of God. He stands at the Altar, a 'separated' and a chosen man. No purity is too great, no fervour too deep, for the mighty act that he is privileged to do. The people kneel around, not offering, yet joining in the Sacrifice. They know what it means. The priest's vesture, the strange tongue, the silence, the air of mystery and exclusion—none of these things can surprise them or offend them. They know that the Mass is meant to work a great effect, and not simply to edify *them*. They know that it is a solemn act with stupendous consequences, and they follow it with fear and trembling. They stand as at the mountain-foot, whilst the clouds roll across the mountains, and the lightning and the thunder are the liturgy, and the trumpet, the voice of adoration and praise. And they bless God, and ask themselves what they shall give to Him for all He hath given to them. They assist at Mass to pay their debt of worship to Him, and to make a return for their creation, redemption, and preservation. They come to Mass to obtain the grace of penance, and the forgiveness of punishment. They kneel down at the Sacrifice to obtain all the blessings they stand in need of, for themselves, the Church, the country, their children, their friends, and all the world" (Chap. V, *The Abiding Presence*, p. 103).

There have been seven editions of this book of sermons.

As we read these volumes our horizon is extended, the world becomes larger, the narrow limits of space and time are removed. In this

new vision we find things clear that were perplexing, we find light where there was darkness, order where there was confusion. On the other hand, the earth dwindles to its proper proportions, and we see how poor and small are its richest offerings, how the riddle of the universe is made plain.

Finally, there is a published volume called *Bishop Hedley's Retreat.* The title suggests that there was but one Retreat written by him, and indeed the Bishop said at one time that so far as a Retreat was concerned, he had said all that he had to say. Yet he gave a great many Retreats, and certainly not all of them were modelled after this one. Two, as we have said, were published after his death, and without the advantage of his final revision—one a *Retreat for Priests* and the other a *Retreat for Religious.* They are both practical and useful books for the persons for whom they were written. The Bishop was a devout admirer of St. Alphonsus, or Alfonso, as he called him in his later writings, and, no doubt, he was influenced in his *Retreat for Priests* by the Saint's spirit of austere strictness in the matter of a priest's responsibilities. We gather this from the very considerable changes in the MS., deleting or softening what seemed to him in later life too exacting or too severe. Yet even in the latest emendations, the stern contrast between what a priest should be, and what he may have been, is still left in its naked force. To use his own words, " there is no beauty like the beauty of the soul in Grace ;

no beauty of flowers, no beauty of precious jewels, no beauty of the morning, of the noon, or of the evening, like the light of God's supernatural presence ; no beauty of the hills or the forests, of the sea or of the firmament, like the spiritual radiance of the seven gifts ; no royalty of robe or coronet comparable to living Faith and Hope and queenly Charity." Then he bids us turn to those moments of our life " when we have been in God's sight, as loathsome, dreadful, dead things." Priests and religious owe him their gratitude and prayers for these special Retreats. The *Retreat*, of which we now speak, is the most popular of his works. It has been through twelve editions, and has been translated into French and Flemish and Dutch. More than a year was devoted to perfecting the details. It is a record of his convictions, a private and personal collection of his spiritual aims and ideals, his experiences and impressions, giving us precious glimpses of the truths which had stirred and stimulated his mind and heart during the last part of his lifetime. We have made use of it in depicting the Bishop's inner life. Not that for a moment he lapses consciously into self-revelation, but it is his own Retreat as well as a Retreat to others, a reviewing of his own life. If its thoughts and reflections were useful to him, they would be useful to others also. He tells us in his short preface that he wrote it not only for priests and religious, but also for the laity, and it well deserves to be and indeed has become a standard book of spiritual teaching for all pious Christians.

There is in it no attempt at originality, but it conveys the warmth and colour of the Bishop's own impressive mind, with nothing too deep or subtle for the ordinary reader; it is just a *Retreat*, with its stereotyped sequence of reflections. Our Soul, God, Grace, Sin, the Last Things, Jesus Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary, the Holy Spirit, the Blessed Sacrament and Holy Mass, Prayer, our love of God and our neighbour, the dangers and sanctifications of our daily surroundings, the Blessed Virgin Mary. Besides these, there are four discourses more directly addressed to religious, but neither are those out of place in a lay person's contemplation, for, though few are called by vow to embrace the evangelical counsels, all are called to understand the ideal and admire the beauty which in them is set before us. There is urgent need for those caught in the busy whirl of worldly life from time to time to step aside into the silence of a retreat. If many cannot do this, or at least cannot be persuaded to attempt it, let them read Bishop Hedley's *Retreat* from time to time, slowly and thoughtfully as a spiritual discipline. It would lead them into the deep realities of truth, the gracious enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, the sweetness of the love of God. On the first appearance of the book, Cardinal Vaughan wrote to Bishop Hedley, that it would "do more for the conversion of England than anything written since the Reformation."

A few extracts will give the development of his subject. To begin a Retreat is to retire

within the precincts of a holy silence in order to draw nearer to God, as the Temple was built without sound of axe or hammer ; but it is a silence full of strenuous effort. In the wilderness to Moses the fire of God's presence and the sweet majesty of His Voice revealed themselves. God is going to speak—what will He say ? No man is the same for twelve months at a time, body and mind have moved, he is older, perhaps wiser ; the thousand lights, graces, and calls that he has had, have left him better or worse, better it may be in some respects, but he may be approaching a certain hardening of heart. Unchecked worldliness destroys the soul's delicacy of surface, as the wet gales of the winter wear down the edges of square stone towers and spread a stain and growth over them. " Thou hast forsaken me," saith the Lord, " thou art gone backward " (Jer. xv, 16). Thus does God address the soul at the beginning of a Retreat. For a Retreat three things are necessary : (*a*) Rest from the weariness which arises from the struggle to serve God and the world at the same time ; (*b*) thought on the deep and fundamental truths of existence and of the perfect life ; (*c*) prayer of a real, genuine, and fervent character, wherein some secret may be whispered to the heart, some step taken, never to be lost, in that Divine service of union with God, some degree acquired which will bring the soul nearer to Him than a thousand years of laborious travelling on a lower level.

Finally, we need to begin cheerfully. The

mortifications of a retreat are the surest pledges of its success. "*Solitudo mihi paradisus*," said one of the saints; in it God walks with us and speaks to us. A passage from the chapter entitled "The Voice of God," will show how the Bishop heard the voice of God in the inspired words of Holy Writ.

"There is a psalm of David which describes what has happened, and what may happen again in your soul—Ps. 28: 'The voice of God is on the waters: the God of Majesty hath thundered; the Lord upon many waters.' Your life and being is the chaos of waters that lies tossing in its tides and swellings, until it hears the compelling voice of its Creator. 'The voice of the Lord is power; the voice of the Lord is magnificence.' All your ends and your aspirations, all your strivings, all your attainings sink into insignificance when that voice is heard. Things break in pieces; things you have sown and grown; edifices you have built; accumulations you have heaped up of gain or of fame; they break in pieces like the 'Cedars of Lebanon,' when the thunder of God's voice speaks, and the lightning that there is in it darts this way and that—'dividing the flame of fire' as the text says—and the desert shakes, the beasts flee in terror, and the floods come out. This we have felt, O my God! This in moments of remorse, of resolution, of decision, of conversion, of dedication to the Master we had forgotten. Perhaps it was in early youth, when we were new to sin, but beginning through lightness to take the wrong path in life's journey. Perhaps our hearts, yet unspotted, heard that masterful voice. Or it may be that it came when sin had been beforehand, and when our soul was horrible with offences and negligences; we may perhaps remember the day, and never without thanking God for all His mercies. Tepidity,

foolishness, the entanglements of passion, the paralysis born of vanity—all these, or any of them, have, perhaps, been shattered by the voice of the Lord. Strong voice of my God! I have known Thee, I have heard Thee" (pp. 28–9).

The Saints of God have ever felt the "terrible fact of Sin." The Bishop in this, as in other spiritual truths, is in the direct line of traditional spirituality. In the chapter on Sin he pictures the soul of a child first turning its back on God.

"That innocent and beauteous soul, in its dignity, its happy security, and its immortal certainty, has chosen to stoop to the earth, to put itself below the brute beasts. It has looked around, it has understood; and it has deliberately given itself over to death. It has felt the unholy blast of passion; or the hot wave of angry vanity; or the stirrings of grasping desires; or in some form or other, the imperious promptings of the lower self; and it has surrendered as the bird surrenders to the serpent. Its God was before its eyes; but for what the earth and the flesh can give it, it has deliberately turned its back on its creator and its eternal hope. And it has drawn the lightning on its head. For in the moment of mortal sin, the thunderbolt has fallen; and there is a dead and blackened corpse. Its beauty is stripped from it; Divine grace has fled; the ruby of charity is gone; the armour of faith is rusted; the pledge of hope well-nigh extinct. The diadem of gifts has been torn away, leaving bleeding traces. The natural virtues are once more earth of the earth, and the glorious robe lies in blackened shreds! But look up to the heavens! Behold how the Sacred Heart has taken that catastrophe. Jesus can suffer grief no longer; but the grief was real; and it is His grief. That rebellious child is dead, and its Redeemer looks down from heaven

in sorrow; as David, in the high chamber over the gate, wept for Absolom. 'Oh, Absolom, my son, my son, Absolom. Who would grant me that I might die for thee' (2 Kings xviii, 33). He would die for that soul over again were it needful" (pp. 66–7).

But we are not abandoned by God. The "kindness and benignity of God our Saviour" (Rom. viii, 28) is manifested to us in the taking of flesh by the Eternal Word—the central event of all human history. It is the revelation of God to man:

"Natural reason, to say nothing of revelation, would always have told us that God did, and must interest Himself in the souls He has created and destined for Himself. But God dwells in inaccessible light. The Incarnation brings Him before our eyes. It is so stupendous a thing that God should assume human nature, and that, consequently, there should be a Person Who is at once God and Man, that such an act not only proves God's interest in us, but fills our whole being with the appreciation of it. The Almighty Lord of the heavens and the earth is so solicitous about your soul and my soul that it is only His Divinity which holds Him from behaving to you and me like an earthly father, an earthly friend, from manifesting to us all the goodness which so truly exists in His supreme nature. But even His Divinity has not hindered Him. He has found means to be human without ceasing to be Divine—to be a man, without ceasing to be God. . . . The Incarnation is, as it were, the human language which interprets the divine and eternal thought of God" (pp. 117–18).

Our Lord would make it known to men how much God loved them, and this, says St. Thomas

of Aquin (de Passione, sec. 6), was the first cause of the Passion. "*Quaesivit nos infirmitate sua*," says St. Augustine, "he would win us by His weakness."

"We cannot, then, make too much of the stupendous fact that Christ suffered—and suffered all His life—in every variety of pain and anguish beyond what it was possible for mere mortal men to suffer. Suffering in the exercise of her divine and austere mission was waiting for Him when He set His foot upon the earth. She stood beside the crib at Bethlehem, and accompanied Him in the wanderings of His infancy. She dwelt within the walls of the holy house, cherished by Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. When He went forth upon His Father's business, she trod the way of Judea and Galilee, by his side, and led Him by the hand to toil, to contempt, to ingratitude, to cold, and hunger, and watching. She caused Him to feel the sorrows of His mother. She let Him taste the bitterness of being disowned by the high and by the lowly, rejected by His own people, distrusted by the little children. She wrung from Him, in the garden, that cry of anguish prophesied long before: 'Save me, O God, for the waters have broken in even upon my soul' (Ps. lxviii, 1). She beckoned Him to the pretorium, and to the mockery and horror of the crowning with thorns. She laid the cross on His bleeding shoulders, and went before Him on the road to Calvary. Then she stood still on the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, where bitterness was to be supreme and sacrifice was to go up to the heavens; she stood still, and pointed to the Cross and the nails; and He said 'Behold! I come!' And when the Cross had been lifted up, suffering, for yet three hours, lingered in the silence of the darkness; for yet three hours—and then her mission was at an end; and, as when a dark cloud breaks and the rains stream upon the earth,

suffering since that day has fallen on men and women in every age and over all the world, and every drop has been full of the fragrance of the Cross" (pp. 165–6).

Our Lord's life on earth made God's eternal love visible and palpable to us, but by a splendid stretch of power He devised a means of being ever near to His beloved children. Hence He instituted that stupendous dispensation of the Eucharistic Presence. The Blessed Sacrament is the prolongation, as far as human faculties are concerned, of the Incarnation. Those who saw and "handled" Jesus in the flesh are scarcely to be envied by us who have the Real Eucharistic presence.

"The merely visible and palpable soon grows common, and quickly fails to stir emotion. Any face, any scene, however beautiful, loses its stimulating power over the human faculties when they have become accustomed to it. In the Blessed Sacrament there is no human face, no human figure. But there is the presence of the unseen—a presence that stirs something deeper than mere sense; a presence which is enforced by the most powerful of all emotional forces—the most realistic of all our methods of grasping things outside of us—I mean, the spiritual Faith of a devout Christian heart. This is the reason why the Holy Eucharist never grows common or usual; never ceases to stimulate our very senses. There is sufficient about it that is palpable to give human faculty a foothold, but the grasp is the grasp of Faith. There is sufficient that is sensible to bring it within nature's scope; but the light which makes nature realize it radiates in its intensity from a source that is far above nature, and it can never diminish either in efficacy or in abundance. For the power of the senses depends

upon the condition of the body, but the power of Faith is infused by God" (p. 276).

"In a Christian land . . . the Blessed Sacrament is first and foremost. For It great churches rise, for It precious tabernacles, costly vessels are provided. Christian Faith lifts It up on the altar, kindles the lights around It, offers the flowers and the incense; and brings, too, that which all these things signify, the perpetual, affectionate, and triumphant love of thronging multitudes of the faithful. . . . The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, being the chief Act in which Jesus makes His Eucharistic presence effective in the world, is the chief Act of Catholic devotion. . . . It is given to us . . . in order that the graces of the Precious Blood may be more immediately at hand to us. . . . It is for this the Altar of Sacrifice stands continually in the midst of each Christian flock. It is for this that the priest lives beside that Altar; to lift with pure hands the one only Victim to the majesty of the Creator and Last End" (pp. 289, 292, 293).

Union with God is the end of our existence. The possession of God is the complete and abounding bliss of human nature. To those sanctified by the Blood of His Son, God has promised the ineffable bliss of the Beatific Vision. We have a right to look forward to happiness—we lose our life in this world to find it in the world to come. What then is that heaven for which we must live? St. Thomas of Aquin describes Heaven as a '*Lux vera, Satietas plena, Gaudium sempiternum, Jucunditas consummata, Felicitas perfecta*'—Heaven means all these, but

"Light, Satiety, Joy, Pleasure, and Happiness, are not Heaven. . . . They are ideas which assist us in our pilgrimage to dwell upon the thought of Heaven. . . .

'Thou, O Lord, art the portion of my inheritance and of my cup; Thou art He who will restore my inheritance to me' (Ps. xv, 5). It is sweet to think of that land as our inheritance—the inheritance from which man fell and which Jesus Christ has won back for man. But it is sweeter far to dwell on the thought that the whole inheritance is God Himself. . . . Our period of probation is ended, faith changes into sight, grace changes into glory. . . . 'We know that when He shall appear we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is' (1 John iii, 2)" (pp. 409, 401).

We can sum up the message of the *Retreat* with the beautiful prayer that the Bishop utters:

"I earnestly pray for the increase in my soul of Holy Faith! O blessed light, vouchsafed to us in this world, to be exchanged for that supreme light hereafter. Grant me simplicity—grant me the spirit of obedience—make me reverent to all in authority, and solicitous to think in all things as Thy Church thinks! *Sicut audivimus ita et vidimus!* (Ps. xlvii, 9). As we believe, so shall we see, in the city of God! As we cling to Thy earthly revelation, so we shall merit Thy supreme revelation in Heaven! As we keep Thy word so we shall see Thy face!" (p. 403).

As we read the book, the Bishop speaks to us and something of his individuality still lives for us, as Cardinal Newman lives for us in his meditations. We seem to look on the Bishop in person addressing us, and we gain the impression of a personality of deep sincerity and present living thought. One who had been listening to him as he spoke the discourses from the sanctuary, gives the following description: "We seem to see him—as we read the printed word of the

Retreat—sunk in the chair till he appears to support himself by the arm-rests, and his shoulders are elevated. Now he glances at his MS., and turns over half a dozen pages, but mostly he looks not at us, but above us, with an air of questioning about his parted lips, and a general air of appeal for our acceptance. The hint of detachment conveyed by his not looking directly into our faces throws into boldness of relief those bursts of ejaculatory prayers in which he so often framed the emotions he strove to raise in us. The richness of his features and colouring were in keeping with his mental force and vitality."

The Bishop must have been sensitive to praise or neglect, but he was independent of either. He wrote because he had something to say which he considered would be helpful to souls and for the glory of God, directly or indirectly. He never turned aside to spend his efforts in mere dilettantism, though from his tastes and temperament this may have been a temptation for him. There is quoted a remark of his that he would have enjoyed writing a novel, and he was quite capable of writing one, clever in characterization and rich in humour. It has been truly pointed out that the Bishop has left no *magnum opus*, no epoch-making tome of a philosophical nature. He had not the time, perhaps not the taste, for any task of laborious erudition. We are told that he had fostered the idea, and in part carried it on, of writing such a work under the title *Philosophy of the Absolute*, but he chose

a task more grateful, and certainly more fruitful, in unfolding to the world the grandeur of the Revelation of God.

It cannot be said that he is a leader of thought; he is no tentative essayist, nor subtle theologian; he did not seek or claim originality. A friend was one day reading to him a review of his *Lex Levitarum*, which referred to his originality: "They talk," he said, "of my originality. I'll tell you something. I read the Fathers—the others don't. That's where the originality comes from." The trend of his writings was not to discover but to illuminate, not to write new things but to bring old things into the light.

Cardinal Mercier's appreciation of his writings has been quoted. Mgr. (now Cardinal) Merry del Val, in 1899, writes, on receiving a volume from him: "I have just received your book, *The Light of Life*, which you have had the kindness to send me. . . . I am most grateful . . . feeling sure that I shall be delighted with it as with the other works of the same kind which your Lordship has given to the press." Father Maturin answers an invitation from the Bishop: "I accept your invitation gratefully, to become acquainted personally with one I have known so well through his books." In 1896 the Bishop of Aberdeen writes: "I thank you most sincerely for the volume of admirable sermons which you caused to be sent to me. I hardly know for which to be most grateful—the excellence of the sermons, or the goodness of the giver. May the Lord spare your Lordship long to set forth the

Catholic Faith. . . ." On another occasion he spoke of the Bishop's works "as furnishing an antidote to the stream of modern infidelity." Mr. Wilfrid Ward ventures "to prophesy a steady increase in Dr. Hedley's fame. The depth of his thought, illuminated throughout by all the traces of a great character, should make him, as his writings become more widely known, hold a very high position in the eyes of the serious world, which cares for Religion." (*Dublin Review*, January, 1916.)

We may close these appreciations of the Bishop's books with the words of the Bishop of Clifton in his funeral oration, "that among modern Catholic writers he is inferior to one only," namely, Cardinal Newman. "His works will descend as a rich patrimony to all who come after us."

Chapter XI

LAST YEARS AND DEATH

THE evening of a long life is crowded with Jubilees. Bishop Hedley had kept amongst his religious brethren the Golden Jubilee of his Clothing in 1904. The wider world was now (1912) to celebrate the even more solemn Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

We have already said that though he was not a public man, nor a leader of men or movements, nor a figure to draw the eyes of the widespread multitudes upon himself, yet he had helped to mould the minds of many. He had been a powerful influence on those whom his life had touched and among whom he had won admiration and veneration. When the year of his Golden Jubilee came it was hardly to be looked for that there should be a great public demonstration in his honour, even by the Catholics of England. It was suitable to the occasion, and more gratifying to himself and his friends that the Jubilee celebrations took a more private form. Instead of one great Catholic demonstration, there took place in different parts of the country a number of smaller, less pretentious, but more enthusiastic and more intimate gatherings. One huge bonfire is a grander spectacle, but it does not warm so many hands nor light up so many faces as many smaller ones. After all was over one realized that the various celebrations were each and all of them a natural and inevitable breaking out into flame at the points more directly connected with the Bishop and his

career. In no other way could it have been arranged that his brethren, and his flock, his friends and admirers, old and new, should feel that they had played their due part in this general manifestation of esteem.

The first of the celebrations was held at Belmont, his Cathedral church, with its Benedictine Priory, "at which," *The Tablet* correspondent wrote, "the more personal side of Bishop Hedley's Jubilee was celebrated." For fifty years he had been closely connected with Belmont. It had been the cherished home of his maturing years, it was the residence of his canons, it had seen his episcopal consecration and his institution as Ordinary of Newport and Menevia. He sang Pontifical High Mass and the Bishop of Clifton preached the sermon. Prior Fowler read an address in the Sanctuary: "To the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Lord Bishop of Newport, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Most Reverend Lord and Father in Christ, The public diocesan celebration of your sacred ordination to the priesthood is to be held later and in another place; but here in your pro-Cathedral church, the chapter of your diocese, associating with itself the community of this Cathedral monastery, wishes to offer to your Lordship a testimony of affectionate attachment." There was assurance of their prayers of thanksgiving, of their offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass and of Holy Communion for the gifts of God to him during a long and fruitful life, and expression of personal gratitude for his

friendship and the many acts of kindness he had shown them.

Following close upon this came an even more private and fraternal ceremony—an address of congratulation from the members of the English episcopate,—a touching and unexpected honour at the Bishops' meeting at Westminster. "After the formal business of the morning" (we quote from *The Tablet*) "their Lordships took advantage of the occasion to recognize the Jubilee of Bishop Hedley of Newport by the presentation of an illuminated address. Those present at the luncheon at which the presentation took place included all the titular Archbishops and Bishops resident in England." The text of the address was :

"May it please your Lordship,—We, your brethren in the episcopate of England and Wales, desire to offer to you our most affectionate and heartfelt congratulations on the approaching fiftieth anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood. No less than thirty-nine of those fifty years have been crowned by the fulness of the sacerdotal office; and, throughout, your life has been an example and an encouragement to all your brethren. On many a great and memorable occasion you have been the chosen spokesman of a united Hierarchy. To our common counsels you have never failed to give the wise guidance of your learning and experience. In your writings you have set forth the teachings of the Catholic Church in a manner which, for generations to come, will be the enlightenment of all our flocks. To each one of us you have been a true, a faithful, and a trusted friend. We rejoice, then, with you in the gladness and thanksgiving of the coming day of

anniversary; and in the Holy Sacrifice which each one of us promises to offer for your Lordship on or about the actual day of Jubilee, we will with a united heart beg the Prince of Pastors to fill you with every choicest gift, and to spare you to your brethren and to the Church in England for many long years to come. We beg your Lordship to accept this tribute of our reverent and grateful love, and to regard it as some token of the close and intimate ties that attach us to your person. We are your Lordship's devoted brothers in Jesus Christ."

Then was held the great diocesan demonstration at Cardiff, at which Cardinal Bourne was present. It was an occasion on which His Eminence himself was to receive an address and public welcome. Each of the Prelates disclaimed that he was the centre of this enthusiastic reception. Bishop Hedley said that it was intended as a demonstration of welcome to Cardinal Bourne on his first visit to Wales since receiving the Red Hat, while His Eminence said that the primary purpose of the meeting was publicly to felicitate and do honour to Bishop Hedley, the doyen of the bench of Bishops, upon his sacerdotal Jubilee. The meeting was held in the Park Hall. The Bishop presented an address of welcome to the Cardinal, and the Cardinal in his reply brought from His Holiness Pius X to the venerable Bishop a gracious message of congratulation and of deep appreciation of his work for the Church: "You said a moment ago that my presence here brought you in a certain sense into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. Will you let me tell you that our Holy Father

is pleased to make his own voice heard in our midst?" Thereupon the Bishop of Clifton read the following letter:

"Venerable Brother,—Health and the Blessing Apostolic. Know with what pleasure we have received the news that you are soon to keep the fiftieth anniversary of your priesthood, and that there will share in your holy joy not only your Benedictine brethren, but all the English Bishops, and the vast majority of the Catholics of England.

Such a display of combined goodwill undoubtedly proves that your praise has mounted high, and has so impressed the minds of all, that of you and your worth all have conceived but one conspicuous opinion. And that opinion is well grounded; since we are all aware how the writings you have published excel alike for their matter and for the grace of their polished diction, and we know full well how your pursuit of religious perfection, your weightiness in deliberation, and your solicitude in the pastoral office, have won for you, and still win for you, the garland of a flourishing renown. We, therefore, concurring with this general opinion of you, and moved with fatherly love, are fain to share in your joy, Venerable Brother, and in the joy of all them that with you rejoice, and we congratulate both you and them on the affection that links you together.

Furthermore, we wish to enhance this present mark of our loving regard for you by the gift of a chalice, to be used in Mass, which we take pleasure in sending you, together with our Blessing Apostolic. This Blessing, Venerable Brother, as a gage of heaven's gift, we very affectionately in the Lord bestow upon you yourself, and upon the clergy and people of your diocese.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, 12th day of September, the year 1912, the tenth of our Pontificate.

PIUS THE TENTH, POPE."

The Pope's letter was received with marked en-

thusiasm, while Mgr. O'Reilly, the Vicar-General of the diocese, handed a chalice of gold, beautiful in design and rich in tracery, to Bishop Hedley. He was visibly touched, and told his audience that the letter and gift had taken him completely by surprise. He had never seen Pius X, but he hoped to have the high honour of being received by him in the autumn if he were spared and were able to bear the journey to Rome. The completion of this demonstration at Cardiff took place a week later when, after a Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. David's, Bishop Hedley was entertained at a luncheon at the Park Hotel. Colonel Vaughan was in the chair, supported by the Lord Mayor and a representative gathering of clergy and laity. After luncheon an address was read and a cheque presented. "We beg you," said Colonel Vaughan, "to accept this address, accompanied by a cheque for 2000 guineas, as a genuine expression of our feelings and a grateful tribute of friends and admirers, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but also in more distant parts of the world." The Bishop's words of thanks we take from the report of *The Tablet*:

"No man at my age, who has been fifty years in the priesthood, to say nothing of the seventy-five years of life, can be under any illusions as to merit and to achievement. The rough facts of life teach us differently—the many failures and sometimes the plain speech that one's friends indulge in leave no illusions. Therefore, you will allow me to say—and I say it without affectation—that I consider I have been treated far

beyond my merits." At the same time, he continued, their gifts showed him that he had many friends, who, looking back over the fifty years, allowed his demerits and imperfections to rest, and who seemed to grow more friendly to him as his toll of years increased. Turning to the clergy, he said :

" I have felt that I have been not merely respected officially, but have been the subject of a considerable amount of affection from the clergy." Next he spoke of the work of the religious women of the diocese, remarking how the religious sisterhoods helped in matters educational, social, and charitable. The laity generally would give him credit for having tried to sympathize with them in every good cause and aspiration.

" I have tried to render service to the utmost of my power," he added, " and I have always tried to keep a united flock."

Referring to his non-Catholic friends, he said, that he had come to see how many hearts were affectionately disposed towards him. " I do not know what to say about your magnificent gifts," he said in conclusion. " They convey to me, not in words, but in hard facts, how many friends I have. Perhaps it won't be wasted, and it may help an old man to limp through life a little more easily."

Now followed the most intimate and the most personal and touching of the Jubilee celebrations, when the Abbot and community, and a host of Prelates, brethren, and friends received him at Ampleforth Abbey, the house of his religious

A JUBILEE GROUP, 1912

(1) Bishop Hedley, O.S.B.
(2) Archbishop Whiteside.
(3) Bishop Mostyn.
(4) Abbot Smith, O.S.B.
(5) Bishop Brindle.
(6) Mgr. Croft.
(7) Fr. G. Murphy, O.S.B.
(8) Mgr. Brown.
(9) Prior Cummins, O.S.B.
(10) Canon Billington.
(11) Fr. I. Brown, O.S.B.
(12) Mgr. O'Reilly.
(13) Fr. A. Parker, O.S.B.
(14) Fr. W. Bodkin, S.J.
(15) Fr. P. Whittle, O.S.B.
(16) F. Heywood.
(17) G. C. Chamberlain.
(18) J. M. Tucker.
(19) C. Forster.
(20) Lord A. Douglas.
(21) Fr. W. Darby, O.S.B.
(22) Fr. A. Turner, O.S.B.
(23) J. Britten.
(24) J. Fishwick.
(25) W. Ward.
(26) Fr. W. Corney, O.S.B.
(27) Canon Aspinwall, O.S.B.
(28) A. Williams.
(29) J. Kelly.
(30) J. McElligott.
(31) R. Worsley-Worswick.
(32) J. Raby.
(33) J. Turnbull
(34) J. Burge.

profession. He was the son full of years and honour, coming to kneel at the feet of his Alma Mater to receive her blessing and to be crowned with her praise ; the monk, after a long day's work in the Lord's vineyard, returning in the evening to his monastery to bless God for having called him to His service. On the anniversary day of his Jubilee he fulfilled his wish to offer the Holy Sacrifice at that altar where he had celebrated his first Mass. We make no attempt to pry into the secrets of the Bishop's thoughts during that solemn Mass and during the address preached by the Rt. Rev. Prior Cummins. He was in the midst of memories which spoke to him of his boyhood, his youth, his early graces, his profession, his ordination, the beginnings of that long life now crowned by a golden jubilee. And, as the preacher said : " For Bishop Hedley the day's heat was past, the strife and struggle almost over ; in the serene light of a calm vespertide, homeward the tired labourer was plodding his way supported by the reverent affection of brethren and disciples, and with the light already dawning of a day that would know no setting." A Latin address was read after the Mass to which the Bishop made a short reply. After thanking the Abbot and the preacher and all for their great kindness, he expressed his gratitude to Ampleforth, and to all his brethren for their prayers. He was sure that when they prayed "*pro fratribus nostris absentibus*" he had received the benefit of that prayer, for he had lived far apart from them, yet not from their prayers ; he would still

ask for their prayers now on this day and until the end came.

Later there was the luncheon in the great study-hall, in the company of the guests and the boys of the school. The toast of the illustrious jubilarian was proposed by Archbishop Whiteside of Liverpool in a few happily chosen words. Mr. Wilfrid Ward briefly seconded it, and it was most enthusiastically received. Bishop Hedley responded, not at great length, but repeating favourite thoughts of his—that a son must be grateful to his Alma Mater, for a man's life is formed in those early years by those first impressions which come to him under her care. He thanked the Archbishop, he thanked all—and the boys. They carried him back to his own boyhood. They must remember that it was the Catholic spirit and atmosphere that was essential in education ; that was a primary and fundamental thought ; that was the principle which inspired all our Catholic colleges. He would end with the request he made before—for their prayers. Down to the youngest boy there present, he asked them to remember him unto the end and after the end.

The functions continued in a gathering of the Ampleforth Society and its guests at Liverpool, on which occasion there was the presentation of a handsome cross and chain. The following day the Bishop celebrated the Feast of All Monks at St. Anne's, Edge Hill. It was a particular pleasure both to his Lordship and his brethren to be alone together in the Benedictine Priory. "We do not remember," writes one who was present,

" to have ever heard Bishop Hedley speak to us so tenderly, so gravely, and with such grace, as at that great meeting of his northern brethren."

The last celebration of his Jubilee took place in London when the members of the Downside Old Boys' Society and the London members of the Ampleforth Society respectively entertained his Lordship to dinner, to express their felicitations, their esteem and veneration.

These demonstrations, arising in so many different centres and pervaded with a certain personal regard and affection, were a remarkable tribute to a venerable and venerated pastor. And who can reckon the number of those more private congratulations, those unheard voices, those grateful prayers which came from religious communities and individual souls whom he had helped and in whom he had been interested for many years? All this was not a thing to foster pride ; he understood too well the responsibilities as well as the graces of a long life. He took all in a simple, grateful way ; he had written of the Jubilee of his taking the habit : " People seemed to think it rather a meritorious thing to have survived taking the habit for fifty years ! But everyone was very kind, and it is a great consolation to think one has the prayers of holy souls." So he would write now, and so he could write to the end. He sometimes thought and spoke of himself as a lonely old man, but a man is not lonely whilst he has friends who write to him and think of him and pray for him, and a man is not old in mind and heart who can yet think for

others and feel for others, can busy himself and interest himself in the day's work and adventure and can still wonder what the future has in store for him. The lonely old man is the one whose heart is in the graveyard, whose mind and memory wander regretfully in the past, whose life is at a standstill, waiting till the hour strikes. There may have been intervals in the busy crowded years of his active life when the Bishop craved and reached out for sympathy and did not find it, when like a boulder in a stream, he felt isolated, the human crowds sweeping by him on either side and taking no heed of him. But they could not have been many, and at no time would they have been disquieting or persistent. The truth is that he needed friendships, as all men do whose responsibilities from time to time weigh depressingly upon their spirits. This grand assurance of friendship given to him in his Golden Jubilee was indeed a consolation to cheer and make bright the closing of his days.

Though for very many years Bishop Hedley had been a great sufferer, yet there was a strength and vigour about him which showed little sign of abating till the near approach of his death. Physical exertion no doubt became more laborious and his physical hardihood was not such as it used to be ; but his mental exertion was still fresh and fruitful. He could still look forward, and his interests were alive and keen.

It was quite noticeable how he refused to refer to his health or infirmities. " I hate to be made an old man of," he used to say. In general his

health was robust, and till he was seventy-three or seventy-four years of age it interfered little with his activities. In his letters to intimate friends he sometimes refers to his growing infirmities, speaking of his state as "precarious," questioning whether he ought, at his age, to risk a journey so far as Fort Augustus. Nevertheless we find him, on November 22, 1911, finishing a Retreat to the Good Shepherd nuns at Cardiff, and again on December 8 preaching at the investiture with the Pallium of the Archbishop of Birmingham. On July 14, 1912—he was then in his seventy-sixth year—he writes, "I have been preaching or confirming twice every Sunday since Easter." The same month he laments, "I do not travel well." Yet he is hoping to start for Rome on December 17, but "sometimes I think I shall never start!"

He went to Rome and returned safely in the following February. On January 16, 1913, he describes his visit to Miss Davies of Aberdare:

"I am enjoying Rome very much, and keeping well, thank God! My audience of the Holy Father was all that I expected; he was very kind and gracious, but serious. He said several nice things, but seemed to expect me to talk to him. He blessed all that I had in my mind. I need not say you were one. I have visited or been visited by a good many notable personalities—Cardinal Merry del Val, the General of the Jesuits, the Dominicans and the Redemptorists, Abbot Cabrol, besides the Benedictines and Franciscans."

But on April 20, 1913, we read:

" Since my return from Rome I have been extremely well till Low Sunday. Since that time I have been troubled with gout and other things."

In July, 1914, the year before his death, there was held at Cardiff the National Catholic Congress, in which the Bishop took a notable part. The activity of the Cardinal Archbishop no doubt helped to lessen the strain on his strength, but he fulfilled admirably his place as Bishop of the diocese. He met the Cardinal when he arrived from London, standing on the platform with the Marquis of Bute, Mgr. O'Reilly, and other representatives of the clergy and laity. The inaugural address took place in the Park Hall, and in response to the Lord Mayor's address of welcome, the Bishop spoke with a loyalty and certain pride in Cardiff, identifying himself with it. The citizenship of a city like Cardiff, he said, carried with it a distinction and responsibility. They could not belong to Cardiff and share the advantages, the common life, the protection and prestige of Cardiff without owing to the city a fealty and filial duty. . . . There was not one of them who was an inhabitant of Cardiff who was not proud of the city in which they lived. . . . There were a good many present who were strangers, and some of them might have a little envy of Cardiff. Towns like London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, no doubt had their good points, and probably had more people, but he considered that the population of Cardiff was just about the right number. They could feel one another's presence, the grip of one

another's hands, and they all felt a certain common fellowship and citizenship, which perhaps the persons who lived in larger communities, however they might boast, could not always have. . . .

But the crowning work of the Bishop of Newport in the great Congress was what *The Tablet* called the " glorious " paper which he read on the Blessed Sacrament, as the maker and centre of Catholic unity. He was an old man, in his seventy-eighth year, and the infirmities which ended in his death, had sapped his physical strength and vigour, though they had left his mind quite unimpaired. The discourse was pregnant with suggestions, and was listened to with rapt attention and punctuated with frequent cheers. This was the last of those noble utterances which fell from his lips upon the ears of an audience, to whom it must have been a pathetic sight to watch the venerable figure of their beloved Bishop rise in their midst, his somewhat thick-set and burly form bereft of its sturdy strength, his face drawn and marked with suffering and fatigue, his head haloed with its silver sheen, whilst the massive brow and fine eyes beneath remained unchanged. Then he began to read sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, page after page, with even more than usual of that masterful emphasis and that impressive enunciation which many had heard in the years long past. *The Tablet* printed a verbatim report of the Bishop's words, which probably were meant to be inserted as the last chapter in his projected treatise on the Church. Certainly

it is too fine a production to be forgotten now that the voice which spoke to us is hushed in death ; it is too eloquent, too rich in its historical setting, too redolent of faith and piety, too instinct with practical and living truth, to be lost. A few extracts may be given :

" Catholic unity is a perpetual miracle. It is the world's greatest fact—and the greatest fact of history. . . . It is like the shrine of the prophet—suspended between heaven and earth. Nothing on the earth seems to be its adequate support, nothing in the heaven holds it in its place. . . . Is it not true, on the whole, that all the great forces of the modern world are against the Catholic faith ; money, commerce, politics, armaments, the Press, organized labour, and the general social unrest of this generation? . . . All here present know, that (this unity) is the effect of the constant presence and operation of the Holy Spirit of Jesus Christ. . . . And there is one aspect of means and methods by which Christ maintains His Church's unity which . . . seems to point to a new and fresh pressure of that mighty hand of God (Isa. l, 2) which . . . is never diminished in its weight or shortened in its reach. I mean the institution of the most Holy Eucharist. . . . It would seem that it is in the providence of the Holy Spirit to use the Blessed Eucharist, the most wonderful of all gifts, not only to dispose men and women to obey the pastorate, but also to carry on and keep up the unity and peace of the Church when the pastoral office is inchoate, or obstructed, or for any reason in any place is temporarily in abeyance. . . . ' The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not fellowship in the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the fellowship in the body of Christ? We many are one bread, one body, for we all partake of the one bread ' (1 Cor. x, 16,17). . . . It seems to act upon the human spirit as a fine air and a genial

climate act upon the physical frame, bringing a sound and healthy faith, and that disposition of childlike obedience, which our Lord has declared to be an absolute necessity in all who would follow Him. . . . The frequentation of Holy Communion in these latter times has so taken possession of the intelligence of the Catholic people that it is likely to make persecution of any kind ineffective and comparatively harmless. . . . They will never lose the sense of Christ and of His fellowship, and no peril will be able seriously to disturb the peace and unity of the Church."

In August, 1914, the cataclysm of the Great War broke on the world. It shook civilization to its foundations, and the need arose for clear and definite statement of Christian principles.

Bishop Hedley devotes his last two Pastorals to recalling these to the minds of his flock. In the first (Advent, 1914), he wrote of duties in war-time. "In the first place it will be salutary for us to recognize that war is sent upon the earth as a chastisement. . . . It is no matter that the innocent suffer with the guilty. It is intended that the guilty shall be awakened to their guilt, and that the innocent shall be purified the more. There are special duties. First, there is our duty to our country. . . . If there were a law of 'Conscription,' all whom such a law affected would be bound to obey it. . . . The country is in grave danger, and anyone who neglects to help when he can help, violates the cardinal precept of justice, and is, to a greater or lesser degree, guilty in the sight of God." Then there is the duty of contributing to the cost of the war and helping those who are in need, and the duty of penance

and of prayer. He ends on a note of encouragement. "If the state of war turns the people of God to prayer and penance, war brings with it healing and beneficence. . . . If we are honest, we must confess that we all love too much the things of this world. . . . Let us make good use of this call of God. In the spirit of the Cross let us shun indulgence . . . and accept, in a true spirit of resignation, the hardships that fall to our lot. . . . It is certain that Europe is on the verge of a great and far-reaching revolution. It is equally certain that when the Almighty Ruler of Heaven and Earth thus interferes, it is on behalf of His own honour, of His people's good, and of the Holy Church, which His Precious Blood has given to the world."

The second (Lent, 1915), his last Pastoral, is a call to prayer, and especially to devout attendance at Mass, if possible, every day. "No one doubts that it is the wish and desire of Our Heavenly Father that the Christian people should live and serve Him untroubled by violence or calamity. If He allows war, plague, famine, and earthquake to afflict them, it is because such visitations are rendered necessary by the sins of men. . . . But while He permits, and sends, afflictions, He knows that periods of calamity and trouble are not times that are favourable to His holy service. . . . But He wishes that they should cease by the repentance and the prayers of His people. . . . In prayer, public prayer, the Mass, above all, we have the means of

propitiation. . . . It may be said, without extravagance or exaggeration, that it is difficult to understand how the world can be allowed to continue to exist without the daily propitiation which is offered by the Mass. God still visits men in His wrath ; but it is certain that His visitations are less terrible, less disastrous, and less absolute than they were before Christ came. Where can we find the reason for this except in the propitiation of Calvary, renewed and applied daily in the innumerable Masses that are our happy privilege as children of the Catholic Church ? The Mass is offered for our well-being and that of the whole world—*pro nostra totiusque mundi salute*. The Mass is the rainbow—the true rainbow symbolized by that which gladdened the eyes of those who came down out of the Ark."

In a letter to Mrs. Berkeley (Miss Alice Vaughan), dated December 30, 1914, he writes :

" This war is a constant nightmare to me and one cannot escape the anxiety of mind it causes. I suppose one must offer up all that as one's share in this visitation of God."

An echo of the war occurs in the following letter to Miss Pope :

" Llanishen.

Feb. 18, 1915.

I knew that (Father) Adrian Weld Blundell was at Dalkeith, for he wrote me a letter the other day about my letter to Winston Churchill. Adrian, who seems to be the Chief Naval Chaplain, evidently thinks such letters do more harm than good. I differ from him,

and if he and the other Naval Chaplains (there are only five altogether) cannot do more than is being done at present for our Catholic sailors in the fleet, some means ought to be found of enabling them to do it."

In October of 1914 he is busy with his routine duties, attendance at the theological conferences at St. Peter's, Cardiff ; then at St. Mary's, Merthyr. Just about this time, too, he had the satisfaction of receiving the approval of the new Welsh calendar. "We shall now keep a number of old Welsh Saints," he writes, and he himself had been busy writing the second lessons for their feast days. Thus we find the Bishop, twelve months before his death, in his seventy-eighth year, full of his characteristic vigour and industry, interested as ever in all manner of things, still thinking of literary work ; kind, affectionate, and thoughtful, playful and humorous in those short letters which he continued to write to those friends with whom he had been intimate from their childhood.

In November of this year, the Bishop visited Ampleforth for the last time, keeping the Feast of All Saints of the Order there as the sixtieth anniversary of his clothing in the habit. His mind dwelt much on the past ; he talked of brethren long dead, and of his relations with Prior Cooper, and said, "Do not let us talk of the war." He assisted at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Preparatory School, and at the close of the ceremony gave a little address, ending it with the hope that the young race to come, whilst they took in the Ampleforth scenery, and

watched the summer and winter sunsets on that horizon they loved so much, would learn to uphold and enhance the name and fame of their school. He paid a visit one day to Lastingham, and its church and Saxon crypt, which he had never seen, and on his return asked for books to refresh his knowledge of St. Cedd and St. Chad. It was during this visit that a project already put forward privately at the Cardiff Congress was again brought before the Bishop : that the Holy See should be petitioned to constitute Wales an ecclesiastical province, and that his own See should become the Metropolitan See, and be transferred from Newport to Cardiff, the capital of the Principality. This idea the Bishop now definitely adopted, and in the following spring, with the advice and support of other authorities, forwarded a petition to Rome, with the sequel described in a former chapter.

We have spoken of his robust health, but there was one infirmity from which he suffered for very many years, and which weighed heavily upon him in the later period of his life. About 1870 rheumatism attacked one of his legs, through his own neglect, he said, in not changing wet clothes. It so wrought upon him in the course of time that the leg shrivelled and lost power, and, though he would not complain, it must have given him great and almost constant suffering.

The threat of permanent lameness troubled him much, and he feared that it might interfere with the efficient performance of his episcopal duties. He might even find himself obliged to resign his

office. He had asked his sister, Mrs. Humble, if in such a contingency, she could give him a home. As early as 1883, he wrote to a friend : " If I become disabled I suppose my monastery would receive me and let me stay there." On his last visit to Ampleforth, November, 1914, he remarked that he had chosen the room in the Abbey, if it could be given to him, in which he would like to end his days. Many noted physicians, consulted by the Bishop, prescribed various courses of treatment. None of them did any permanent good. Aix-les-Bains and Malvern were equally a failure. He once said : " I have ' done ' half the water cures in Europe, without benefit." He arrived at the conclusion that the case was hopeless, and took no further thought of it, limping through his pontifical duties with unflinching courage, but he did not become permanently sour-tempered, and nearly always was he cheerful in company. Here is a little anecdote to the point.

Once he was visiting a religious house not well known to him, and was walking through the buildings with the guest master who failed to point out two or three steps which led down into the cloister. The Bishop slipped, and because of his weak leg was only just saved from a bad fall. In answer to a sympathetic apology, he remarked quite casually : " I have many falls, but I put my hands in front of my face, and fall on my stomach and no harm is done." His infirmity was perhaps a greater affliction than most people realized, and his silent

patience and endurance during many long years was a sanctifying mortification of no small measure.

From letters dated 1915, we can, as in a broken diary, trace the increasing attacks of sickness, and the growing decline which soon must end in death. He writes, February 18, 1915: "I have been more or less laid up for three weeks, partly with gout. I am now getting about again." He had been troubled with lameness in feet and ankles, and the doctor had recommended a change. His friend, Miss Davies of Aberdare, with her usual generous kindness, put herself at the Bishop's service. She accompanied him to Clifton, where they stayed at the Clifton Down Hotel. The really serious part of the Bishop's illness was diagnosed by Dr. Shiach as cardiac asthma, which attacked him after a severe cold. The serious state of his health at this time may be gathered from a detailed account of this stay at Clifton written by Miss Davies.

The Bishop had been able to celebrate Mass for some days past, and at Clifton arranged to say it at the Convent of the Blue Nuns. The morning after his arrival he went in a cab and returned, but felt so exhausted that he said he would not make the attempt again till he was stronger. On hearing this, Canon Lee, of the pro-Cathedral, made arrangements at once, which enabled the Bishop to say Mass in the hotel. He stayed on at Clifton for a fortnight and said Mass daily, at which the Catholic visitors were able to be present. His morning stroll on the downs he insisted on taking

alone, for he said, "I go so slowly that it is a trial for anyone to keep pace with me." It was a touching sight to see him walking very slowly along the narrow path and leaning on his strong stick. In the afternoon he drove out or motored, sometimes in company with the Bishop of Clifton, whose visits he always enjoyed. He was not strong enough to pay visits himself, but he could receive a few visitors, and was pleased to see them.

Business, too, was not altogether laid aside, for he received the Belgian Bishop de Wachter, who came to make arrangements concerning his flock in the Newport diocese.

One morning a few days before the end of his stay at Clifton, Miss Davies described how while at breakfast she noticed him suddenly put down his knife and fork, go very white and remain perfectly quiet for some minutes. "I was very frightened," she writes, "as I had not seen him during a heart attack before, but I did not pretend to notice him." Later he did not feel well and would not go out before lunch, adding, with his usual unselfishness, "But don't let me keep you in." He slept a little in an armchair, and at one time looked so ill that Miss Davies stood by him for some seconds to make sure that he still breathed. In the afternoon he was better and drove out. Shortly after this attack he returned to Llanishen, and there to a certain extent he recuperated.

With his accustomed thoughtfulness he went to the hospital in Cardiff to visit a young

Benedictine, Brother Anthony Robison, who was lying ill there. On April 15, 1915, he wrote to the Abbess of Oulton: "I am hoping to come to you before long. I have not been at all well during the last two months, but I seem to be fairly well again now." He was able to attend the Good Friday service at St. Peter's, Cardiff. The Consecration of the Holy Oils he had not attempted. On the 12th of April he went up to London to the Low Week meeting of the bishops, and we find him complaining in his letters that his breathing was troublesome, that the stairs in Archbishop's House had been a trial to him. Not for the first time, his thoughts turned to the need of assistance in his episcopal work. He wrote on May 1, 1915, to Father Wilfrid Darby, a monk of his own monastery of St. Lawrence's:

"I don't think that a man of your energies can have enough to do at Parbold (an Ampleforth parish in Lancashire). Perhaps you are only waiting for a favourable moment to come to the front.

"I shall have to have a coadjutor very soon, with right of succession. I should be very pleased if you would tell me, in confidence, which of the brethren would be the best man."

But it was too late for such a solution.

Early in May he fell so ill that he took to his bed and told his Vicar-General to prepare to give him the last Sacraments. First of all he was to summon the Cathedral Prior and Canons of the diocese. They arrived, and when they were gathered round the sick-bed all was made ready

for the last rites. Mgr. O'Reilly gave the Holy Viaticum to him as he lay propped up in bed, with full consciousness and without pain. Then for the space of a quarter of an hour he addressed the Chapter. He said : " I thank you, dear Father Prior and Very Rev. Canons, for coming to my bedside to-day. Well, we have come to the end. I want to make my last profession of faith according to the custom of the Church, and to receive Extreme Unction in your presence." He went on to speak of the long time God had allowed him to care for the diocese—the grave responsibilities of those years ; he hoped all would go on as it had done ; he was adverse to change. " Take care," he said, " of the diocese, take care of the convents." He made his profession of faith, his apology for his life, begging pardon of those present and of God for all his faults and failings as their Bishop. There was not a dry eye in the room. He devoutly received Extreme Unction, and the Chapter dispersed.

After this he gradually recovered, and his old capacity for work reasserted itself as far as might be. He writes on June 1 to Dame Assumpta : " I seem to be better for the time, but please go on praying for me, I shall never be very strong. What God wills is the best ! "

Meanwhile death was taking his friends, young and old. On September 18, 1915, he wrote to Miss Davies : " You will be sorry to hear that Father Paulinus Wilson died at Ampleforth this morning. . . . He is the last of my more intimate

Ampleforth associates. R.I.P. I am now the oldest Amplefordian. Mrs. Williams, of Caerleon, sends me a most touching letter from the army chaplain, Father Gleeson, about poor Leonard (her son). He was killed at midnight, September 11–12. R.I.P."

He was always sensitive to the thought of death, and to anything which brought it before his mind. "What a break it makes with the past," he wrote on the death of one of his priests, Father Rogerson, "and how fugitive a thing life seems to be."

At the death of his dear friend, Alice Pope, 1882, he had written to her sister: "I feel it has been a great grace to be present with you at this death and mourning. May it help me to prepare for death myself!" Again in 1883: "There seems to be nothing but funerals, but it is a curious thing how much good in the way of renewed charity, better acquaintance, and brotherly love a death seems to be the cause of." It was at a funeral at Courtfield that he renewed his friendship with Father Jerome Vaughan, the one member of the Vaughan family between whom and himself some coldness had arisen.

In 1907, the death of Canon Woods, the Canon Theologian of the diocese, who whilst a guest of the Bishop had a sudden seizure in the streets of Cardiff, had deeply affected him. "He was the last friend that I had left," he is reported to have said. They had been boys together at Ampleforth and had been closely associated throughout their lives, and the loss of his friend

made him feel lonely and brought him, as he said, face to face with death.

Such utterances are evidence of an abiding remembrance of death. He had not been without fear of its approach. Indeed, he had confessed to his dislike of the mention of death, and had owned to his dread of it. In a passage of his *Retreat* he writes as follows : " At times, during our life, this thought of irrevocable fate—of the certainty of life ending—has seized our imagination and perhaps terrified us . . . like a poor hunted animal, we are caught by our fate, and escape is hopeless. And the thought which presses on our fevered brow is that we are *not prepared*" (p. 82).

One day Mgr. O'Reilly was a minute or two late for dinner. When he came down he found the Bishop sitting at the table waiting, and tears were running down his cheeks. Much concerned, " What is the matter, my Lord ? " he asked. " I have a great horror of death, it is creeping on me every day ! " replied the Bishop. This was one of the trials the eyes of men did not see.

His preparation for death was calm and dignified, and, to use his own expression, business-like. He sent for Father Louis Carew, O.Cist., to make to him his general confession, and then his fear seems to have passed. He said to Mgr. O'Reilly : " I am feeling now what I have always taught to others, that we have only to turn to God to experience the fulness of His love and compassion."

Bishop Burton tells us in his panegyric how he

took his last illness bravely, but he did not account it as any merit of his own. "I think it is a great grace," he said, "that I am not alarmed or scrupulous at the approach of death, but take it all as a matter of business." Then, as if he had revealed too much, he began to talk of the style of Lingard's writings.

A second severe attack of illness arising from heart trouble threatened his life again in August. The Vicar-General was away on holiday in Cornwall, when he received a telegram to come back to Llanishen immediately. "When I arrived," the Vicar narrated, "I found that the Bishop had been anointed by Canon Colgan. I hastened to the sick-room and when I entered I was overcome with sudden grief and burst into tears." "Here, none of that!" exclaimed the Bishop, "call the servants up and let me bless them." After that he said: "Get the Gospel, and read the scene of Christ washing the feet of His disciples." The Monsignor did as he was bidden, then he remarked, "You will be better, my Lord, in the morning." "No, I shall not!" he answered. He talked a little as usual, and then rested quiet. In the morning he was better. He recognized his recovery and said: "Yes, that is the worst of it, I shall have to go through it all again!"

Six months before his death the Bishop had told his Vicar to arrange for the purchase of a portion of ground in the public cemetery round the site where the priests were buried. He told him also to enquire from his clergy where they would

like him to be buried. Very naturally they answered "At Cardiff," but perhaps, they suggested considerately, he would think it proper to be buried at his pro-Cathedral at Belmont where his earlier years were spent. When this answer reached him he replied: "No, not at the pro-Cathedral. I shall get more prayers here, I have lived my bishop's life at Cardiff, it is more fitting that my body should here be laid to rest. Let me be buried from St. Peter's; if anybody object, 'Why not St. David's?' tell him St. Peter's is my parish church; everyone should be buried from his parish church. The only fear I have," he added, "is the passing from St. Peter's to the cemetery." In his humility he feared the tribute of the gathered crowds and funeral pomp which he knew the city would give their venerated pastor.

In November the hand of death was stretched out once more. This time the exhausted founts of life had no power longer to stimulate the failing pulse. When the Bishop was confined to bed, Mgr. O'Reilly used to go up after dinner and read to him, or listen while he talked. There was no need to do more than answer, for he chatted on, speaking of those he had known, of all manner of things—talk full of interest; sometimes going back to trivial humours of the past. "I think it was the night before he died," the Monsignor narrated, "that he recalled, when commenting on the grotesque mistakes others make, the description of Father Brown's funeral, how it was reported in the paper that after the Mass all the

priests gathered round the corpse and sang the 'Te Deum.' In telling this the Bishop shook with laughter." Later on the same night Monsignor, knowing his love for music, asked him if he would like a pianola. He knew some friend would be only too glad to provide one. "Yes," answered the Bishop, "but you must play, I cannot!" Next morning he received Holy Communion. He would not have Mass said in his room, but in the chapel below. "I can follow the Mass," he said, "if you will take care that the bell is rung." After breakfast he wrote three letters, one to Miss O'Fallon Pope, one to the Prioress of Penylan Convent, Cardiff, and one to Archbishop Ilsley.

It was St. Martin's Feast, the anniversary of his taking the religious habit, and in his letter to his Archbishop he quoted: "Lord, if Thy flock shall need me I shirk not the toil! Thy will be done!" These were his last letters. "See they are posted," he said to the Monsignor.

Father James Moore came in just for a moment and went away full of hope, saying that his Lordship looked well, and that he would be up next day. Meanwhile, the invalid was moved into his sitting-room, and Monsignor O'Reilly went to write business letters. When he had finished he came to the sitting-room for the official stamp, and found the Bishop sitting up in bed looking very ill. He hastened to the bedroom for medicine, but on returning he found that the Bishop's head was bowed low, and that he was unconscious. He anointed him—it was for the

third time, and now its vivifying power was not again to raise him up—and put into his dying hand a blessed candle. The Bishop for the moment looked up straight into his Vicar's face, then his eyes became fixed, and he sank back, dead.

Bishop Hedley had reached a great age ; he was in his seventy-ninth year, and had only two near relatives, a brother and sister, to mourn his death, but he had many friends, true and affectionate, more even than those who knew him well could estimate. These were to feel his loss, to miss his good advice and kind sympathy, to desire again to hear his blunt correction, his grim but not unkindly humour, his unexpected repartee. That tongue was hushed, that warm heart stilled which so often had poured out a rich eloquence from innumerable pulpits, that had so fully and touchingly paid tribute to the dead. Now the hour had come when another should speak the panegyric over his own coffin.

The body was brought from Llanishen and lay in state before the altar in St. Peter's, Cardiff, his parish church. Thousands passed in and out to say a prayer for his soul, to gaze upon the remains of their distinguished fellow-citizen and their revered Bishop. For forty-three years he had discharged the arduous duties of the episcopate with unceasing energy, industry, kindness, and ability ; a faithful servant, before God and man. There was none to cast reproach upon him. The solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Ilsley, in presence of Cardinal Bourne. Along the route of the procession to the cemetery

the streets were lined with the silent crowds, bare-headed, respectful, and, in the case of many, sorrowful. Such concourse it is that strikes the heart and tells us that a great and good man has passed from our midst. The Bishop of Clifton, in his address, paid the sincere and deep tribute of a friend and fellow Bishop to the dead prelate in language rich in appreciation and beautiful in expression.

The preacher took for his text : " I purposed therefore to take her to me, to live with me ; knowing that she will make part to me of her good things, and will be a comfort in my cares and grief. For her sake I shall have glory among the multitude, and honour with the ancients " (Wisdom viii, 9).

He alluded to the general grief and loss sustained by the Bishop's death, told us how from his youth he sought wisdom in the cloisters of his monastic home and chose her for his partner and companion. For what is wisdom in its fulness but utter surrender of oneself to God ? He quoted words written in the Bishop's later life. " There are precious moments when we seem brought face to face with the realities of our existence. In silent moments, in solitude, before the Blessed Sacrament, in retreats, in sorrow—God seems sometimes to stand before us. Then we say, ' My God, it is Thou ! and I have forgotten Thee.' We hear distinctly as one hears a far-off bell upon a still and frosty night, the voice of One Who says, ' Think of me for I am all that there is.' We seem to see that time is

passing, passing, passing, and all things passing with it. . . . This we have felt, O my God. This, in moments of remorse, of resolution, of decision, of conversion, of dedication to the Master we had forgotten, perhaps it was in early youth." "Behold!" exclaimed the preacher, "a vivid autobiographical touch! for was it not in his early youth that that overpowering voice made itself heard in his heart? And that he took unto himself and ingrained into his soul the solemn but simple truth, which he has thus expressed: 'In one sense there is no one but God and myself in all the universe.'" Many other traits the preacher called to mind: how when troubled and perplexed the Bishop went down to his chapel and prayed earnestly, then returned to his room and again took up his pen; how well informed an authority he was, and how safe a guide on all momentous questions of the day affecting Catholics, how the Bishops of England possessed in him not only one who could aid them with his ripe experience, but upon whom they could count, whenever the need arose, to give fitting and noble expression to their united deliberations and feelings; how he gave sound and kindly advice to all who sought it, but never paraded in conversation the treasures of his well-stored mind. The preacher went on to speak of the simple closing hours of his long life. He begged for prayers, as Bishop Hedley himself had begged them for his predecessor, that "the last farthing of a Bishop's heavy debt" might speedily be paid. "Farewell then for a while, great Bishop, dear

THE INSCRIPTION

IN PACE REQUI-
XTO PR ET DMS
CUTHBERTUS
PUS NEOPORT-
TENS IN SOLIO
HUJUS MONAS-
MONACHUS AMI-
DEVOTISSIMUS
NOVEMBRES
ANNOS NATUS
ILLUD VOS ROGO
ALTARE MEMI-

In pace requiescat · Amen · Anno m.xlo. pr. et. dms.
Hic Johannes Cuthbertus hedley episcopus neopolensis assistens in solio pontificio huius monasterii ...
Almus monachus miles strenuus adhuc iuvenis

READS

ESCAT RMS IN
D. JOHANNES
HEDLEY EPISCO-
ENSIS ASSIS-
PONTIFICIO
TERII ALUMNUS
CUS SEMPER
QUI OBIIT ID
A.D. MCMXV
LXXVIII TANTUM
UT AD DOMINI
NERITIS MEI

THE HEDLEY BRASS
Ampleforth Abbey

father, kind friend ! May thy dwelling be this day in peace, with John, thy chief patron, and Cuthbert, the patron of thy native hills, with Benedict, and Gregory and Lawrence, and with all the bright company of the saints of God ! And when we, in our turn, have crossed the dark river, may we find thee waiting on the farther shore, and see thy smile, and hear thy exultant cry, ' Father, of them whom Thou hast given me, I have not lost any one ! ' "

Besides this funeral oration there were many other appreciations of Bishop Hedley after his death.

We may add the tribute of Mr. Wilfrid Ward in *The Dublin Review* (January, 1916) : " We have lost in Bishop Hedley almost the last link with the memorable past in England that immediately succeeded the Oxford Movement. His name will stand alongside of those of Newman, Wiseman, and Manning. But a great Benedictine suggests also a far more ancient line of succession, and we have lost one who was well worthy to perpetuate the traditions of that illustrious Order which took possession of the ruins of the old Roman Empire, and inaugurated the Christian civilization. That civilization is now decaying, but the Benedictine spirit is likely to prove a source of strength in this time of trial as it was a creative force in those early days when the decay of old Imperial Rome led so many to see in the Church the centre of a future Christian Empire which was to take its place " (p. 12).

Besides the Bishop's tomb at Cardiff, there is a

memorial at Belmont, now an abbey church. It is a handsome monument, with a recumbent effigy of the dead prelate. At Ampleforth a brass lies in the centre of the pavement of the choir, representing the Bishop in pontifical robes, with the inscription, *hujus monasterii alumnus, monachus, amicus semper devotissimus.*

These memorials of our venerable Benedictine, monk and bishop, find their home in the places of his life's sojourn, Ampleforth, Belmont and Cardiff—enduring monuments, enduring when we and generations after us shall have passed away, when centuries will have gone by and many things will have changed. They will serve to remind the world that gazes upon them that Bishop Hedley was the second bishop of the diocese of Newport when England began again to live for God under its restored Hierarchy; that he was a true monk possessed of learning and sanctity; a great and good bishop who ruled his diocese with wisdom and justice and kindness; whose life was pure and earnest and full of good works; who wrought with patience and labour, fusing the thoughts of his mind in the furnace of love and the glow of beauty, moulding them variously and harmoniously till he set them forth in his writings, the gifts of his life, not only to the children of his flock, but to the Universal Church.

I.O.G.D.

BISHOP HEDLEY'S MEMORIAL, BELMONT ABBEY CHURCH

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